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THE FRENCH OR CARLOVINGIAN CYCLE.

(Continued.)

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CHAPTER I.

THE SUB-CYCLES OF THE CARLOVINGIAN EPIC.

IN VILMAR'S 'History of the National Literature of Germany,'* (an able and interesting work, and which has perhaps only missed being a first-rate one through that amazing national conceit of contemporary Germans which pervades it, with its consequent undervaluing and ignoring of foreign nations and their achievements), it is claimed as the unique prerogative of Germany, that she has had two "classical periods," has twice "stood on the summit of the times;" whilst the writer speaks elsewhere of the French as having been led to take up the Arthurian legend partly through their "almost complete want of national epic poetry" (*eines Nationalepos*). All three assertions are surely equally unfounded. In putting forth the first, Herr Vilmar has apparently just touched without seeing

* *Geschichte der deutschen National-Literatur*, von A. F. C. Vilmar. Fifth edit. Marburg, 1852.

it a very curious problem in National Physiology (or in the Science of History, if that expression be preferred), viz., that of the unity or multiplicity of the cycles of development in a nation's life and literature.* In making the second he says that which none but a German would agree to. In making the third, he errs ludicrously.

Grant that Germany, in addition to her late 'classical period' of the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, had an earlier one in the twelfth and thirteenth, embracing the bulk of the German poems of the Norse-German cycle, the Arthurian epics of Wolfram von Eschenbach and Gottfried von Strassburg, and the better portion of the 'Minnelieder,' with those of Walther von der Vogelweide at their head. Yet in France, the great 'Chansons de Geste,' the lyrics and lays of the 'Trouvères', constitute a classical period of her literature quite distinct from that second one which begins in the seventeenth century,—earlier in

* Fully to examine this question would require a volume. I will however say for myself, that I see no reason why the number of cycles of development should be limited. Any event or group of events which profoundly modifies,—if I may use the word, revolutionizes,—a nation's life without destroying it appears to me capable of serving as the starting-point of a new cycle, which will be more or less splendid, more or less complete, in proportion to the strength of the new impulsion, and to the freedom with which it is allowed to work.

development by the better part of a century than the German,—at least as rich and varied,—and in which France stood so decidedly "on the summit of the times," that a full half of the early classical literature of Italy must be considered as an offshoot from that of Southern or Northern France in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and that the German epics of the Carlovingian and Arthurian cycles are all (with the most trifling exceptions) translated, or borrowed in substance or subject, from the French; whilst it is impossible to consider the German 'Minne-songs' otherwise than as echoes of the poems of the 'Troubadours' and 'Trouvères',—echoes indeed generally far more beautiful than the original poems, but which died away unheeded.* As to France

* As a further instance of the double classical period, take Greece, where the classical period of the Homeric poems,—embracing, probably, between Iliad and Odyssey, a full century at least,—is quite distinct from the later one, which may be said to start with Æschylus from the Persian war, and to close with Plato and Aristotle. In modern times, the same feature reproduces itself more or less prominently in every nation which has survived to attain its full development,—the era of the discovery of printing, of the vulgarization of ancient learning, and of the Reformation serving generally to divide two separate cycles of intellectual life, which are more or less distinct, in proportion to the early or late development of the former cycle. In Italy for instance, Dante really belongs to a distinct cycle from even Petrarch—the former cycle having been very late in its development, whilst the second is peculiarly early. In Spain, the poem of the Cid, though standing alone, repre-

having had no national epics, the 'Song of Roland' in the former volume, and the whole contents of this one, must decide that question. Suffice it to say, that for every German poem of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries having the slightest pretence to an epical character, and relating to a German worthy, real or imaginary, France could probably supply half-a-dozen 'Chansons de Geste' relating to some French one. The German difficulty in respect to such works is that of collection; the French, that of selection rather.

I have spoken broadly of the French or Carlovingian cycle of middle age epic. But when we come to study this order of literature more closely, we find in fact cycle within cycle. If we consider the legend of Charlemagne and his peers, of which I have given a sample, as forming a sort of central sub-cycle, there will be several other sub-cycles, in fact provincial, included within the general boundary line. And the spirit of all these neigh-

sents a cycle quite distinct from that of Cervantes and Calderon. Amongst ourselves even, though the shock of the Norman invasion greatly retarded or rather wholly interrupted our national development, so that, as in Italy, the former cycle runs into the latter one, yet the "classical age" of Chaucer is one also quite distinct from that of Marlowe, Spenser and Shakspeare. Among the Scandinavian races again,—though the line of demarcation between the two cycles is no longer the same,—the "classical age" of the Norse Eddas is wholly distinct from that of Ohlenschläger and Tegner.

bouring sub-cycles appears to be from the first directly opposed to that which must at least have originated the central one. All tend to exalt some local chief, to the detriment of some prince of the Carlovingian line. In short, they are feudal; the central one is imperial.

To any one who considers what France was, before the three great Carlovingians, 'Hammer' Charles, Pepin the Short, and Charlemagne, reduced it to temporary unity,—what it became as soon as the last was no longer there to maintain such unity,—the co-existence of poems so opposite in their inspiration can be no surprise. Evidently, each class corresponds to a reality. Throughout the weary struggles of the long reign of the Debonair Louis, in particular, there must evidently have been two leading party-faiths throughout the length and breadth of what had once been one empire,—a worship for past order and unity, as embodied in the glorious memory of the great emperor, his generals and counsellors,—a longing for present independence of an imbecile and shadowy central authority, embodying itself in the glorification of some local chief. We should therefore conceive of the various sub-cycles of the Carlovingian epic, not as necessarily developed from any particular one, but as growing up in great measure simultaneously, at all events without inter-dependence.

But we must carefully distinguish between the first origin of the epics in question, and the date of them as they have been preserved to us. The former belongs, I have little doubt, generally to the ninth and tenth centuries. M. Paulin Paris (in his "Manuscrits Français") points out that in the work known as that of the "Astronomer of Limoges," a contemporary of Louis the Debonair, we find mentioned, amongst the counts—"vulgo vassos," *i.e.* vassals,—whom Charlemagne sent to the Southern provinces, many personages who figure in the epics, either as heroes or as traitors. Again, when Louis the Debonair was crowned, still a child, king of Aquitain, the council of regency was presided over by Arnold, whom we meet with in the poems as Hernaud or Hernaut, in connection with the celebrated hero William Short-nose. So, Chorso of Toulouse was surprised by Adelóricus, the Gascon; who as Alori is a noted traitor in the poems (see Ogier of Denmark, *post*). Lastly, Chorso was replaced by William, whose family was originally from Narbonne, and who is mentioned several times afterwards in the wars against the Saracens of Spain, and also as the founder of the abbey of Gellone; in whom it is impossible to mistake that William of Orange, afterwards William 'Short-nose', son of Aymery of Narbonne, the central hero of the sub-cycle of the family of Aymery.

But if the origin of the poems lies, as I have said, in the ninth and tenth centuries, the poems themselves as we have them belong scarcely to the eleventh, generally to the twelfth or thirteenth. During all this time, we must consider that the feudal, decentralizing spirit went on growing, until checked by the increase of the Capetian monarchy; that the national, central spirit went on becoming weaker, until promoted again by the same event. Only in Normandy, as before observed, we seem to see in a comparatively new race a sense of loyalty to the feudal sovereign, which gave new life to the traditional loyalty of the imperialist, and seemed of itself to presage the new monarchy of another conqueror, whose descendants were one day to rule over an empire wider than Charlemagne ever conceived of. It is only because at bottom the struggle was the same in the twelfth century as in the ninth,—because the Capetian or Anglo-Norman king came so naturally to reproduce the Carlovingian emperor,—that the old themes could retain such popularity for centuries, each generation no doubt dressing them up in turn in its own language, its own manners, its own faiths. And inasmuch as the feudal chiefs were many, and the central power one, we shall not be surprised to find that the poems of the feudal sub-cycles greatly outnumber

those of the imperial, or that their subjects stretch generally over much longer periods. For, magnify your local hero as much as you will, he never can be so truly great as your real Charlemagne; nor can he afford to stand alone, without putting on more or less the appearance of a mere adventurer. Hence the effort to give greatness to feudal resistance by not only spreading it over the whole life of a hero, but representing it as hereditary; hence the enormous length of the poems of the feudal sub-cycles, their want of unity and concentrated power.

M. Paulin Paris, in the most valuable perhaps of his works, that on the "Manuscrits Français de la Bibliothèque du Roi," reckons these sub-cycles at four, viz., 1st, that of 'Girard' or 'Gerard of Roussillon,' a Burgundian hero, in the supposed time of Charles Martel; 2nd, that of the 'Lorrainers'; 3rd, that of 'Roland and the peers'; 4th, that of the family of 'Aymery of Narbonne'. Between the second and third however we should insert the sub-cycle of the 'Lords of Vermandois', the only remaining portion of which is "Raoul of Cambray."

In "Gerard of Roussillon," M. Paris tells us, although preserved entire only in a Provençal MS. of the end of the thirteenth century, there is no allusion to the subject of any of the other sub-

cycles; in the 'Lorrainers' only to that of 'Gerard'; whilst "William of Orange," a poem of the fourth sub-cycle, presupposes the legend of Roncevaux. The remark is correct, so far as I have been able to verify it, but M. Paris hardly seems to me here to do justice to the antiquity of the "Song of Roland," in which I detect no trace of the other cycles, that of 'Gerard' alone excepted, whose hero, "Gerard of Roussillon, the old," is several times alluded to.

We are only acquainted with "Gerard of Roussillon" through late or fragmentary texts, and I shall therefore reserve for a future page what I have to say of it, and pass at once to the next sub-cycle, of which the leading poem is "Garin the Lorrainer" (Garin le Lohérain). Of this part has been published by M. Paulin Paris (1833), part again by M. Edélestand du Méril (1846). The other three poems of this sub-cycle, "Hervi of Metz", "Girbert", and "Garin of Montglave", are stated by M. Paris to be all of later date, and seem to have clustered round it.

CHAPTER II.

SUB-CYCLE OF THE LORRAINERS.

I.—"GARIN THE LORRAINER."

"GARIN the Lorrainer" was extremely popular; M. Paulin Paris consulted twelve separate texts, in different dialects, and believes that as many more are in existence. All are of the twelfth century, except two or three, which may belong, M. Paris says, to the beginning of the thirteenth. M. Duméril however attributes two to the latter end of that century. After the thirteenth the poem appears to have fallen into complete neglect. It is itself divided into three separate songs, the last of which—said by M. Paulin Paris to be the finest, but precisely the one of which we have as yet only fragments printed—bears exceptionally, in the best MSS., an author's name,—John of Flagy, who seems to have been born on the borders of Champagne. There is a decided difference between the earlier and the latter portions in the treatment of par-

ticular characters, which marks difference of authorship, and frequently in the first part the expression recurs, "as the song says," thus indicating plainly, as it seems to me, that the writer is only modernizing an earlier composition.

These epics are historical. But the history of them is *popular* history, utterly unchronological, attributing to one age and hero the events and deeds of quite another. Thus "Garin" opens with the story of an invasion of France by the Vandals in the time of Charles Martel (eighth century), ending by his death in battle, which M. Paulin Paris considers to refer evidently to Attila's invasion in the fifth, and to the death of the king of the Westgoths before Châlons, (although this story is as evidently mixed up with that of the Saracen invasion in Charles Martel's own time), whilst the names of prelates of the fourth century are brought in as contemporaries of "Hammer Charles." If, as I should imagine, the former portion of the poem is more modern than the latter, it must also be naturally, for that very reason, all the less historical, in the compound ratio of its own recentness, and of the antiquity of the events referred to.

The nominal hero of the poem, Garin, is a personage who can indeed only belong to the early age of feudalism, before the almost caste distinction

between noble and villein became so broad as it afterwards was in France. Garin is the grandson of a mere burgess of Metz, to whom the Duke had given his own daughter in marriage, through that one of his grandsons, Hervi, in whom the knightly blood showed itself, and who succeeded to the dukedom. Hervi himself indeed figures conspicuously in the early part of the poem, as does also throughout it another Hervi, "the good villein Hervi," a cousin of Garin's and of his brother Bego. The latter indeed is really the true hero of the last division of the poem, in valour far exceeding his brother.

The opening of the poem is full of vigour, and well exemplifies the Horatian precept as to dashing at once into the midst of the action:

"Would you hear an old true song of great history" (*i.e.* historical weight) "and of marvellous worth, how that the Wandres" (Vandals) "came into this country? Christendom have they ill handled, killed the men and burned all the country. They destroyed Reims and besieged Paris, and St. Nicaise of Reims was there killed, and St. Morice of Cambrai the strong city,—a great lord, as the song says,—and in his company seven thousand knights who for Jesus were true martyrs. Here begins the song to come. Charles Martel could suffer them no longer; dead were the fathers, small were the sons.

"When the good man lay in his bed and had great fear of dying, he regarded not his brother nor his son, nor his parents, nor his near kindred; to the black monks whom St. Bennet made he gave his land, and rents, and mills; nought thereof had daughter nor son. Whereby the world was impoverished, and the clergy was so enriched that Gaul should have been brought to decline, if the Lord God had not wrought His counsel."*

Charles Martel has an interview with the Pope at Lyons, the prince requesting aid, or he must throw up the country. The pope hereupon exhorts the clergy to contribute; the archbishop of Reims refuses: For a thousand golden marks he would not give threepence, lest it should grow into a custom. Vainly the abbot of Clugny advises giving a little, lest all be lost; the archbishop would rather be dragged at a horse's tail than give two Angers farthings. Hereupon the Pope, indignant, grants to Charles all the gold and silver of the clergy, their palfreys, mules and chargers, for the needs of war, and lends him the tithes for seven years and a-half, till he has conquered the Saracens.†

* This passage seems to denote that jealousy of the ecclesiastical power which characterises the latter half of the twelfth century.

† *i. e.* the Vandals, the distinction between Pagans and Mussulmen being, as I have before observed, much overlooked in the middle ages. Nor is this indeed entirely without historical grounds.

To cut short this introductory portion of the poem, it is enough to say that whilst Hervi completely defeats the 'Saracens' at Soissons, Charles Martel in fighting them at Troyes receives two sword-wounds,—is barely saved by the bishop, who himself loses his life when Hervi comes up to his master's aid,—and dies in Paris after Hervi's victory, who has his master's son Pepin crowned in despite of several of the nobles. Hervi then marries, and has for sons Garin, then Bego, afterwards generally called Bego of Belin (now a small village, six leagues from Bordeaux), besides seven daughters, one of whom becomes mother to Duke Hernais of Orleans, another to Aubry the Burgundian, a third to Ouri the German, the fourth

For we must recollect that Hungarians, Slavonians, and Saracens were the three great robber-races of the period; that France was invaded by all three not only in turns, but sometimes simultaneously; and that nothing is more likely than that members of all three—the two heathen and the Mussulman—were sometimes associated for purposes of plunder and devastation. The spoliation of the clergy in favour of laymen for the needs of war is historically true as respects Hammer Charles; not so the grant of the spoils by the Pope. The whole of this prologue, perhaps to the defeat of the invaders, though founded probably on early legends of the Merovingian age, may in its present shape more truly belong to the later poem of "Hervi." It is remarkable that the very name "Wandres," Vandals, only occurs thrice, the invaders being afterwards termed "Pagans and Saracens," "Pagans and Slavonians," or generally "Saracens" only.

to Girard of Liége, the fifth to Huo of Cambray and Walter of Hainault, the sixth to Jeffrey count of Anjou, "as the song tells," the seventh to Hugh of Mans and Garnier the brave.*

Next comes an invasion of the Hungarians, who are equally called "Saracens" and "Slavonians." They besiege Metz, Hervi's capital, who thereupon requests the aid of the emperor his suzerain, now twelve and a-half years old. But by the advice of some of his counsellors, particularly of the master of the palace, count Hardré the "flowered," *i.e.* white-haired,† the young emperor returns answer that he cannot aid his vassal till after winter, in April. Hereupon Hervi, recalling his services, declares that to find aid he will pledge his fief. The king quit-claims it to him, and Hervi goes to offer his vassalage to Anseis king of Cologne, on condition of his recovering Metz. Anseis agrees, and comes with a great army to the relief of Metz. They surprise and overthrow the invaders, but in the chase Hervi is

* All these personages figure afterwards frequently in the poem as the natural allies and companions of Garin.

† An epithet recalling the last chapter of Proverbs, which we have met with already in the "Song of Roland"; which is of constant use in the poems of this period, and of which the last faint echo lingers in the French appellation of "grave-yard flowers" given to white hairs.

killed. By this untoward event the king would lose his bargain, since the dead Hervi could no longer recover Metz; but not relishing the result, he instantly takes possession for himself, and Hervi's two sons barely escape to their uncle Henry, bishop of Châlons. When they are grown,—"there are none so fair in sixty countries,"—the bishop takes them to the court of France, where the king (or emperor, the terms are used indifferently, as in perhaps all the poems of the cycle) remarks and retains them, Hardré himself bringing them up with his two sons, Fromont and William of Montclin, afterwards often called "the proud one of Montclin." Bego waits on the king and becomes his especial favourite, receiving from him, to Hardré's great despite, all Gascony as a fief.

After the four young men have been all knighted, and Bego has distinguished himself at the jousts, news comes that Richard of Normandy is ravaging the country of Beauvais. "Forward leaps Bego," and asks and obtains for himself and his brother permission to undertake the reducing of the rebel. They invade and ravage Normandy, besiege Richard himself at Poissy; but, prudent as bold, Bego persuades the Duke to make his submission. The four young knights then subdue Flanders for the king, and Garin afterwards Gascony and Poitou.

At Martinmas, the king asks Garin why he forgets his own land, which king Anseis withholds from him, and offers him his men for the reconquest; Hardré himself offers to accompany him. Metz is besieged: the people are easily recalled to their old allegiance, and Garin generously sends back Anseis' men with new garments, receiving fealty from his father's subjects.

News now comes that "the four kings"—*i. e.* the four Moorish kings of Spain—have invaded Provence, Auvergne, and besieged Thierry, king of Moriane (Savoy), who sends for aid to Pepin. Taking the advice of his older counsellors, and especially of "flowery-haired" Hardré, Pepin answers, as he had done to Hervi at the time of the Hungarian inroad, that he will go to Thierry's aid when winter is over, and April come, and when the meadows shall have grass for the chargers.

"At the hostelry was Garin the Lorrainer, with him William and Fromont, Jeffrey of Anjou and count Jocelin, Bego the brave of Belin castle,—better was none as far as Rhine water,—in their company six-and-thirty knights;" they are making merry and enjoying themselves. A squire brings news that Thierry's envoys have met with a refusal of the demanded succour. 'Great villainy and sin' is this, exclaims Garin. 'Now let us go, fair

comrade Fromont, and speak to king Pepin in his palace, that we may succour king Thierry. "'Young are we, let us increase our worth; if the king fail, let us call hither our friends, and seek praise in another country.'—'Willingly, lord,' Fromont answered him. To their feet rise the children of high worth; as far as the palace they did not stop." They meet the messengers on their way; Bego discovers that one of them is his cousin. 'Turn ye back, sirs,' says Garin. The messengers accompany them before the king.

"Right emperor," said Garin, "give ear to me. You have said a thing for which you are blamed. You should have spoken to your barons, and not have believed the hairy, bearded ones, who love leisure and repose, and wine and claret* at bedtime. By such men you will not rise in worth." Hardré urges that the land is wasted. Garin declares that in a month he will bring ten thousand men. Fromont advises his father to leave the court, where he has no business. At last Pepin undertakes to go himself, and summons all his vassals. They assemble from all parts at Lyons; but the king falls ill and takes to his bed; Hardré profits by the occasion to advise him to dismiss the host. On the news, the young men (among

* *i. e. negus*, or something very like it.

whom is now named Bernard of Naisil, Fromont's uncle, a very prominent personage hereafter) hasten at once to the palace. Garin goes to the king, feels his arm and chest, declares he will soon be cured, but advises him to stay where he is, with his old counsellors, whilst he, Fromont, William of Montclin, Huo of Cambray, Ouri the German, Aubry of Burgundy (the last three, it will be observed, his nephews) will go to the help of king Thierry. Pepin agrees, and entrusts the banner of St. Dennis to the two Lorrainers, giving them the supreme command.

The army starts under its young chiefs; more than sixty thousand march out of Lyons, and proceed rapidly to within four leagues of "Valparfonde" (a town which has now entirely disappeared), where Thierry was besieged. Seven knights are sent out, four by Fromont, three by Garin, to reconnoitre the Saracen host, which is seen covering seven and a-half leagues of country. 'They may as well depart,' says Bernard of Naisil; 'it was folly for them to come; for every one of them the enemy will a thousand.'—"A strange speech!" retorts Bego. "They are a weak set, worthless, a mere crowd; they believe not God nor the Holy Ghost. Would God who was put on the cross that all the heathen who were ever born of mother were

assembled and inclosed in yonder field! With great anguish you would see them die. I for myself would kill a thousand." Fromont's messengers return and declare to him that it is hopeless to contend against the Saracens. Bego presses for an attack. Fromont declares that he will not expose the emperor's men to shame. Garin, after having in vain reminded him that he is placed under his orders, offers to let him go, on condition that, if he, Garin, should succeed in overcoming the foe alone, Fromont will have no claim to the spoil. The latter assents, and goes his way with his men. There remain with Garin and Bego Lorrainers and Normans, and all the nephews and allies of the two chiefs, a thousand vassals in all. Messengers are sent to king Thierry, who makes a sortie with four thousand men. The battle commences from both sides at once; "since that hour when Jesus Christ was born was never such a battle nor such a blow-giving, save before Troy when Achilles died." St. Dennis, St. Maurice, St. George are seen fighting for the Christians. Bego "presses his charger with his spurs of fine gold," strikes one of the four Saracen kings on his azure shield, pierces it, damages his hauberk, plants the lance in his heart, casts him to the ground. "Monjoie," he cries, "St. Dennis's banner! Strike! they

are yielding!" Garin kills another king, the two remaining ones are taken prisoners, and kept to be presented to the emperor; but king Thierry himself receives a mortal wound.

The seceders are of course greatly disgusted at the issue, still more so when they see Garin distribute all the spoil to the knights, not retaining so much as an Angers farthing. Fromont, enraged, demands a share, as Garin's former companion (literally 'bread-fellow').—"I give it," replies Garin, "'to those who have well deserved it, who have lost their brothers and their sons, their fathers, uncles, near kinsmen.'—'Let be,' said Bernard of Naisil; '... this shall be spoken of in another place.'"

Meanwhile king Thierry on his death-bed is lamenting that he has not yet married his daughter Blanchflower. He is reminded of the many noble barons who are in the succouring host, any of whom would be a fit husband for his daughter,—Garin above all, who has saved the country. The king sends for Garin, and offers him his daughter, now fifteen years and a-half old,—"so comely there is none in sixty countries." Duke Garin takes her, on condition that emperor Pepin allow it;* but—

* Garin, being Pepin's vassal, could not, according to feudal principles, accept with Blanchflower's hand the inheritance of an independent kingdom without his suzerain's consent.

"If I have her not for wife, God hath not made the man who should misbehave towards her; but I would take the war on myself." The king approves of his conduct, and they are affianced. "That maiden," says the poet, "in evil hour was born, for many a worthy man shall yet die through her."

Pepin receives at Lyons with great joy the news of Garin's success, but leaves for Paris before the return of the host, which on arriving at Lyons, and finding him no longer there, breaks up; whereby, the poet observes, Garin's good fortune had an end, so that many a land was wasted, and orphans became disinherited, and many a lady remained without a husband. Bego departs for Gascony, William of Montclin for Bordeaux with his brother Richard and count Harduin; Fromont and Garin go on to meet the emperor, whom Garin finds at Laon, and who receives him with the utmost cordiality, and grants him permission to marry Blanchflower. To this Fromont objects, declaring that when Gascony was given to Begő, the next escheat was promised to himself. The king denies his claim; what a father gives to his child on his death-bed cannot be lost even by a judgment.

"Then spoke Garin full softly: 'Sir Fromont of Bordeaux the great, comrades in arms have we

long been; I have loved you from the bottom of my heart loyally; you behaved well to me at the first; then in the strife wherein I boldly entered you left me, you and your kin; yet have I no ill-will towards you. So help me God, had you said so much this morning at early dawn, when I and you we came riding, we two alone, through the woods of Val-Dormant, as that the damsel with the comely body suited you, I would have given you both the honour and the people. But well I see that pride there is great, and felony, and marvellous presumption; I would not give you the value of a besant.'

"Fromont hears him, reddens with anger; loud he speaks with bold bearing: 'At Bordeaux truly was I born, in that land are my best kinsmen. You seek my disinheritance; but by the apostle whom penitents seek, and by the faith that I owe to my kin, you shall not see half a year pass but I will show you as many knights before Metz, your best honour, as all the gold of Benevento would give you; you shall not go forth the distance of one bow-shot.'

"Garin hears it, he bursts well-nigh with rage. Towards Fromont at once he steps forth; loudly he speaks, so that full a hundred hear him: 'Son of a harlot, felon sprung from nothing, Garlain

your grandfather truly had not said so much to Hervi, to whom Lorraine belongs; he would have struck him with the fist in his teeth.' He leaps towards him, he would truly have struck him, when the emperor seizes him by the mantle.

"Now begins the great swelling tumult, wherein perished knights I know not how many; wherein castles were shattered and towns brought to nothing, and children spoiled of their inheritance. A song begins of a great strife; a better one never was, in this living age."

So ends the First Song.* It is impossible to mistake the truly Homeric vigour of the concluding picture.

Fromont had many of his companions there, more than Garin; the king was young, "they feared him not for the worth of a spur." Garin, hearing himself threatened, speaks more openly still.

"'Sir Fromont,' says Garin the bold, 'well did you, when you traitorously surprised me; I cannot blame you; you will not discredit Garlain your grandfather, who murdered his godfather in a monastery, cut off the head of his liege lord, and had his cousin drowned in a sack; whose lands and fees and heritage you hold, wrongly and sin-

* Observe how it closes on a 'sensation,' just like the weekly or monthly 'part' of a modern novel.

fully; Soissons you took from courteous Berenger; my cousin he was, I choose to challenge the town; for by him whom knights seek to, if I overcome you there, I will cut off your head with my sword; so should one chastise a traitor who wrongly dishonours his rightful lord.'"

Fromont rushes on him, Garin stretches him at his feet with a blow on his head. The men of Bordeaux, sixty knights, come to his rescue. At first it is a mere affray, but Hardré, Fromont's father, fetches a sword; fourteen Lorrainers have their heads cut off; trying to escape, the remainder find the doors locked. Garin stands at bay in a corner, and has nothing to defend himself but a great stand for spits. He is sore pressed by Hardré with his sword, when succour arrives. His nephew Hernais of Orleans, coming to court to claim investiture of the fiefs of his father now dead, seven score knights with him, meets with a wounded squire fleeing from the palace, who tells him of the sore straits in which his uncle finds himself. They hasten to the palace, and batter in the door with a great beam ten feet long. Bursting in, Hernais strikes down Hardré, scattering his brains at his feet, then another foe, then another; every knight kills his man. In vain the Bordelais hide under tables, they are sought out; Fromont

takes to flight with fourteen knights only, but dare not go to Soissons, and directs his course to St. Quentin.

Here occurs what appears to me an interpolation, giving an account of how "a valiant knight," Henry of Montagu, who is represented as a brother of Hernais of Orleans, came to his uncle Garin's aid, had the Bordelais' heads cut off, and Hardré's body flung into a ditch, and how he advised the emperor to levy war upon Fromont, and to march at once upon Soissons. This is done; the town is taken by surprise, and Garin claims it, offering it as a fief to Pepin. The emperor objects, since Hardré once held it of him, and he cannot break his faith.

"'It may well be, Sire,' said Garin, 'but my ancestors held it before him. Wherefore I take it, I choose to stand seized of it, and if it please you to hold it, against all the world, good king, I have won it before you. Or if not, by the faith I owe to St. Dennis, you shall see it at once burn and crackle, the walls felled, the monasteries thrown down, the crucifixes upset to earth; while I live none shall sleep there but I will make him die of evil death.'" The emperor yields to the threat, and takes fealty for the place from Garin. The investiture of Hernais follows.

Fromont has fled to his cousin Odo at St. Quentin. The latter receives the news of Hardré's death with a "How the d—l? The Lorrainer loved you much of old; he could not depart from your company." Fromont begs leave to give the account on the morrow morning, in the hearing of all his friends. Foremost of these is Droo of Amiens, who treats him yet more roughly: "St. Mary! never was Duke Garin treacherous, nor ever issued villainy from his mouth; well I know that you have purchased this to yourself, for you are ever insolent and evil-tongued." On hearing further details Droo scolds him yet more for quarrelling about a woman; if he wants one, he might have ten. He has moreover for him a "high marriage and good;" it is Helisend, the lady of Ponthieu, own sister to Baldwin of Flanders, and now newly a widow. As they speak, news comes of the fall of Soissons. 'Woe is me,' exclaims Fromont, 'I have not so much as land to sleep on alive.'—'Be not troubled, friend,' answers Droo; 'all will happen that ought to happen. Be a worthy and bold knight, and you shall win that whereby you shall defend yourself; I will go and do my message.' He rides off to Baldwin the Fleming at St. Omer, puts his arm round his neck "for great love," tells him that Hardré is dead, that his land will return

to Fromont, and the countship of the palace, and begs Helisend for the young man. Baldwin is not unwilling; Droo bids him make haste, or Pepin—who as suzerain had the giving in marriage of his female vassals—"would give her to one of his kitchen dogs, for roasting his birds." Baldwin summons his sister to Amiens, and there tells her that she must marry the next day. She objects that her husband has only been dead a month, that she has a fair son for whom she must keep his lands. But on being told that she will have a comely young husband, son of rich Hardré and his heir, she changes her mind, and places herself at her brother's disposal. The nuptials are at once solemnized.

On the following day, after mattins, as Fromont and the Fleming are seated under an apple-tree, Droo of Amiens being by, Fromont asks advice of Baldwin as of his best friend, how he is to act against Garin who has killed his father, and spoiled him of Soissons.—The Fleming reddens with displeasure, seeing the trick that has been played upon him. Had he known as much at St. Omer, the wedding should never have taken place; but "the heart cannot lie,"—*i. e.*, kinship cannot be betrayed,—"he who cuts off his nose maltreats his face;" as it has happened, he must needs make

war with the rest. He then advises them to invade the territory of Huo of Cambrai, nephew to the Lorrainers, in order to take and retain Cambrai instead of Soissons, and promises to bring together all his forces for the purpose. Among the nobles who are enumerated on Fromont's side is Isoré the grey, Fromont's nephew, to whom he entrusts his banner.

Huo of Cambrai is taken entirely by surprise. He is woke up by his seneschal, who tells him all the country is in flames. Fortunately he has by him seven score knights,—in *those* days gentle knights dwelt together in the strong towns, instead of being scattered as now, even "amid the bushes with the sheep." He comforts his burghers, gives orders for the defence of the town, earthing up one of the gates, and leaving only the other open, and sallies forth at once upon the marauders, at the head of whom is Isoré the grey. Him Huo reminds of past good services; how he came to his aid and delivered him in old days when the Fleming besieged him in Boulogne, and remained a month and a half without taking so much of him as a *sou*. Isoré is touched by the appeal, recalls his men, and tells Fromont his uncle that but for him, he Isoré with his baronry would have thrown themselves into Cambray, and that he will not

strike a blow against Huo. The latter fights Fromont, overthrows him, takes and gives away his horse. Isoré laughs beneath his helmet, and bids his men look at Huo for a knight of high worth, who if aided would think but little of them. Eventually however the knights of Cambray are driven back by numbers; Baldwin of Flanders too invades the land with thirty thousand men. The city is besieged on all sides, but holds out, Huo making frequent sorties, "three times a night, or four, or five, or six," and killing his enemies "like sheep."—"A felon host is here," say the besiegers; "this vassal will not let us sleep; he knows much of war, the devils have taught it him." Huo however foresees that this cannot always last, and after consulting with his knights, "great and small," resolves to send a messenger to Garin and to the emperor. This is successfully accomplished, whilst the enemy's attention is distracted by a sortie.

The messenger reaches Laon just after mass, and delivers Huo's letter, which Pepin hands over to Garin,—who had been put to school when young, and could well "read both Romance and Latin." Garin informs his master of Fromont's misdeeds, in marrying without the emperor's consent, attacking his vassal, taking possession of his fief. Pepin says he will order Fromont and Baldwin

to raise the siege of Cambrai. Garin tells him rather to assemble all his forces, and march against them. The king agrees, and in all his court there is no baker, cook, butler, nor chamberlain who can find a horse, but is sent with letters through the country.

Fromont meanwhile has sent messengers to Bernard of Naisil, soliciting assistance. Bernard is overjoyed to hear of the fighting; now will all his neighbours who have "cows and great oxen" know how he can strike with the sword. Let his nephew not go to sleep; he will do his part. Gathering three thousand mercenaries besides his own men, he throws himself into Lorraine, burning and ravaging, and returns laden with plunder. Distributing all the booty, he soon has twenty thousand men. He now attacks Burgundy, still burning and plundering, and besieges Aubry in Dijon, where evil will be his hap, unless Bego relieve him.

Pepin's messenger finds Bego at Bordeaux, richly entertained by his enemies and vassals at once, the sons of Hardré, who know not of their father's death. Taking him aside, the messenger gives him the news, and summons him to come and meet the emperor and his brother, observing that if his hosts knew what has happened, they would have killed him already. Bego re-enters

the hall, tells his hosts that the emperor summons him, declines their company, and as soon as he has reached his own land, summons all his men and sets forth. On his way however he is met by a second messenger, from his nephew Aubry, imploring his aid against Bernard. Bego is sore puzzled, and takes counsel of his friends, who know not what to say, till Hervi the villein leaps up, and advises his lord first to relieve Aubry, and when this is done to rejoin the emperor. "All say, 'The villein has spoken well.'" On therefore they proceed towards Burgundy,—surprising on their way the city of Lyons, capital of one of Bernard's allies. "There might you see the great halls robbed, chambers broken into, chests forced, barrels flung out of the cellars," while the waggons of the army are loaded with wine and corn. On the morrow morning Bego orders the town to be set on fire. "There might you see the monasteries in flames, the great towers reeling and falling, the small folk and the women weeping; so many dead there were as could not be numbered." Mâcon suffers the like fate; a hundred men of the country are burnt in the castle, three hundred burgesses remain prisoners. At Beaune Aubry comes to meet Bego, while Bernard, hearing of his approach, withdraws. Everything yields before Bego,

who after recovering Burgundy invades Champagne.

Meanwhile Pepin's messenger has been sent to Fromont, summoning him to take his trial for his misdeeds. Fromont treats the message with contempt, declaring that Pepin is no king, but the son of a usurper; and on the messenger giving him the lie, attempts to kill him, but is stopped by Isoré the grey, who bids the messenger go away, as there is no safety for him there. Before doing so however he fulfils his message also to Baldwin, whom he threatens with the loss of Flanders. On his return the royal army sets out, Garin bearing the standard; but in the meanwhile Huo has received succour from his brother Walter of Hainault (often called "the wise," or "the orphan"), on whose approach the besiegers raise the siege, and march to meet the king at St. Quentin; but they are furiously attacked in the rear by Huo and his brother, and have just time to reach St. Quentin when they are themselves besieged.

The honours of the defence belong now to Isoré the grey. Huo and Walter encamp in a flowery orchard, where Isoré surprises them at night, and, while bidding his men do no harm to Huo, carries away his tent. Ouri the German, who succeeds his cousin in the orchard, loses not

only tent, but mules and horses. Fromont summons his brother Haims and other relatives from Bordeaux, who land at Boulogne; but the barons are too many already at St. Quentin, and the men of Bordeaux are told to do their best in the way of plundering and cutting off provisions from the royal army.

During this time, Bego has been besieging Bernard in his own castle of Naisil. Carried away by his horse, Bernard is taken prisoner, and Bego threatens to cut his head off if Naisil be not given up. Bernard cries to his son Falconet to surrender. —"Had I one foot in Paradise, and the other in Naisil castle, I would withdraw the one from Paradise and put it back into Naisil."—Bernard laughs for joy at the answer: "Well I see thou art my son, well I know thy mother never misbehaved towards me."—Bego, furious, swears he will hang him, and calls two of his knights to have a gibbet put up.—Bernard entreats leave to speak again to his son, and offers to make peace, restore Aubry's losses, and hold Naisil of him, provided it be not pulled down nor destroyed.—It is surrendered on these conditions; Falconet, very ill-pleased, rides off at once to St. Quentin, while Bego retains by him Bernard, as his son tells the barons, leading him "in hand like a dog."

Better news for Fromont is that of the birth of his son Fromondin; but his knights see no great help in it. However, in honour of the event, the barons make a sortie, in which William of Montclin, who is not yet knighted, and Isoré the grey greatly distinguish themselves. The men of Bordeaux enter the town, and so stout is the resistance, that Pepin, greatly dissatisfied, complains to Garin of his brother's absence, and declares that unless Bego comes he will himself depart.

A messenger is sent to summon Bego, and meets him before Verdun, which he is besieging. On hearing his tale, Bego exclaims: "What is my brother doing, and Girard of Liege, and Ouri the German, and the baronry of emperor Pepin, if they cannot overcome the foes there? I will go there, and let them come here; and if I do not subdue to him his deadly enemies, may the king cut off all my limbs!" He declares however that he cannot stir till he have taken the town. Of course the emperor is little pleased with the reply, and vows that he will depart that night or the next morning. Garin sends a second messenger to his brother, which messenger fortunately arrives when the town is taken. Bego pushes on the next day towards St. Quentin, reducing and destroying on his way all that belongs to the rebels, and on his arrival is received by Pepin with the greatest delight.

He chooses for planting his tent the same orchard from which Huo and Walter, and again Ouri, have been driven out. Isoré sees him, and declares the tent is his. Falconet warns him that Bego of Belin will hold his own. Isoré however orders a sortie, and a great battle begins. Bego remarks the prowess of William of Montclin, whom his brother begs him to spare. He meets him in the fray, and gives him the name of "the proud one of Montclin," but in deference to his brother, unhorses him with the hilt only of his sword. He breaks however Isoré's left arm, and kills his father, Fromont's brother, while Henry of Montagu kills another brother. Isoré, already on his sick-bed, hears the funeral chaunts; he springs up and hastens to the minster, where he learns the death of his father, and laments that he is not in a state to avenge him. "Let be," says count William; "all will happen that ought to happen; let the dead go to the dead, the living to the living; sorrowing over sorrow and joy over enjoyment should no free man keep up." The Bordelais sally forth to take their revenge, but are repelled by Bego. "Well is it seen when duke Bego strikes; before him he makes daylight in the ranks.... he goes as an otter in a fish-pond." As he comes on however, driving the enemy, more than a bowshot

from his own men, Fromont spurs to meet him, and with a "marvellous blow" cuts through his hauberk, and wounds him on the cheek as far as the ear, striking him down from his horse. Thinking to have killed him, Fromont then re-enters St. Quentin. Bego is taken up by his friends, who at first despair of him, but doctors "nourished at Salerno" declare that he will recover. The king weeping promises them as much gold and silver as two Saracen mules could not carry. The leech declares he will take nothing till the duke be cured.

Fromont goes to his nephew Isoré, and tells him Bego is dead. "'Tis great sorrow,' said Isoré the grey; 'never with my eyes saw I such a knight; *it grieves me that I did not kill him;* my heart tells me that he is yet alive.'" Fromont insists to the contrary; they send a spy, who, disguised as a pilgrim, penetrates into Bego's own tent, and receives from him a golden besant, besides more from others. The sham pilgrim returns with the news that Bego is "more whole than a partridge."

From the royal host Bego sends forth his nephew Aubry of Burgundy in his place. Isoré suggests to his uncle William of Montclin that if he could be taken, Bernard of Naisil might be recovered in exchange. An ambush is laid for him

accordingly, and with success. Bego, furious at the news, and to the astonishment of his doctors, insists on putting on his armour and going forth. He drives the rebels with such impetuosity that the castle would have been taken but for Isoré the grey, who hearing that Bego is out, himself insists on taking the field against him. Bego enraged maintains long the fight alone on the bridge, till count Huo takes his horse by the bridle and forcibly leads him away.—A convoy of provisions is next taken by the besieged; but hereupon Bego with four thousand cross-bowmen and five hundred knights makes a foray, clearing all the roads, subduing castles, ravaging, plundering, making prisoners; then returning before St. Quentin he has it enclosed with ditches, so that none could go in or out, nor could bread or meat or wine come in, and men had to eat their horses. Fromont begins to hint at an arrangement. Bernard takes an opportunity of speaking to the emperor, and suggests to him the expediency of not driving Fromont and his friends to extremities, lest if he lean on the Lorrainers alone he should no longer be able to defend himself against Pagans and Saracens. The emperor returns an equivocal answer. Bernard now sends a messenger to Fromont, urging him to cry mercy to the king, and

ask a respite to sue his claim in justice; since, if once out, he could take small heed of the king's mischief, and might go on warring at his leisure. In spite of Isoré's opposition, a message is sent to the king to this effect. Bego supports the request; if Fromont asks to be tried by "gentle knights," the king should not deny such prayer. On the messenger's asking who shall guarantee safe-conduct to Fromont, Bego offers his own.

Fromont goes to the king with thirty-six knights of his kindred and friends; only Isoré would not go. "'I don't so much like,' said he, 'king Pepin, nor the blood of Garin the Lorrainer.'" Bego leaps to meet him; Fromont salutes him, but without speaking, and begins by complaining to the king of Soissons having been taken from him, and asking it back. Bego at once denies his claim. Finally, the king assigns him the morrow of the feast of St. Dennis to plead before his court. Fromont now asks for the release of Bernard. This the Lorrainers only consent to on a pledge that Aubry's losses will be made good. The host is broken up; Bego goes to Gascony, and fortifies Plessis, two leagues distant from Bordeaux, on the "march" of his mortal enemies, which he delivers into the keeping of "the good villein Hervi," distributing also lands to other chiefs.

The high court meets at Paris, and many are the nobles who come to it on both sides. The Lorrainers muster strong, and occupy first all the lodgings, so that Fromont and his friends have to ask quarters of his cousin the abbot of St. Germain. The damsel Blanchflower comes too, in dress of samite, on palfrey whiter than the lily-flower; her bridle is worth one hundred marks of Paris; never was seen a richer horse-cloth. "Comely is the lady both in body and face; her mouth plump, her teeth small, whiter than planed ivory; her hips low, her face white and red, laughing eyes and well-made brows, the fairest that ever was born. On her shoulders lies her light hair, on her head was a little hat of gold and stones which well beseemed her." Now fill all the streets of Paris; said one to the other, 'What a fair lady is here! she should hold a kingdom. Would God the emperor Pepin had her to wife!' The king hears of her coming. "On the morning," says he, "shall she marry Garin, to whom I have given her, and well hath he deserved it."

"Right emperor," says archbishop Henry of Rheims, "what sayest thou? If Garin have her, thou shalt see France dishonoured; never will Fromont serve thee, nor his kin, nor all his good friends; never shall war have an end." The king

asks what he shall do? The archbishop advises him to take her himself. The king is astonished; "You teach me to belie my faith."—'Nay,' replies the priest, 'I am prepared, I have two monks who shall swear that they are both of one blood.'—Pepin determines to go and see her, and is at once inflamed with passion, which he declares on his return to the archbishop.

The next day, Fromont and his friends see the damsel pass, going to mass. Bernard advises to take and give her to Isoré the grey or to William of Montclin; if *he* had her, he declares he would leave Helisend for her, and recommends his nephew to do so. Fromont thanks him; he is not come to make war but peace, if God so grant.—"Never did you belong to me!" retorts Bernard; "evil coward, how supple you have become!" But the Lorrainers appear, and Fromont tells his uncle that he will hold him now for a bold man if he will go and take the damsel.—'It is not now the place,' says Bernard.

The emperor, having the damsel by his side, summons Fromont and his set, and bids them make peace, promising forgiveness of whatever has been done against himself. Fromont acquiesces. The king then bids Garin take his wife. The archbishop proclaims the banns; when a monk with

"flowery hair" starts forward and forbids them, on the ground of relationship,—Hervi of Metz, Garin's father, having been first cousin once removed to king Thierry. Bego, furious, seizes the monk, flings him to the ground, and would have killed him. The king sharply reprimands him for beating the monk in his presence. "He is no monk," exclaims Bego, "but a traitor, a perjurer, a *lie-faith.* If I catch him—by St. Martin's body—out of hence, I tell you of a truth no man in the world shall warrant him but I will kill him, by the faith I owe to Garin."—"You shall not do so, sir," saith the emperor; "I will have the saints" (*i.e.* the holy relics) "brought here, they" (the monks) "shall swear what they have said." The relics are brought; four monks take the oath; Garin and the lady are disengaged. 'I knew it that they were related,' said Bernard.—"Will you prove it?" asks Bego.—"Sir, I grant it you," says the milder Garin; "for such a cause ye shall have no battle of me."—Fromont calls Garin: "Free knight, speak a little with me; so help me God, I was wrong to hate you. Truly it irks me to be at war; henceforth we will be good friends." If Garin would help him to win Blanchflower for wife to his brother William, he has two bright-faced sisters; one shall be for him, the other for Bego;

he will divide with them all his lands; if their two families were united, no fleshly man could hold against them.—Garin assents, and asks Blanchflower, who is willing to do his pleasure. But the archbishop has seen them, and warns Pepin that if he does not make haste he will lose the damsel. Pepin sends for her, and declares that for the love of Garin he will give her a rich enough husband, namely, himself. She is not unwilling, but asks him to summon the Lorrainers. They come, and the emperor tells them his resolve. Garin is this time disgusted: "We have served you, and ill have you deserved it. By my allowance you shall never be her husband."—"Mad Lorrainer, what sayest thou?" exclaims Bego, starting forward; "let bright-faced Blanchflower alone; if you would have a wife, you shall have ten."—"Well, lord king, God give you to enjoy her."

Splendid are the espousals. Bego as major domo* directs the feast; Aubry, Girard of Liege and Ouri the German act as bakers; Jeffrey of Anjou, Hernais, Walter of Paris as butlers; before the king stands Garin with the great cup. Tall and well moulded, no one could be handsomer; the empress often looks at him, and much he

* In the "Song of Roland," it will be remembered that Charlemain's "master-cook" is named Bego.

pleases her. At another table sits Fromont with his friends. Bernard urges him to go and take the cup, which should rather belong to him; he is like the dog which barks inside and dare not go forth.—'Let the king give his offices to whom he pleases', replies Fromont.—Bernard leaps over the table towards Garin, and tries to take the golden vessel out of his hands, spilling it all on his grey pelisse.—"Would you drink, Sir Bernard?" asks Garin; "I will give you better wine yet than this."—Bernard now insults him; he is robbing Fromont and his friends of their right. So saying, he tries to draw the cup away from him.—Garin can bear it no longer, but "gives him a great blow with the cup of fine gold," which cuts off an eyebrow, and covers him with red blood. The knights start up and begin to fight. The queen beseeches Pepin to come to the aid of his loyal servants. Isoré the grey knocks the Lorrainers down at every blow.

Bego meanwhile was in the kitchen. Hearing of the fray, he calls the cook, and summons him and his men to come with him; "Now shall it appear how thou canst strike." They seize great pestles and spoons and hooks; up they come into the palace, more than sixty cooks; the duke had seized a great spit-stand full of hot roast meats; with it he strikes Isoré who held Aubry, and

breaks it on his neck; he knocks down another with the remaining fragment. The cooks deal out their blows, breaking arms, heads and ribs; Fromont's men are driven out, and a natural son of his own is killed by a stone. Sixty of them finally are thrown into prison, including Fromont himself and his brother William, Baldwin of Flanders, Isoré, and Bernard. Fromont begins to despair, but Bernard says that if he could speak to Pepin, and they would stand by him, they should soon be out. He will declare that Garin means to murder the emperor on account of Blanchflower; that he had agreed with Fromont to give him Blanchflower for his brother William, and had received from him sixty marks of fine gold. If this mixture of truth and falsehood were denied, he Bernard would be ready to wage battle of it, or Isoré,—who assents to the plan. Bernard bribes the gaoler to request the king to come to them. On his arrival, Bernard weeping tells him the tale he has concocted, alleging it as the reason why he went and struck Garin. The king is furious. Huo of Troyes who accompanies him warns him not to believe the tale. 'Yes, by St. Dennis,' says the king, 'ill of mien to me was Garin at first.' The Lorrainers are summoned. Bernard reiterates the story. Garin gives him the lie direct. Isoré throws down the gauntlet.

Garin does the like, and bids Ouri the German, Girard of Liege, and Aubry of Burgundy be his pledges. The king refuses them. Garin expresses his astonishment; if these his relatives cannot do, he will not go in search of the Saracens.—Bego, who was with the empress, hears the news. He comes in haste, and claims the right to warrant his brother himself, *i. e.* to take his battle on him. Seven score knights stand up to pledge him, and the empress herself.

Bego goes to the cathedral of Notre Dame, and watches there, many knights with him; Isoré goes home, eats and drinks enough, and goes to bed to sleep. In the morning Bego makes rich offerings, the queen also; then both champions put on their armour. Bernard seems now to mistrust the issue of his scheme; he comes to Pepin, and suggests that as the Lorrainers have 'served him enough,' he should come to an agreement.—'Offer it yourself,' says the king.

Never was seen a man so well armed as Bego. His sword Floberge hangs from his golden saddle, another sword from Cologne is at his waist; Girard of Liège holds his good horse, Aubry the Burgundian his shield, Thierry of the Alsatian hills (or of Ardennes) his spear. 'Fair kinsman,' say they, "'be brave and bold; remember your father

Hervi, best man that ever sate on horse.'—'I think nought of him'" (*i. e.* Isoré), says the Lorrainer, "'for methinks he is in the wrong; a disloyal man cannot long be safe.'" He goes before the emperor, and offers battle for before midday. Bernard again suggests delay, procedure, agreement.—"Right emperor," says Bego, "they have appealed Garin of murder; of treason no pleas should be held; so far as regards me, no day shall be taken." Isoré is made to swear on the relics to Garin's treason.—'Perjurer,' says Bego, 'before night I will make your soul part from your body.'

While duke Garin and the queen, with ten maidens and fifteen widows, are praying in the minster, the conflict begins. Isoré is at first successful, and kills Bego's horse under him, whilst Bego in striking at him breaks his sword on the carbuncle of Isoré's helmet. Already William of Montclin calls out to Isoré to take the Lorrainer's head off. 'You are not under my shield,' replies Isoré; 'pray the emperor to have pity on me and on him.' Bego now recollects the second sword which hangs at his saddle, and runs to take it, bleeding already from head and chest. This time he deals with it such a tremendous blow as cleaves Isoré's head to the teeth. The knight falls to the ground, when Bego cuts out his heart, and holding

it with his two hands flings it into William's face: "Take, vassal, your kinsman's heart; you may now salt and roast it."

The Lorrainers render thanks to God at Notre Dame; the bells all through Paris make such peals that you could not have heard God thunder. Meanwhile Bernard, tearing in two his mantle and pelisse, ties the pieces together, hoists himself down into the king's garden, and makes his escape. Reaching his son, he tells him that he means once more to ravage Lorraine. Falconet remonstrates, alleging the recent peace. Bernard retorts that he would rather be dragged by horses than not to have revenge of Garin and the thief Bego, who have killed and dishonoured his kin. So he presses on to Naisil, puts it in order of defence, and ravages all around.

Meanwhile, by the intercession of the clergy, peace is made a second time with Fromont and his kin. William of Montclin and other chiefs of that side do homage to Garin, Haims of Bordeaux and others to Bego. But at the moment when all the nobles are about to go to their homes, news comes to Garin of Bernard's ravages. He complains to the emperor, who calls Fromont, and asks if he will march himself with his men against his uncle? Fromont is willing to do so. A vast

army is brought together; Bego however being left behind in Paris, where the empress attends to his cure from the wounds received in his single combat.

Bernard awaits the coming of the royal army without dismay, in his well-fortified and well-garrisoned castle of Naisil. "Bernard was brave, of great nobleness: know well that, had he loyalty, there were none better in all the kingdom." Aubry the Burgundian, the brave and bold, hates him more than any man alive; but at the first encounter Bernard overthrows him, and only falls back not to meet Garin. He cares not two Paris pence for his besiegers; he is like a fox in his earth. Julius Cæsar, when he conquered the castle, had constructed vaults and roads underground, by which one may issue forth at a distance of four leagues, or five, or nine, or ten. Bernard sallies out by these three or four times a-day, attacking the host, hindering the supply of provisions. The emperor, furious, declares that if he can take Bernard he will have him flayed and boiled alive.

Fromont, seeing his uncle's danger, now calls his friends together, and suggests that they should prevail on Bernard to surrender, and then obtain from Pepin not to pull down the castle. William of Montclin goes accordingly to speak with his

uncle. On hearing the proposal, Bernard is furious, and still more so on learning that William intends on his refusal to return to the emperor's camp. "Nay truly you shall not," replies Bernard; "by St. Dennis, you are very well here." So he has him thrown into prison, and kept three days without wine or food. The fourth day he sends him back, pale and wroth, and vowing that he will kill his uncle if an assault can be had.

Meanwhile Bego, cured, has rejoined the host, and falls in with Bernard in one of his plundering expeditions by the subterranean issues. The contest is a sharp one, and Bego himself is sore pressed, until Garin's approach, when Bernard escapes into the cave, but with greater loss than gain, thirty-six of his men being killed; besides that the Lorrainer now has the cave securely walled up, and after a careful search of the whole neighbourhood, all the other cave-exits stopped in like manner, so that Bernard can no longer sally forth but by the gate; whilst a moveable tower is also built for attacking the place.—Fromont makes another attempt to prevail on his uncle to surrender. If he will do so, all the knights will intercede for him; Garin himself will do so for Fromont's sake; "he is a man of worth, a more loyal I never saw." Bernard treats the idea at first

with contempt. The king may well remain twenty years before Naisil ere he take it. "I have within both bread and meat and wine, forage, and oats for our choice horses, and fair ladies to do my pleasure." However, at Fromont's entreaty he consents to give in, on condition that he shall not lose Naisil, but shall indemnify Garin. The king assents, but on his giving up the keys Bego proceeds in force to the place, and throws down the tower and all the walls and fortifications. Bernard complains: "Sire, I was at thy mercy; they have thrown down my castle of Naisil; so great an outrage I never saw with my eyes; had I known it would be so, ye should not have entered in till the day of judgment." The emperor declares he never ordered it, and reproves Bego. The latter replies that Bernard is a thief, and that one should not make treaties with such a murderer, of whom all his neighbours complain. Fromont pacifies his uncle, expressing the hope that the king will allow him at his leisure to refortify Naisil, which the king authorizes him to do. Bego on the other hand warns Garin never to allow Bernard (who is now his vassal) such a liberty; but the milder Garin will not hear him.

The army disperses, the king and queen go to Paris. Here the latter advises him to marry the

two Lorrainers, in order to prevent their allying themselves to Fromont's family. The king takes her counsel, and goes to his uncle duke Milo at Blaives in Gascony, to ask of him his two daughters for two counts at his court. "Much I fear the French, the Normans and men of Anjou, lest they take from me what I have to hold." If he could marry these two counts to his kinswomen he would feel more certain of them. Milo replies that his two daughters have hitherto repelled all suitors; one of them loves Garin the Lorrainer, the other Bego of Belin. "St. Mary!" exclaims the king, "these are the dukes on whose account I came here." The Lorrainers are summoned; of course there is not much difficulty in obtaining the consent of the damsels; Milo takes orders, thus leaving his domains to his daughters, who are his sole coheiresses. Garin receives the hand of "well-shaped Alice," Bego that of fair Beatrice, "fairest that ever God made." After the marriage, Bego proposes to his brother that, instead of dividing their father-in-law's inheritance, one or the other shall take to it all, the one who does not retaining all his father's lands. Garin consents, and chooses for retaining Hervi's property, bidding with a laugh his wife give up her father's land, in exchange for Metz and St. Dié with its silver mines (a passage

from which M. Paulin Paris infers that the poem cannot be later in date than the twelfth century, since these silver mines cannot be traced later than 1120).—"Willingly, fair friend," replies the lady; "I and you have nought separate; from henceforth will I do your pleasure."

Sisters and brothers now kiss and part. Garin goes straight to Metz, and has the festival of his marriage richly solemnized. Of Alice he had a son, named Girbert, "as the song says," the iron-armed and strong of heart, who had so many wars with Fromondin, and caused Fromont to go to the Saracens, to deny God and leave his mother. Bego of Beatrice had Hernaut and Gerin, the true-hearted and bold, who so much loved their cousin Girbert. After taking fealty from his new vassals at Blaives, Bego determines to go home, taking Beatrice with him, already with child of her son Gerin. A rascal hears the news; "May He confound him, who made earth and sea! This man renews the sorrow and the cry, and the great war which never shall end, whereby gentle knights died."

The rascal goes to Bordeaux, where he finds Thibaut and his brother Estormi playing at chess, and gives them the tidings of the double wedding. Thibaut furious upsets the chess-board, and goes

to the window, where he is joined by his uncle Haims. They agree to lay an ambush for Bego on his passage, so as to kill him and take possession of Beatrice. Thibaut calls together two hundred of his friends, besides eighty whom he places in ambush. Bego is coming to Belin with eighty knights. A pilgrim whom Thibaut's knights have beaten and ill-treated asks alms of Bego, who gives him a gold piece, Beatrice the same; few there were that did not also give to him. "Rich am I, thank God!" said the palmer; "'are ye on your guard, free gentle knights?'—'Why sayest thou so, fair brother pilgrim?'—'In God's name, sir, not far from hence thou shalt find sevenscore knights, with their white hauberks on.'" Bego calls to him Hervi (the 'good villein'); 'Who can these be?' he asks; 'are we on our guard against those of this country?'—Hervi says it must be the men of Bordeaux; he fears much Thibaut, who many a time asked the hand of Beatrice and was refused. He advises leaving the road, and cutting across to Belin through the woods.—"Hold thy peace, Hervi," says Bego; "ill hast thou spoken; they are my men, seized of my fief; they would sooner let all their limbs be taken from them than that they durst ever attack me.... May it not please God who was put on cross that I should for them

leave my right way. . . .were they a hundred and we but ten, nought should avail them, they should be all overcome." All dismount however and put on their armour; Bego commends fair Beatrice to Doö the huntsman, one of his vassals, and gives his shield to his nephew Rigaut. Climbing a knoll, he sees Thibaut's men afar, and proceeds, after having his own put all in array; as he comes up with the party, "proudly he says to them—'Who are ye, who guard this road?'—'You shall well know, says Count Thibaut," who reproaches him with his marriage and with the death of Isoré the grey; "now is it meet that you should die an ill death." At these words Bego, without asking who is this or that, strikes at the first man, and hurls him dead from his horse,—then another, then another. The fight becomes general. "Who might have seen Bego, Hervi's son, with his steel brand divide the crowd, roll off faces and chins and brains, he might remember a noble prince." The men of Bordeaux are sore pressed, when succour comes to them; Bego's horse is killed, himself sorely wounded; they seize Beatrice's horse by the bridle. Vainly she calls on Bego, who hears but cannot help; "Ah, Bego, sir, free gentle knight, never more shall I see thy gentle lordly body! my boy, whom in my womb I nourish, God grant thee life

to avenge him: dead is thy father who lies on this sand. Alas, wretched me, what can become of me?" Haims tells her to come with him, and he will give her for husband Thibaut, who loves her so that he can neither eat nor sleep. "Said the lady: 'I would rather die than that my flesh should suffer his.'" Bego's men however fight vigorously. Doö the huntsman rescues Beatrice, striking Haims down at her feet. "'God!' said the lady, 'what a fair blow was here!'" Meanwhile a squire is making his way to Belin, where noble knights and fair ladies are awaiting their master and mistress amidst music and minstrelsy. At the news of Bego's danger and probable death there is no more play nor laughter, but all take arms in haste and go to his relief. Beatrice is weeping over her husband, who however, hearing her voice, lifts his head a little. "'God!' said the lady, 'my husband is alive!'" The Bordelais are repelled and pursued, with a loss of more than forty. The duke is carried away on a litter; the dead are buried, with crosses on their graves, "for they were true martyrs, they had been killed for their lord."

The doctors, ("born and bred at Salerno,") on examining Bego, deem that he may yet live; but "the great noise is killing him;" every one is sent

away, even to fair Beatrice. After a long sleep, he asks to eat a little; the doctor prepares him a "caudle"* of herbs. He is soon sufficiently recovered to give directions for fortifying Belin against an attack. The Bordeaux nobles have not been idle, but have called all their friends together, from as far as Bourges and Poitou, thirty thousand men in all; they soon invest Belin and ravage the country. Bego sallies forth with sevenscore knights against the plunderers like a lion, like a wolf he drives them in flocks, until Haims (who has also got cured of his wounds) comes to their support. From this time he harasses the besiegers by frequent sorties; they cannot so much as sit to eat, nor dare they sleep in their beds. But seeing no succour coming, Bego calls to him Doö the huntsman and the villein Hervi, and asks their advice. It used to be said that he had friends, but there is little appearance of it, since he is now besieged by his own men. If he have not revenge, he thinks to die of grief. Truly is it said that mad is he who goes far from his friends.—'What are you saying, sir?' replies Doö; 'those of your country know nothing of it, nor your brother, nor Aubry of Burgundy. Send to the king to-night, or to-morrow, that he may come and defend his

* '*Chaudel*' or 'chaudeau', literally, hot water, *i.e.* broth.

allodial domain;'—Bego says he knows not whom to send.—Hervi says he knows a good messenger, well acquainted with the country.

This is one "Manuel Galopin,"—whose name is still synonymous with "scamp" in familiar French. Hervi finds him at the tavern, by the wine-cask, three dice in his hand, three frail damsels by his side. 'God save thee, Manuel Galopin.'—'God bless thee,—come and sit down, and throw for the wine.'—'I came not for this; Bego summons you, your cousin-german; fail him not.'—'Never was he of mine; no need have I of so rich a neighbour; I like better the tavern, and the solace of wine, and these damsels whom you see here, than duchies to be maintained.'—'Come however and speak to him in his palace.'—'Pay then for this wine, else may I not depart.'—'Willingly in truth,' said count Hervi.—He leads him by the hand to Bego, who asks him whence he is?—"From Clermont, sir, and am named Galopin. My brother is brave count Jocelin; we were both begotten of one father, born and nourished by one mother; the elder am I, but so it fares with me as you may see and hear."—Bego, recognising him as his cousin, declares that if he will leave off folly, he will knight him next morning, and divide all Auvergne by halves with him.—Galopin laughs: 'I like better

the tavern, and the talk of frail women, than to hold a country. Give me your orders, or I must go back to the cool wine.'—'Nay, brother,' says Bego; 'see you not how I am attacked? my liegemen have besieged me here.'—'Traitors all, says Manuel; 'never did they love a man of our blood. May the Lord God bring them all to shame!'—'Well said,' exclaims Bego, and profits by this burst of right feeling to give him directions for going to king Pepin and the empress, to his brother Garin, to Thierry of Alsace his uncle, to Girard of Liège, Garnier, Huo of Cambray, Ouri the German, Aubry of Burgundy,—to his sister at Orleans, asking her to send her son and her nephew Jeffrey of Anjou,—to Hugh of Mans and Garnier of Paris. His chaplain writes letters till the evening, a small barrelfull, which Manuel hangs from his neck.—Galopin "says a charm which he had learnt," whistles thrice, and departs, passing unmolested through the host; once in the road, he goes faster than hare which the hounds have seen. On the second day before midday he is at Orleans, where the lady Helois recognizes him as belonging to count Jocelin. He informs her of the danger of Bego and his wife, and asks how he shall find king Pepin.—'Tomorrow morning,' says the lady, 'he will be here with the queen.'

Galopin goes to the tavern and spends the night there,—as Helois is surprised to learn on summoning him in the morning. "I have here," she says, "three hundred casks of wine, from which you might have had as much as you liked."—"By the body of St. Dennis," replies Galopin, "I am very fond of company beside my wine."

Pepin arrives; Helois takes Galopin to him, and the former delivers his message. The king is much grieved at the news. The queen "full proudly" says to him that he must not suffer it. Were it not for Bego and Garin, these men would have put him out of "sweet France." Let him ride and summon his friends, before the duke be taken.—While she is speaking, comes Bernard of Naisil with eighty knights. The king takes him to task for the behaviour of his family.—'Fair sire, who says this? I came from Bordeaux country last Saturday; I left there Bego, our friends were feasting hard, I heard no talk of your niece. Do not credit some villein; he is but a liar who told this.'—'The letters came here,' says the king, 'by the messenger you see.' Bernard hearing this seizes Galopin, and would have killed him before the king, had not the queen rescued him.—'Sir Bernard,' she exclaims, 'too bold are you! Evil befal him who taught you thus, since before me

you beat my friends. So did you at the court, at Paris; through your pride was Isoré killed; a bad monk you came out of the abbey;* you cannot come to good.'—'Hold your tongue, foolish girl,' said Bernard, 'the king was a fool when he meddled with you. Evil befal him who made up the marriage! no good nor honour can come of it.'—'You lie!' cries the queen; 'thief, perjurer, highwayman, you ought not to come to court, the emperor ought not to suffer you!' All in tears she seeks her chamber, taking Galopin with her.

Meanwhile Helois has summoned throughout the town whoever can bear arms, even to the butchers, who bear hatchets of Poitou steel. Garin comes with sevenscore knights to meet the king, who greets him laughingly, then turns toward Bernard. "Bernard sees him, never a word he spoke to him; he held himself as a beaten dog." On hearing that Garin is with the king, the queen goes out, bare-headed and dishevelled, sad of mien. Duke Garin comes to meet her, he sees the "clear tears come out of her eyes:"—'Lady,' he says, 'who hath angered you? There is not a man in the world, save king Pepin alone, had he only

* The exact bearing of this allusion cannot be explained; but the fact of Bernard's having been a monk is elsewhere referred to, see *post*.

given you the lie, but he should never more be my friend.'—'Sir,' says she, 'lord Bernard of Naisil has outraged me before king Pepin, the old traitor, perjurer, faith-breaker.' Garin hearing this, seizes a table, strikes Bernard with it in the face, breaking four of his teeth, then taking him by the temples throws him at his feet. The burgesses who have come to the palace would have killed him, but the king takes him out of their hands. He takes refuge in the palace chapel, from which the king lets him out by the other door. He escapes into the plain, and makes all haste night and day till he reaches Fromont's residence at Lens.

Meanwhile the king summons all his people, from Mount St. Michael in Brittany to Germesheim on the Rhine. When the host is gathered together, they march with all expedition towards the south. On their approach, Haims and his party raise the siege of Belin, and make their way by night to Bordeaux. "The lark sings at the coming of the day; the watcher sounds his horn from Belin castle, looks to the host, but sees nothing. He comes to the chamber where lies duke Bego, fair Beatrice in his arms; the pillow falls, the duke is roused; 'What would you, fair friend?' says Bego to him." On learning that the siege is raised,

Bego bids him sound his horn to wake his men. Bego arms himself; Beatrice girds on his sword Floberge; 'God who was put on cross defend you to-day from death and danger!' He looks at her, full great pity he felt, for she was but newly churched of Gerin. 'Lady, for God's sake, I pray you, bethink yourself of my son.' Leaping from the ground (*i.e.* in spite of the weight of his armour) on his Arab horse, he is soon joined by Doö and Hervi, with full two hundred mounted men; leaving the burgesses to guard the town, he rides out, and on as far as Bordeaux, where he finds the rearguard of the enemy, and straightway attacks them. Thierry, Doö, Hervi the villein strike rude blows,—they seem like carpenters felling wood. The Bordelais would have been worsted, but are reinforced till they number three thousand against the two hundred, and Bego in turn would have been overcome and killed, when up come Garin and Aubry with the royals and Lorrainers, and the banner of St. Dennis, "vermeil red, fairer was never seen." Hereupon the Bordelais all take refuge in the town; "arrows fly like April rain." Bego, his dress and saddle all streaming with blood, rages so that his brother Garin reproves him: "By God, fair brother, too bold are you, too madly I often see you come; for great folly may it be held in you, that with two

hundred you attacked a thousand; but for me, dead were you or taken; such chivalry I value full little.'—'I cannot help it,' says Duke Bego; 'they had almost killed me on the moors, where I was attacked, they wanted to take my wife from me; afterwards they besieged me in Belin castle; they have burned my land and destroyed my country; towards me they are perjurers, break-faiths."—Garin bids him take no heed, as they have good leisure for revenge; they will not return till all the traitors are taken.

While the Bordelais fortify themselves in the city, the besiegers establish their quarters. The emperor commands the castles and towns of the rebels to be everywhere thrown down. Bego, nothing loth, undertakes this part of the business; there remained not cow nor ox that he took not.

Bernard however has reached Lens, and has shown Fromont and his brother William of Montclin his wounded face. William is indignant; Fromont declares that Garin could not have done it for nothing. On hearing the account, he blames both Bernard himself and the Bordeaux princes; and even when Bernard comes to Garin's blow, he exclaims, "So help me God, he did well."—"The proud one of Montclin" takes him to task for deserting his kin.—Fromont declares he will not

hang shield to his neck; let his relations have what they have won for themselves. Does Bernard forget the court at Paris? Duke Garin was then much their friend, when Bernard went to attack him in the hall; through him was count Isoré killed.—Bernard, furious, declares that Fromont is not worth the straw on which he stands.—Count William suggests that they should go to Bordeaux (which was always open from the sea), put the place in a state of defence, and then sue peace from king Pepin. Fromont agrees; they gather together numerous forces, take with them wine and salt meat, and after eight days' navigation, reach Bordeaux; with Fromont goes his son Fromondin. He is received with great joy, but speaks to his kinsmen with the utmost sharpness. How could they think of attacking their lord? They are the true issue of the men of Poitou, who never loved kinsmen nor neighbours, nor would obey their lord if they could not deceive or betray him. He declares that he will give them over to king Pepin, who shall hang them as they have deserved, like worthless hounds.—Whilst however, weary with the sea-voyage, he takes to his bed, count Bernard calls Haims and Harduin, and advises a sally against the royal forces. If once they can "put Fromont into folly, no man shall ever get him out

of it." The sally is made, but the besieged are repelled by Garin; if the army had come on, Bordeaux had been taken. Fromont is wakened by the noise, and looking out from a window, sees he is betrayed. But for fear of the dishonour of being taken, he arms and sallies forth with his knights. The battle now becomes general; the royalists are sore pressed; Garin is thrown from his horse, and eventually has to be carried into his tent. For the first time king Pepin's warlike exploits are commemorated; "two he strikes down, the third he has killed." But the Bordelais are successful, and Bernard presses Fromont to push on and take the king prisoner. Fromont refuses: "I am his man, and did him fealty." Placing himself in the rear, he bids all his men go into the city, and declares that there is no knight so bold whom he will not strike with his sword if he turn aside.

Great rejoicings are held in Bordeaux over this success. Elevenscore tables are laid in a garden. Bernard now seeks to work on Fromont through his son. With Baldwin of Flanders, he asks Fromont to knight Fromondin.—'He is too young,' says the father.—'Nay,' says Bernard, 'old and hoary are you; rest you, take your pleasure; this one shall carry on the war.' Fromont is furious. 'Sir Bernard, you have insulted me, for you call

me old and foolish. Well can I yet go forth on my horse and maintain my right. In the great fight of to-morrow, he who does worst of me and you, let his spurs be cut off near the heel!'—'Thank you, fair nephew!' replies Bernard; 'I only speak because all your friends have prayed me to do so.' Fromont now consents, and on the morrow Fromondin is armed knight, his father sending him his own charger Baucent, "which he loved so."

Bego however is coming up, with Aubry in the rearguard, Huo of Cambray in the van, Doö the huntsman and the good villein Hervi on either flank. On recognising them, Fromont again reproaches his kinsmen with their treachery; if Bego should succeed, he ought to flay them all alive. At Bernard's suggestion, he sends to propose a tourney to the king, in honour of Fromondin's knighthood, the next morning. Bego on his side has gone to see his brother, whom he finds in bed, "blacker than a spent coal, in shoulders, arms and breast." 'Get up, brother, you have slept too much,' says Bego. —'I cannot, brother,' replies Garin, 'I have so much pain that I cannot hold myself up.'—Would he or not, Bego compels him to put on hose and garments, and takes him with him to the king, in time to receive Fromont's challenge to the tourney. It is however declined by the king, on account of

the ill plight of his men. 'Strange!' exclaims the messenger, 'that a count of the palace should challenge the king of France to the tourney and he should decline! "All who hear it should say fie."' —Bego takes the challenge on himself, and bids the messenger tell Fromont that on the morrow he will find some one to tourney with. Turning round, he sees Rigaut come, son of Hervi the villein; "Big arms had he and full limbs, between both eyes a full hand-breadth; broad shoulders and a big chest; rough-haired was he, with blackened face; he had not washed for six full months, nor had water fallen on him save from heaven; a short coat he wore, which came to his knees, and drawn hose out at heel." — 'Come hither, sir cousin,' says Bego; 'Fromondin is a knight, methinks thou art his elder; before to-morrow evening you shall be a knight, if I live, and I give you Fromondin's horse, on which he will be at the tourney in the morning.' Rigaut thanks him. The king pushes Garin: 'Hear you what this madman says?'— Garin himself reproves his brother: 'You give that you have not got; ill know you Fromont the chief, and Bernard of Naisil.'—'I hear you well,' replies the duke; 'you and the king have been well beaten and wounded by them, you fear them, I know it well. For me, I value them not one Paris

sou. "Messenger, brother, I tell thee once more; tell Fromont of Lens, the chief, that I have given Fromondin's horse; spite of Bernard the lord of Naisil, Haims of Bordeaux, and count Harduin, spite of all the men of Poitou, I will give it to my nephew, young Rigaut."

The messenger returns, and finds Fromont under an apple-tree in flower, with his knights about him in the garden, by tens and thirties, by forties and by twenties. He delivers his message, and is insulted for doing so by Bernard, who declares that Rigaut shall lose his own horse. 'Softly,' says Fromont, 'ill you know Lord Bego of Belin; soon will he have it, since he has undertaken it. Go watch, Fromondin, in honour of God who was put on cross, that He may defend you from shame and peril.'

That night Bego watches for the host, and so well that for once the besieged dare make no sortie. In the morning, after bidding his squire unsaddle his horse, rub his back down and then saddle him again, he throws himself into bed all armed save his sword, and bids Aubry, who has watched with him, do the like, that they may be the fresher for the fight. Meanwhile Fromondin is armed, and going forth first from the gate, unhorses a knight with his first stroke, his next reach-

ing with equal success Thierry of Alsace. On his left hand rides Baldwin the Fleming, lest any knight should seize his bridle; on his right William of Montclin, with others. Bego and Aubry are still sleeping; the whole burthen of the defence rests on Garin, who has four horses killed under him. The royalists are driven back under the standard; the king is fearful of being taken prisoner; already a knight "who served with his tongue" begins to say that Bego spoke yesterday after the wine, and will never be seen to-day. A youth nourished up by Bego gives him the lie, and goes to wake up the former. Bego comes with his barons; banners flap, shields clash, the dust rises and darkens the day; the stones split and give out fire beneath them; faster on his horse goes Bego than bolt shot from bow. Meeting Bernard he unhorses him, William of Montclin the next, kills the third, and now having passed the ranks on his own side, draws Floberge and deals wounds right and left. 'God!' says the king, 'Duke Bego is here!'—'Here he is in truth,' says another; 'full clear is it that he is not asleep.'

Bego looks, he has seen Fromondin; "more he desires him than husband his wife." 'Go not away,' he cries, "fair sir Fromondin; thy good horse have I given to young Rigaut, and he shall have it in spite of all thy friends; wert thou to

flee, thou wert dishonoured." Fromondin rushes furiously upon him, but Bego strikes him down from his horse,—he might have taken his head, but he only thinks of his horse. "Take, villein," says he to Hervi, "give this to young Rigaut." Frenchmen (*i. e.* men of the isle of France), Normans and men of Anjou all say that "Duke Bego has well fulfilled his covenant."

The enemy now all direct their efforts against him. His horse is killed; his shield so smitten that "you might see in it thirty strokes, through the least of which a partridge might fly"; his bright helmet so knocked about that the golden circlet of it is fallen on his shoulders. Garin hastens to his support; a new horse is given to Bego; he sees before him a sword, and bending from his horse picks it up, then was already moving towards the foe when Garin seizes him by the reins. 'Madman, what would you be doing? you have no helmet'—the helmet having apparently fallen off when he stooped. Bego carries his hand to his head, and is all surprised to find it is so. He is however provided with a new helmet and shield, and hastens again after the foe. The royalists lose some of their knights, but Bego kills both the count of Poitou and him of Flanders. William of Montclin now advises Fromont to fall back, as they are

worsted. 'In doing so however the "proud one of Montclin" stops on the bridge to vent his anger upon Bego, and tells him that if in all the world there were no other man than himself, he would kill Bego or Bego should kill him.—'I hold you for bold if you wait for me,' replies Bego, and rushes on him, striking him down on the bridge and breaking his left arm. In returning however his horse stumbles; Bego descends; the men of the town rush out to seize him, and he is only saved by Aubry. The king congratulates him on his escape.—'This game pleases me above all things,' says Bego.—'A devil you are,' said king Pepin.

All is joy among Lorrainers and royals, sorrow in the town. Bego meets Rigaut, who tells him that he has only half fulfilled his covenant, not having knighted him. 'Go and bathe,' says the Lorrainer, and you shall have both the "vair and the grey," *i.e.* the furs required for ordinary use and for court costume.—'Am I to bathe and refresh myself for your vair and your grey?' replies Rigaut; 'I have had no tumble in ford nor wood, I have nought to do with vair or grey, my father Hervi has serge enough.'—'So I will it,' says the duke. He gives him a rich mantle and ermine pelisse, which drags half a foot behind him. Ri-

gaut asks a youth for a knife, and with it cuts off a foot and a-half of fur, throwing the piece away. 'Why so, fair son?' asks his father; 'it is custom that a new man (*i.e.* knight) should thus bear a train of vair and grey.'—'A foolish custom,' says Rigaut; 'now can I the better run and rise and leap.'—'By my head thou speakest truth,' says the king. Bego asks for Floberge, and gives Rigaut such a stroke with it that he well-nigh fells him.—Rigaut furious puts his hand on his good steel brand, and draws it a full foot and a-half out, meaning to strike the "good vassal."—'What would you be doing, madman?' exclaims Hervi; 'it is custom, so it is done.'—'An ill custom is it,' says Rigaut; 'ill death befal him who first brought it in!'—'Hear now me,' says his father; 'if thou be not a brave and gentle knight, may it not please God who was put on cross that thou shouldst live until daylight!'—'If he be not a man of worth,' says Bego, 'the castle of Belin is not mine.'

At table Rigaut sits next to the king. Garin suggests that they should invite Fromont to a tourney the next morning, Fromondin to joust against Rigaut. Bego bids the messenger tell Fromont that Rigaut son of Hervi is knighted, and that he, Bego, backs him against Fromondin. Rigaut will be on Baucent (Fromont's horse); 'and tell

Bernard and his kin that if they overthrow Rigaut and win back the horse, I Bego quit-claim Gascony to them.'—'A mad challenge is this,' says the king.—Fromont on receipt of the invitation inclines to refuse it, on account of the ill plight of his forces; but Fromondin declares that as they are still two thousand men safe and sound of body, it must be accepted, which is done accordingly.—Rigaut watches all night in St. Martin's chapel, by Bego's injunction.

On the morrow Rigaut quite bears away the prize by his exploits. William of Montclin, unable to fight through his wounds, recommends Fromondin to his kinsman, as "his heart tells him" that the Lorrainers will take Fromondin. Rigaut himself attacks Fromondin, and seizes his horse by the reins; for no blows will he let go; he "bows his head, endures and suffers all." News reaches Bego that Rigaut is in danger of being killed; he flings himself among the foes "as a hawk among little birds." Rigaut still keeps hold of Fromondin, and leads him away prisoner, and does the same by nine others, including Falconet, Bernard's son. Bernard himself receives from Bego such a stroke as cuts off one eyebrow. The Lorrainers are once more entirely triumphant, and Fromont threatens to surrender Bordeaux on the morrow in exchange

for his son. His brother William begs him to wait till he is cured, and if God should then grant them to make some prisoner from the foe, Fromont might speak to the king without dishonour.

Meanwhile the knights are at supper in the king's tent, Rigaut sitting beside Garin. All praise his valour; if he hold good to this beginning, a better than he never sate horse. The king asks him to give over to him his prisoners.—'What for, Sire?' asks Rigaut.—Pepin tells him it is custom that the taker should have the harness and the king the taken.—'Ill death to him,' says Rigaut, 'who made such a custom!' He will take them to his castle, and hold them against Fromont; and there is no man under heaven, if he would take them from him, but he durst strike him with his sword.—'Hear you how your cousin threatens me?' says the king to Garin.—'Sir,' says Bego, 'he knows not what he says. Rigaut, fair friend, listen; none should hold out against his lord.'—Said Rigaut, 'I hold nothing of him.'—'You *will* hold; so think of serving him; do his will and his pleasure.'—'Is it *your* will?' answered Rigaut. 'Yes, fair nephew,' said Duke Garin. Then said he to the king, 'Sire, I quit them you.'—'I render them back to you,' said king Pepin.—'No more now,' said Bego of Belin.

III

(In the whole compass of epic poetry, it would surely be hard to find a character hit off more vigorously and happily than that of this Orson of a Rigaut. It will be seen that his higher qualities come out more and more in the sequel.)

Fromondin and two other prisoners are placed "in the great tower which sits upon the rock." Bego, after surprising four great ships which were coming to Bordeaux laden with victuals, goes to see his wife fair Beatrice at Belin, and thence to Blanchfort, whose count is with the rebels at Bordeaux. Whilst it is being reduced, and the tower levelled with the ground, William of Montclin, who is now cured, and Bernard, by an unexpected sortie, manage to take prisoners Ouri the German, Girard of Liège, Jeffrey of Anjou, Huo of Maine, Walter of Paris, and Aubry of Burgundy. Bego is met with the news on arriving, and rides at once to Bordeaux to parley with the barons for the recovery of his kindred. Fromont refuses to give them up except in exchange for Fromondin and his fellow-prisoners. Bego agrees; but Bernard "the thief of Naisil," taking a cross-bow, shoots a bolt at him from behind the others. He misses Bego, but would have begun again, when Fromont snatches the bow from him. Bego on seeing the shot returns to the host and calls to arms for the assault. It is

given; Rigaut mounts the ladder, but is thrown down, and more than twenty upon him. Garin however enters with Hervi; the barons are driven into the castle; but Hervi having imprudently set fire to the town, "our people" are obliged to withdraw with considerable loss. Bernard and Fromont are looking out from a window; the former declares that they are stronger than ever. 'Nay,' replies Fromont, 'we have lost both bread and wine.' He sends to tell the king that he will place himself entirely at his mercy, provided he may have Fromondin back, giving up Aubry in exchange. 'I will speak of it,' says the king on receiving the message.—'Why so?' asks Bego. 'Refuse him not, if he does so. From one's good prince one should have mercy, provided that honour be kept above it.'—'Well have you spoken, Bego,' say all.—'Make him come,' says the king.

Pledged by Aubry, Fromont comes and kneels before the king. 'God bless thee,' says the king, 'but thy friends have sorely troubled me.'—'It grieves me insooth,' said Fromont.

So all make peace, kiss and are good friends. The prisoners are mutually delivered, the king goes to Paris, Garin to see his sister-in-law, riding with William of Montclin to his castle on the way, and standing godfather to a son, of whom the

countess was that night delivered; the boy was named Garin, and his godfather gave him one of the markets of Metz, worth one hundred Paris livres a-year. The peace lasted seven years and a-half, without noise or affray between them.

So ends the second song. Of the third, which, as before observed, M. Paris reckons the finest, only portions are printed.

"One day was Bego at Belin castle, beside him fair Beatrice. The duke kisses her mouth and face, and full sweetly laughed the duchess. Through the hall he saw his two sons come,—so the writing says,—the elder-born is Gerin, the younger was named Hernaudin. One was twelve years old and the other was six. Together with them six worthy lads go one to another to run and jump, to play and laugh and have their pleasure.

"The duke sees them, he began to sigh. The lady sees it, and says: 'What! rich duke, why so thoughtful? Gold and silver have you in your chests, and hawks enough on perches, and vair and grey, and mules and palfreys and horses; well have you trodden down your enemies; at six days' journey you have no neighbour so strong, if you summon him, but he will come to serve you.'— Said the duke: 'Lady, truth have you spoken. But in one thing you are much mistaken. Wealth is

not of vair and grey, of money, of mules, or of horses; wealth is of kinsmen and friends; *the heart of a man is worth all the gold of a country.* Remember you not that I was assailed in the Landes, when I took you to wife? Know it well, had I not friends, I should have been put to shame and dishonoured. Pepin has placed me in this march where I have none of my near friends, save Rigaut and his father Hervi. I have but one brother, the Lorrainer Garin; full seven years past is it since I saw him....

"'Now will I go to my brother Garin, and will see the child Girbert his son,—so help me God,—whom I have never seen. News have I heard of the wood of Puelle.... in that land is a boar which I will hunt, if it please God and I live; the head will I carry to Duke Garin.... for of such a boar I never heard tell.'—'Sir,' said she, 'what sayest thou? It is in the land of Count Baldwin; thou knowest of a truth, thou killedst him with thy hand. I have been told the count has a son. It is in the march of Fromont the chief; thou hast killed him both brothers and friends. Give up holding this hunt; my heart tells me,—I will not lie to you,—if thou goest thither, never shalt thou return alive."* The duke is only set the more on

* The variations of number in the second person, in this extract

the undertaking by her opposition; "for all the gold that God made" would he not give up the journey; desire for it has taken him. He sees Rigaut, and bids him come with him, while his father Hervi shall keep the country.

On the morrow he puts on rich apparel, pelisse of ermine and golden spurs, has ten horses loaded with gold and silver. With him he takes thirty-six knights, huntsmen wise and well learned, as many as ten packs of hounds, fifteen varlets to hold relays. "To God he commends fair Beatrice and his two children, young Hernaud* and Gerin. God! what a grief! never did he see them more." At Grantmont he confesses his sins to a hermit; sees at Orleans his nephew, good Duke Hernais, and his sister, fairest Helois; remains three days with the empress, is very well received by the king, then pushes on by Paris, Senlis, Condé, to Valenciennes, where he takes up his quarters with Berenger the grey, richest burgess of those parts. Berenger, on Bego's declaring himself, warns him of the many enemies he has in the neighbourhood. Bego tells him of his wish to hunt the boar of the wood of Puelle; Berenger says he knows its lair, and will take him to it on the morrow.

as elsewhere, follow the text faithfully, and mark the transition period from "tu" to "vous."

* Elsewhere called 'Hernaut' or 'Hernaudin.'

The boar is a monster, whose footprints measure a foot and half-a-finger between nail and nail. He kills almost all the hounds, gives chase for fifteen leagues across the country. Knights and huntsmen all lose themselves; Rigaut's horse falls under him; it begins to rain. At last, having lost sight of Bego, the hunters all turn back towards Valenciennes, whilst the duke still pursues with three hounds only the boar, till he turns upon the rider, who pierces him through the heart with his sword. The dogs slake their thirst in the boar's blood and lie down beside it. Night falls; the duke is far from town or castle, alone under a leafy aspen tree with his horse Baucent, to whom he regrets to have nor oats nor corn to give. At morn he takes his horn, and blows it twice full hard, to call his men. "Alas! free Duke, what art thou thinking of? No good is it; those whom thou hast called, thou shalt not see them in all thy life."

With his flint he kindles a large fire. The forester who keeps the wood has heard the horn, he sees from afar Bego in his rich garments, with his hose and his golden spurs, his ivory horn on his neck, hanging from a rich blue ribbon, in his hand his sword, full half a foot long in the hilt, "fairest weapon that ever was under heaven," while before him his horse neighs and strikes and

scratches the earth with his hoof. The forester dare not approach; he goes to Fromont at Lens, who sate at meat with his knights, but instead of speaking to the chief himself, he calls away the seneschal, tells of the rich hunter he has espied, and suggests that if their lord had the boar, the dogs and the ivory horn, the seneschal might have the horse. The latter is delighted, and assures the forester that if he gains, the other shall not lose. As the forester dare not go alone, the seneschal calls six of his flatterers, bids them go with him, and tells them to kill any man whom they may find to have committed any offence; he will be himself their warrant. Thibaut, Fromont's nephew, overhears the plot and enters into it.

They come to Bego, and ask him who gave him leave to kill the boar? The forest belongs to fifteen parceners, none can hunt in it without their leave. The lordship is with Fromont the old; they must take him to Lens.—Bego at first contents himself with saying that if he has offended against Fromont the old he will gladly make him amends; Garin the duke shall be his pledge, and the king his lord, and his children, and his nephew Aubry. He feels then ashamed of yielding. 'God confound me if I yield me a prisoner to six such rascals! Before I die I will sell myself full dear.'

—He tells them that in the morning he had thirty-six knights with him, and master-huntsmen wise and well learned, none of whom but held of him some fief, burgh or town, prison or pleasance. No boar ever led man such a chase, fifteen long leagues without ever turning back.—'He speaks thus to excuse himself,' says Thibaut, and bids the forester go and take the horn. Bego lifts his fist, and strikes him dead at his feet. "From a count's neck never horn shall ye take." They now set upon him; he defends himself, kills three of the knights, puts the other three to flight. But in the wood was a servant, sister's son to the forester, bearing a bow, and arrows of steel. Hearing of his uncle's death, he shoots at the duke with a great steel bolt, and cuts atwain "the master-vein of his heart." The duke's sword falls from his hands; he prays to the glorious God of heaven:

"Glorious Father, who always wert and art, have mercy and pity on my soul. Ah! Beatrice, gentle frank wife, never more shall you see me under heaven. Garin, fair brother, who holdest Lorraine, never shall thy body be served by mine. My two children, the sons of my wife, if I lived ye should be knights; now may the glorious One of heaven be a father to you!" Three leaves he takes from the grass between his feet, and receives them

in place of the body of God.—The three knights now strike him with their swords, which they plunge into his body to the hilt. They think to have killed a mere huntsman; "nay by my faith, but a good knight, the loyalest and the righteousest that ever was under the cloak of heaven." They make a bier, and place the dead man upon it; load the boar upon a horse, carry off the sword and the horn, lead away the good horse; but the three hounds they could not manage. Alone they left Bego in the forest, and by him his three dogs howl and bay as if mad. The charger too, when led to the stable, so neighs and strikes with his hoofs that none dare approach.

The boar is thrown down by the hearth. Serving men and squires come to see it, and fair ladies, and clerks of the minster; his tusks jut out full a foot from his mouth. But in the palace rises the lament of those who bewail the killed; Fromont hears it from his room, he comes out in slippers, and asks what the noise is? whence this boar, this sword, this ivory horn? He looks at the horn, and declares it never belonged to a mere huntsman; where was it taken? Hearing that the dead man lies out in the wood, he declares it is a great sin to have left him; to-morrow the wolves would have eaten him. He bids his men go and fetch him;

he shall be watched to-night, buried in the minster to-morrow. "Freemen should have pity of one another."

The body is brought, laid upon a table where Fromont was wont to eat at his high feasts. The dogs have accompanied him, and still howl and bay around; they lick his wounds. Barons and knights come to see him, as he lies, his hands crossed upon his breast. 'Rascals are they who killed him; no freeman would ever have touched him.' "A gentle man he was, his dogs loved him well." Fromont comes, looks at him before and behind. Well he recognised him, by a scar on his face which he gave him himself at St. Quentin on the gravel with his sword. He falls fainting amidst his knights, and on recovering reproves his men for their deceit. No huntsman have they killed, but a good knight, the most courteous and the best instructed that ever bore arms or mounted horse. "Into so great war have ye put me this day, I shall never be out of it while I live. Alas! now shall I see my great castles thrown down, my country ravaged and wasted, myself I shall have to die, nor have I purchased or wished it." He will take those who killed him, put them in his prison, Thibaut his nephew first of all; he will send to Duke Garin and tell him to do his will of

them, "or burn or hang or flay alive or cast them for ever out of the country. Whatever he may do with them, I must suffer it. I will swear to him thirty times or ten that I never knew of it nor consented to it, nor was there where the duke was killed. Gold and silver will I give him to his pleasure, as much as four horses could not carry; packs of hounds, fifty hawks; ten thousand masses will I have sung for him by holy abbots and blessed priests." He has letters to this effect written by his chaplain; has the body opened, the entrails taken out, wrapped in a cloth, and richly buried before the altar in St. Bertin's minster. The body is then washed with water and wine; "the count himself put his white hands to it;" it is sewn up with silk, wrapped in cloth of samite, covered with leather of stag,* placed on a bier, with thirty lit tapers around; crosses and censers are brought, and count Fromont himself sits at the head of the bier. Fromondin and William of Montclin come in, and ask who lies here? "'Son,' said the father, 'it is Bego of Belin, killed by Thibaut of Plaissis for a wild boar that he had taken in the forest.'—'What have you done with him, sir?' said Fromondin; 'why did you not flay him all alive? Now will it be said that you have

* See in vol. i., p. 405, a parallel description.

murdered him; shame shall we have, we and our best friends. Take Thibaut and send him to Garin.'" William of Montclin, however, interposes on the plea of kinship in favor of Thibaut. The barons sit down by the bier; Fromondin "regrets him as the mother her son;" he feels that the mischief will come back on himself.

They send for good abbot Lietri of St. Amand, nephew to Garin; he comes with thirty-six knights and fifteen consecrated monks. On hearing the tale, he bursts out: "What hast thou said, devil, Fromont? Bego of Belin was my uncle; by God's saints ye have had him murdered! Now shall ye see me come out of monkery, and put on the white hauberk; I will send for my rich friends, Aubry my brother, and Ouri the German; Walter of Hainault and Huo of Cambray are my cousins; they are not far from hence; ye shall not escape, sons of harlots,' said he, 'by evil death will we make you die.'" Great fear seizes Fromont on hearing this; "his flesh trembles and his blood blackens." "Ah! sir abbot, for God's love have mercy... you are abbot, I count, of the country; whoever wrongs you, you come to me, I make you enjoy your rents, there is no one who durst take ought from you. Bear, sir, the baron who lies here, from hence to Garin the Lorrainer, and tell

him that I have taken those who killed the count, and I will render him for all to his pleasure." The abbot is mollified, and accepts the duty; but as they were already on the march, behold the knights of Bego's suite, who having come together at Valenciennes at the house of their host Berenger the grey, had set out again in search of their master. On their approach, Fromont leaves the abbot with the body, and goes to shut himself up in his castle.

Berenger, who rides before, recognises good abbot Lietri, and learns from him the event. Child Rigaut goes to the bier, takes his uncle in his arms, rips up the stag-leather, cuts the samite straight across the eyes. "He saw the duke lying in the bier, with eyes turned and darksome face, and stiffened arms and blackened body; 'Uncle,' said he, 'ill news is this! Who killed you is no friend of mine.'" The youths whom Bego had brought up, and who expected to be knighted by him, lament themselves.—"Said Rigaut, 'Let us go and attack them; I value not my life one Anjou farthing.'" Abbot Lietri however dissuades him from such a course. Rigaut goes straight to Paris, and concealing Bego's death at first from all others, seeks out the empress and confides the news to her. "The lady heard it, all

her blood throbbed, long she went without speaking; she had fallen there, but Rigaut upheld her." 'Make no noise nor cry,' he tells her; 'let not great or small know of it; ere my deadly enemies learn of it, I mean to make them wroth and sad.' After being supplied by her with a new horse, in place of his own which had fallen dead under him in his hasty journey, and taking some refreshment and a little sleep, he goes off at once to Orleans, to tell the news to his grandmother Helois, and from thence further south, having Blaives put in a state of defence.* Concealing the ill news from Beatrice, he gathers together his friends, some hundred and twenty knights, and to avenge Bego goes and lies in wait in a pine wood before Bordeaux, from whence he plunders the citizens. Haims and the Bordeaux knights come out against him, but after a sharp fight with loss on both sides are driven back into the place. Rigaut now ravages all the country round; there is "no robe nor cloth nor coat nor cushion" that he does not send to his castle.

Meanwhile the funeral procession is proceeding towards Metz. It arrived there on a saint's day;

* The account of Rigaut's raid against Bordeaux, omitted by M. Paris, will be found in M. Duméril's "Mort de Garin," p. 241.

much rejoicing was being held before Garin, and courteous Alice his wife, and child Girbert his son. Yet Garin was anxious: "Holy Mary!" he says, "save my body and all my friends! My heart fails me, I am all stunned, methinks that thunder is about."... As he sits beneath an olive-tree, unable to sustain himself, he sees the crowds coming over the bridge. After greeting the good abbot, he asks who is the man lying on the bier? Hearing that it is his brother, he takes the same steps as Rigaut had done to assure himself of his death (the lines being repeated with very slight variation), then falls fainting to the ground. When he rose: "'Ha, Sir Bego,' said the Lorrainer, 'free knight, brave and bold, fell and wrathful against your enemies, and gentle and simple to all your friends, so ill-used were you, fair brother, fair friend! So much hast thou lost, Girbert, fair son! Earth, open thou, receive me miserable; pity it is, if long I live.'" Again he faints, then recovers himself to threaten vengeance against Fromont. The abbot puts Fromont's letter in his hands. Garin (who, it is here repeated, was a *lettered* lord) having read it, calls his men, tells them Fromont's offers, and asks their counsel.

They are dumb; only child Girbert, who was but fifteen years old, replies: "'Father,' said he,

'how amazed you stand! Lies may well be put on parchment; but if 'tis true that Fromont has told you, full reason is it that he should be your friend. Or if not, why delay we thus? let us go at once and assail them. Arm me, Sir father Garin; my heart tells me, I will not lie to you, that yet I shall want my friends.'" Garin replies to the abbot that he cannot give a final answer without speaking with Beatrice and her children.—Garin, accompanied by the abbot, now bears away the body to Belin; the news of Bego's death has however preceded it. Beatrice takes her lord in her arms, she kisses his eyes, his mouth, his face: "So ill-used were you, free gentle knight, mild and loyal, simple and well-taught! Alas! I sad one, what shall become of me? Now shall I see my land wasted, and my gentle knights shall depart to serve other lords in other lands... Children, now are ye orphans; dead is the duke who begot you; dead is the duke who should defend you."—Garin reproves her. For her land's sake, and her lineage, and her friends, she must take another knight to husband. "'Me it beseems to keep up the great mourning. The more silver and fine gold shall I have, the more sad and vexed shall I be. Hernaud and Gerin are my nephews; me it beseems to suffer the great wars, to watch at night, and rise at

morn.'—'Gramercy, uncle,' said little Hernaud to him; 'God! why have I not a habergeon small! I would aid you against your enemies.'—The duke hears him, he takes him in his arms, he kissed his mouth and his face. 'By God, fair nephew, too bold are you! You seem my brother in mouth and face, that mighty duke, to whom may God shew mercy!'"

They bury him in the chapel beyond Belin, where still the pilgrims see him, as they return from Saint James in Galicia.—Comes now child Rigaut; "well he seems a prince that maintained a great war; short was his coat, the steel brand he held; hat on head, and equipped in his hauberk white.... sixteenscore knights came with him, cross-bowmen and archers a hundred and ten, serving men on foot full a thousand; by him Morant" (his brother) "who was brave and gentle. All the burgesses of Belin castle, and the burgess dames, have put themselves at the windows, to look at Rigaut as he comes.... To meet him goes Garin the Lorrainer; 'Fair nephew,' said he, 'welcome be you! Well seem you a man about to maintain a war.'—'So am I, uncle, I have undertaken it. And you, what do you? By St. Dennis' body, you should be already in the heart of the country.'—'Nephew,' said the duke, 'I have taken

a day. Fromont the chief offers me amends; and who refuses amends, methinks, he cannot at the last enjoy it.'—Said Rigaut: 'For nought you have said it; for by the apostle whom pilgrims seek, they shall not have peace while I live; all the shrewdest of them will I cause to die in grief. Since I have lost my lord, my friend, did I not avenge him, I should have shame.'—His father said: 'Listen, sir son: My lord is Garin the Lorrainer; one should not hold out against one's lord, since he so wills it, and I will it also.'"—Rigaut yields, but with an ill grace. He has Belin fortified, as well as the other strongholds, and provisions laid in against a surprise. He now asks what they have done with Bego; and on being told that he is buried, insists on seeing him again, for "methinks I never saw him." The body is disinterred, Rigaut takes it in his arms and faints over it, in the sight of more than a thousand people. The mourning and cries recommence; Beatrice has to be carried away fainting to her palace. They place the duke in a coffin of grey marble and bury him again, with a cloth of India upon it. All the tomb is made of fine gold, and above was his likeness placed, with this writing: "This was the best that sate on charger."

A further portion of Garin, under the title of

III

"The Death of Garin the Lorrainer" (la Mort de Garin le Lohérain), is to be sought for, as already mentioned, in a volume published by M. Edélestand du Méril. I cannot say that I consider it equal to the former portion, but it has yet much that is striking.

To the great disgust of Rigaut, Garin insists upon a truce being kept, whilst the question of reparation for Bego's death is being treated of. He then tells abbot Lietri that he will accept Fromont's offers, provided they be exactly fulfilled; let Fromont not come otherwise. The abbot departs; the duke returns to Lorraine, with him fair Beatrice, Hernaud and Gérin, "nor ever more had the lady husband."*

Fromont meets Lietri at St. Amant. On hearing of Garin's willingness to accept amends: "He was always gentle," he exclaims, "and a brave and bold knight. Together were we, I and he, brought up; well I know him since he was little; so help me God, I will do his pleasure in all things, whomsoever I may displease."—"You are right," said abbot Lietri, "for one should hold well to peace." All was settled, but for William of Blanchfort (*i. e.*

* With this simple touch of Homeric pathos does the poet vindicate her womanly faithfulness from Garin's rough depreciatory words.

Marquis William, not he of Montclin, but also, it would seem, a brother to Fromont), "the fell traitor," who "never loved honour nor sought peace." He came to St. Amant, to the room of good abbot Lietri, and there found Fromont. "Sir vassal," said he, "what do you here? Might we hear your counsels?" Lietri told what had been done, and of the agreement to give up Bego's murderers to Garin. "'Why the devil!' replied William, 'never was it said or heard tell by any one, that for a dead man one should give up one's friend. Whoever should do so would be dishonoured; great and small would say,—Behold Fromont the lord of Lens, the evil old man who gave up his men for fear of what he had heard; he dreaded Garin, and durst not keep them. But by St. Peter whom Jesus blessed, I will make those to flee from prison who cut off and killed the duke; I will take them away with me to Blanchfort, and there will hold them against their enemies." —"Certes," said Fromont, "this grieves me." And thus, says the poet, Fromont, who at first was in the right, put himself in the wrong. Hence the war "which shall never end."

Up rises abbot Lietri. "By faith, says he, you have then lied to me? You sent me to Metz, to duke Garin. . . . . he will hold me henceforth for

a liar." Fromont says he will go himself to speak with Garin, and endeavour to make peace. He summons to him his friends, bishop Lancelin, William the proud one of Montclin, who were liegemen of Garin, and should have held by him, but have belied their faith. They meet Garin at Verdun; he too has summoned his friends, vavassors and burgesses, and servants of repute, full thirty thousand. Before the interview, he begs Beatrice not to speak, and charges Hernaud and Gerin and Girbert to beware lest the strangers be the subjects of any surprise or provocation. "A worthy man should hold his peace in his house; for a little thing one may come to shame; it might be held villainy if they were mocked or scorned."

Fromont, his family and rich friends, come in, and fill all the hall. "Garin the Lorrainer rises to his feet; he wore a cape of grey, a cloth of sanguine scarlet, fur of white ermine; in his hand he held a staff of green fir-wood. He strikes on the table, making it all resound; this means that they should hold their peace. 'Now hearken to me,' said duke Garin; 'I will have all to hear it, great and small. See here Fromont, the chief of Lens, who sent me word by letter and writing that he has taken those who killed my brother, has their bodies lying in his jail, will give them all up to my

pleasure. If I hang them, it will befit him to bear it; then will he swear to me, twenty times or ten, that he never knew nor consulted, nor was there where the duke was killed. More gold and silver will he give, he says, than four baggage horses could carry; ten thousand masses will he have sung for him by holy abbots, by blessed monks, whereby God may have mercy on my brother's soul. If he does this to me, I will fain accept it, and if not, I must needs bear it; it is grief to me, if I should need to hate him.'

"To his feet rises Fromont the chief: 'Kind duke, listen to me. You sent me word by abbot Lietri, there should be peace and accord for fifteen days from now, that I nor my friends should need to be on our guard.'—The duke replies: 'You have spoken truth; of treachery never was I reproved, nor will be, whilst I live.'—Says Fromont: 'Great thanks to you; but at the writing of my letter there was none of my friends, nor will they grant or suffer that I give up those who killed the duke. Gold and silver take thou to thy pleasure, more than four baggage horses can bear; thy man will I be, and all my friends with me.'—'May it not please God,' said Duke Garin, 'that I have of it silver or fine gold, or take less than thy letter offered! Go away quick, quit me this land; you

make me ashamed when you are before me. But by the apostle whom pilgrims seek to, and by the faith I owe to king Pepin, if I find you to-morrow morning, I will make such a business with your bodies, it shall be spoken of till the day of judgment.'" Fromont however obtains that he will consent to take a day for pleading the matter before the king and the empress at Paris.

Meanwhile William of Blanchfort has broken open the jail and freed the prisoners. Garin, learning it, summons Aubry, Girard, Ouri, Walter and Huo, tells them what has taken place, and that he fears Fromont's house will not make peace, and expresses his wish to knight his son Girbert. It is agreed to send him to court to be knighted by the emperor, but accompanied by all his relatives, lest mischief befall, the father alone remaining behind. They start on the journey; Girbert is received with kindness by the king, and still more by the queen; eighty youths are knighted with him in his honour. At table Gerin serves before the king, Hernaud carves before the queen. Girbert jousts without hurt on his charger of price, his Paris-made shield with a lion-cub painted on it hanging to his neck; fair was he and courteous and well taught. After treating in turn Pepin and his queen, Girbert takes leave of the queen, who, kissing him

on the mouth and face, begs him to think of his cousins, Hernaud and Gerin, and gives him amongst other presents her ring in remembrance of herself. On their return they learn that Bernard and Bishop Lancelin lie in wait to cut off their party. Oury is for pushing on; Girbert observes that it is a time of truce, sworn by his father before king Pepin; and that their name would be dishonoured if they were to fight in truce-time. They take another road, and rejoin Garin, who receives them with great joy.

At the day assigned Garin appears at Paris with four thousand of his men; the king rises to him, and seats him by him on an arm-chair. Fromont too has summoned his men; Marquis William, who leads the van, arrived at St. Denys, calls together the chiefs of the party, and bids them carry with them to court their sharp steel brands, that in case of any noise or scuffle they may kill Girbert, Hernaud and Gerin.

But there was a knight there, cousin of Aubry of Burgundy; much it grieved him to hear the plot. Hasting with all speed to Paris, he informs Aubry of it. He in turn gives the news to Garin, and they prepare to meet the intended treachery.

When the two parties appear before Pepin, Garin sets forth the subject of dispute, Fromont

his plea against full performance of his promise; but Garin, refusing simply to take less than Fromont's letter offered, claims his right of the emperor as his vassal. Pepin assents, and calls three of his nobles to sit in judgment on the case; but they are so afraid of both parties that they dare not undertake it. The king, furious, jumps on the table, declares that he will judge himself, and decrees that since Fromont has confessed to his agreement, he must give up the murderers.—Red with anger, Marquis William declares that they cannot be given up; he will make them escape from prison. Let Fromont become Garin's man, or himself.—"'It grieves me,' said Duke Garin, 'that you should, before me, hold those for friends who have cut off and killed my brother. Pray Jesus of glory let me have justice of them! and if it please Him, yet shall it be so.'" Marquis William and several of Fromont's lords draw their swords; Garin regrets having no weapon, when Aubry calls his knights, thirty-two with their swords. Aubry himself had two; one he gives to Garin, the other to Girbert, borrowing one for himself from a knight. Girbert at his first stroke makes a head to fly before the king; following their uncle Garin, Hernaud and Gerin begin to strike rough blows. "Holy Mary!" says king Pepin, "where are my men, who

leave me to be dishonoured? Have I here no kinsmen nor friends, who should help me to quell this pride?"—Behold in the press Fromont all dismayed, in fear for his life. "The emperor took him by the throat, whereon he wore an ermine pelisse; he draws it towards him and tears it all: 'Ill-born fellow,' (the original is of Shakspearian crudeness) said king Pepin, 'how were you so bold and hardy as to dare come to my court with drawn swords, and to strike men? but by the faith I owe St. Dennis, I will have you lie in my prison till all your body be rotten.'—'When it shall please you, Sire,' said Fromont, 'but I never knew it nor consented.'—'By the holy sepulchre,' said king Pepin, 'heavy shall be my justice for you to bear!' The king swears by the baron St. Martin 'there is no baron so daring and bold, if I see him any more rage and strike, but I will take him to-night and hang him in the morning.' In the hall he has all the swords gathered, and the doors locked and guarded, that no one may depart. The game is not easy to part, for there were more than seven thousand on both sides. 'What are you about to do with me?' said Fromont.—'Make peace with Garin the Lorrainer, or take a truce within which to make terms.'—Said Fromont: 'If it rested with me, I would take a truce till the day of judgment.'

The French make game of this, and many laugh." The queen interposes, and assigns seven years as the period of the truce. Only Huo and Walter refuse to enter into it, swearing that until Bego is given back whole and alive, they will never be friends with Fromont. Fromont declares that if he has not to be on his guard against Ouri and Aubry, Garin, Girbert, Hernaud and Gerin, he cares little for the remainder, and can well maintain war with Walter. So they defy each other before king Pepin, and Walter, leaving Paris with seven-score knights, invades at once Fromont's country, ravaging on all sides.

Rigaut meanwhile is doing the same in the Bordelais, much to the displeasure of his father, who wishes him to enter into the truce. Father and son would have quarrelled, when good lady Aldegond, Rigaut's mother, suggests that he should go and join Huo and Walter with seven score knights, armed at her expense. This is agreed to; stopping at Orleans on his way, Rigaut receives a reinforcement of eighty knights from Hernais, Jeffrey, and Garnier of Paris; and again at Paris the queen supplies him with eighty more, without her husband's knowledge. By the time he reaches Huo at Cambray he has three hundred men. The two chiefs together at once invade Fromont's

country, never stopping till they reach Lens. William of Montclin recognises Rigaut's banner in the van. 'What live devils have brought him hither?' asks Fromont.—'Baron Hervi has driven away his son,' says William, 'because he would not break his faith.' Fromont's knights come out to do battle; Rigaut kills three of his sons, unhorses young Fromont (or 'Fromondin'), drives the enemy back, plunders the town. Fromont asks a truce to bury his children, after which the fight recommences for four successive days. William of Montclin makes frequent sallies, but with more loss than gain. Finding however the castle too strong, the invaders depart, after setting fire to the town, and ravage other parts of the country. More fighting takes place before St. Quentin, where Rigaut unhorses William of Montclin, and rescues Huo, who in pursuing the enemy is almost taken prisoner on the bridge. After three days they return to their own country. "Well have they wasted the land and the country, and driven away many a cow and many an ox, whereby the poor folk were undone."

Rigaut now turns homeward; of his three hundred knights he had only lost one, but he loses six more, of the empress's band, in an ambush laid for him by Falcon (*i. e.* Falconet), Bernard's son, who is however wholly discomfited. At Paris he tells

the news to the emperor and empress, and how he and Huo have killed four of Fromont's sons. 'Would God the remainder were all so!' exclaims the queen.—'Ill have you spoken, lady,' says the king; 'my country would be too much weakened.' When Rigaut tells of Falcon's ambush and of his discomfiture, the queen bursts with laughter. After a tender leave-taking from Hernaud and Gerin (whose retention at court must be implied), he proceeds to Orleans, where before Hernais and Jeffrey, Aubry, Huo of Mans and Garnier he tells the story of Huo of Cambray's late successful campaign. At his suggestion, in order to assist him without breaking his faith, Aubry gives direction to his knights to serve Rigaut and defend him. Through this evasion of the truce, Rigaut, at the head of three hundred Burgundian knights, makes a raid towards Bourges, ravaging everything as usual.

On the news of this Fromont sends several of his knights to the court, headed by Anjorrand (Enguerrand) of Coucy, to complain of Aubry, as having done great felony in offering his land to Rigaut. The queen has Aubry summoned, who comes with one thousand knights. On his mounting the marble steps of the palace she clasps him in her arms;—'God! why is Duke Bego of Belin

not here, the rich prince who wrongfully was killed!'—'Let be,' said Duke Aubry; 'one can never bring back a friend, and of the thing which cannot be, one should well keep wholly silence.'—'Fair nephew,' said she, 'you have spoken truth; *but my heart cannot forget.*' 'Come forward,' she exclaims, 'Enguerrand of Coucy, you who blame Aubry the Burgundian, and who say that he has belied his faith, see him here, present before me, ready to defend himself and his friends.'—Said Enguerrand, 'Lady, forgive me for God's sake; so help me God, I said it not so; 'tis truth, I will not lie to you, that I blamed Aubry the Burgundian for having offered his land to Rigaut, to injure and shame our folk.'—The Burgundian leaped towards him: 'Sir Enguerrand, I have heard you well; think you now that I am so holden, if my blood-friends come to me, that I should forbid them my bread or my wine, or my castles, or my towns? If you say that there is treason herein, I am ready and prepared to fight.'—'I say not so,' said Enguerrand. . . ."

But now comes William of Montclin with eighty knights, and complains of the queen herself for having given aid to Rigaut: "'If I live long, by the faith I owe St. Dennis, I will make her dearly repent of it.' Then leaps forward the Burgundian

Aubry: 'What hold, you, luckless wretch, to reproach thus the frank empress?'" He is ready to strike William with a plank,—a knight leaps between "like a madman," and is brained for his pains. Hernais of Orleans and Walter of Paris now come, and William with Enguerrand think it best to depart. The queen gives a splendid reception to the partisans of the Lorrainers, and asks Pepin to knight Hernaud and Gerin. Her last injunction to the latter is, 'Love your friends, hate your enemies.' At her request, Pepin quit-claims them all their lands, retaining only Gironville. They depart, and rejoin Garin, who receives them with great joy. "Do not forget my father's death," says Gerin; "God! when shall this term" (*i.e.* of truce) "be done?"—"It will not be long, child," said Garin.

Rigaut meanwhile has made a new raid towards Bordeaux, and fought a bloody battle, in which, though he loses two brothers, the Bordelais are driven back into the city with great loss. William, "the false traitor," the "evil thief," devises another means of vexing his enemies. Loading four baggage horses with money, he goes to king Pepin, and offers it all to the king if he will promise to give no help to Garin, Hernaud, Girbert nor Gerin, but to let them fight the quarrel out for a year;

to which the king assents. The queen reproaches the king with his ingratitude towards the Lorrainers, and upbraids Marquis William for daring to appear before her. The king, enraged, lifts his glove, and strikes her on the nose, so that four drops of blood spirt out. 'What matters it to you,' he asks, 'if my barons come and speak to me?'— Said the lady: "Great thanks be to you; when it shall please you, you may strike again, for yours I am, I cannot depart."* Quickly she goes to her chamber, and calling her chaplain, bids him write letters under seal to Jeffrey of Anjou, Huo, Hernais and Aubry, whilst she sends a messenger to Garin at Metz, to warn him and his son and nephews of Marquis William's treason: "If now they take not pains to watch the roads, and if he goes away without being killed, so help me God, I prize them full little."

On receipt of the message, Garin calls to council his son and nephews, Doö the brave and father Malvoisin, brother to the 'good villein Hervi.' Gerin says that, having been nourished in "sweet France" (*i. e.* the Isle of France), he and Hernaud know every path and track; let them go and lay wait for Marquis William. It is agreed. They start

* M. Duméril has not felt the bitter irony of this reply.

from Metz on their good Arab horses at nightfall, thirty only, but all picked men, and press on to near Paris, where they lay their ambush a little beyond Montlhéri, placing a single knight on a hill to watch.—Marquis William is coming along, conducted by Bancelin, the king's chamberlain, who in case of meeting the Lorrainers is to declare that William is under the royal safe-conduct till he reach his own land. Marquis William however has donned the white hauberk beneath his furred samite cape, has an iron head-dress and his sword by his side; he rides a Spanish charger; there was never such a one for running in forty countries. The young men are careering through the brushwood, singing "the new songs they have learnt," they are all without arms save Marquis William. When they fall into the ambush: "Holy Mary!" cries Duke Garin, "whoever gives up to me Marquis William, I will increase his land by forty men" (*i. e.* knight's fees). Bancelin the chamberlain proclaims the king's safe-conduct; Girbert bids him hold his peace. Hernaud sees Thibaut of Plaissis, and strikes him a deadly blow, flinging him from his horse. Marquis William, enraged at the sight, bears down upon him, lifting high his lance of Poitou steel; they unhorse each other at the shock; Hernaud is the first to spring up, but might have had

the worst of it but for his friends' succour. Seeing them come upon him: "Ah, king of France," exclaims William, "thy safe-conduct is worth little!" But his heart was "fresh, vigorous and bold"; by him he sees a horse; leaping on it from the ground he takes to flight, and would have escaped, but that he meets on his way Garin and three of his party. All four attack him; they cleave his shield, they plunge their steel into his body, and tumble him dead into the road. "Then draws his sword the Lorrainer Garin; he stops over his enemy; from the fork he cleaves him to the chest; liver and lungs he shed upon the ground; this was the exchange for Bego of Belin." Hernaud and Gerin search fields and plains and brushwoods to kill all their enemies; of all William's men only one grey-headed man is spared, whom they make to swear that he will bear his lord from hence straight to Fromont at Lens. They lifted him on a charger of price, seated on the golden saddle, astride as if he were alive, girt tightly lest he fall; and the old man entered on his way, and rode sad and downcast.—Great was the spoil won by Garin, in chargers and palfreys and sumpter-horses, and cups and flagons of pure gold. The slain lie in the fields; wolves and mastiffs devour them. Four chargers are sent to the queen, to her great joy.

III

Bancelin the chamberlain delivers to the king news of the ill result of his safe-conduct. When he comes to tell of Hernaud's killing Thibaut—"He was in the right surely," breaks out the queen, "for he it was who did the treason, whereby Duke Bego received and took his death."—"Hold your peace, lady," said king Pepin; "know well by the body of St. Dennis, that whilst I live and can help myself I will never have peace with Garin the Lorrainer." He sends one of his knights to seize the fiefs of Bego's children. The queen remonstrates; let him put the quarrel upon Garin, and send to seize Metz. The king persists. "I know of a truth," she breaks out, "that you have a felon mastiff's heart. Ill pains they took who served you! Would God who never lied that I had gone hence to Moriane!.... Think you, king, that Garin be driven away? No, by God who never lied, had you now sworn and pledged it, he is above all his enemies. How loyal is he, and how gentle a knight! never from his heart went forth treason. These are felons, thieves, enemies to God; it grieves Fromont that he hath not sold God. King, what hast thou done? Thou hast deserted God, in failing thy barons who have always honoured and served thee."—"Let it be so," said the king.

Garin meanwhile proceeds southward to put his

nephews in possession of their fiefs. He finds the emperor's men in possession, and puts them out. They bring the news to Pepin. "They hold me cheap," said the king.—"Right are they," said the empress; "such morsels should you well have served up to you."—"By St. Dennis," retorts the king, "if you choose to hold by them, I would make both you and them repent."—"It may well be," she replies, "but one should hold to the right; and who does not so wishes to desert God."—Garin goes on wasting all Gascony without opposition.

The old knight however had reached Lens with the body of Marquis William. On the drawbridge he found young Fromondin, a sparrow-hawk on his fist, which he was feeding with a chicken's wing. On learning the news, "he lets go the hawk, he cares not who takes it, he kisses his uncle that sits upon the charger, full fairly he puts him on the ground, he kisses his bloody mouth and face, he faints over him with grief." His knights run to him; old Fromont hears the noise, and fancies an assault, but is told that his brother, Marquis William, lies killed before the door. He swears over his body to make no peace till he have taken vengeance. William of Montclin on the other hand is for asking a truce of Garin; let the one dead be held an exchange for

the other. Fromont is furious, and will hear of no arrangement. Fromondin offers that if his father will let him have the disposal of his men for a year and a-half, he will give him up Garin, "dead, or bleeding, or detained, or taken." His father assents.

Fromondin now gathers together all his friends and their forces, full fifteen thousand men. Huo of Cambray hears of it, and "madly" comes out to attack them with eighty knights. After a most gallant fight, he yields up his sword, young Fromont granting him his life. Bernard hears of it. 'What, Huo alive still?'—'Yes, for I took him, and granted him his life.'—'This grant fails,' says Bernard, and stabs him unnoticed. On seeing him fall, young Fromont reproaches his uncle for having dishonoured him on "the best man that ever drunk wine."—"He has lasted too long," replies Bernard; "would God the remainder were all like him!" Fromondin ravages all Cambrésis, then Hainault, next turns back upon Lorraine itself.

Garin in turn summons all his men. By Aubry's advice, whilst Hervi and Rigaut remain behind, Garin and his son, with Aubry himself and Ouri, drive southward, and after burning to the ground Naisil castle, return back to Verdun, in order to avenge themselves on bishop Lancelin. Their

ravage is fearful; since the death of Gerard of Roussillon, who had so many a fight with Hammer Charles, "never was the realm so impoverished. A pilgrim might go six days' journey without finding bread, or flesh, or wine; the crucifixes lie towards the earth; one may pluck grass on the altars, *nor does gentleman plead with his neighbour.* Where were fields and mansions, fair towns and lordly burghs, grow woods, brambles and thorns.... no man dares go through the land, lest he be killed, or robbed, or taken."

Lancelin however has heard of their approach, and is succoured by Fromont and William of Montclin, Bernard, Falcon and others. A fearful battle takes place before Verdun; Girbert kills Falcon, Bernard Thierry of Alsace. Garin wounds and unhorses Bernard, who is trodden upon by horses, but nevertheless, being carried to the monastery of St. Vane where he had been monk,* is concealed by the monks under a robe of the order, and eventually cured. Fromont kills Girard of Liège, William of Montclin Ouri. But Fromont's party are driven in, and their leader in vain demands a truce to bury his dead; he succeeds however in having them brought in by fourteen monks. Garin retains Ouri's Germans in his pay, and after

* See ante p. 63.

proclaiming his ban, and offering one hundred marks of silver to the first man in, and ten to the second, orders the assault. The Lorrainers break into the city; Girbert is unhorsed, but unhorses in turn William of Montclin; Aubry stuns proud Fromondin with a blow of a great mace; had he struck him a full blow, the war would have been ended as respects him; he knew not whither to turn, the red blood burst forth from his mouth. The castle itself would have been taken but for old Fromont. As Fromondin came in, his hauberk all bloody, his helmet all beaten in, and bruised with many a blow, "Son," said the father, "who hath served you so?"—Fromondin replies that it is Girbert;* a vallant man shall he be if he lives long; he knows well how to strike, and turns well, and can bear much hurt. Garin orders the city to be set on fire; the children are burnt who had been carried to the minsters, the ladies wail. Fromont is appalled at his reverse; 'I had told you this,' retorts William of Montclin, 'had you believed me, it would not have been so. You and my uncle, Sir Bernard of Naisil, have bought and chosen this game; now he is a monk, and you have lost fifteen

* It is difficult to say whether this is a mere clerical error, or is meant to indicate Fromondin's bewilderment under Aubry's blow.

of your sons, and Sir William, my brother the marquis.'

Garin has returned to his hostelry, and holds a council of his kinsmen. It is determined to marry Huo's daughter to Milo of Lavardin, lord of half St. Quentin. Meanwhile Girbert starts by moonlight with three thousand men, and goes to Montclin, of which he breaks down the great tower. News of the Lorrainer's success is received with great joy by the empress, who reproaches her husband with the ill fruits of his acceptance of Marquis William's gold. Fromont returns sorrowful to his country, mourning over his kinsmen, over his sons, of whom thirty are killed, whom he had had in his country of "the high ladies, the daughters of marquises." He is there even invaded by Walter the orphan (of Hainault), with his new nephew Milo, and has to send to England to his friends for money to pay soldiers. Still again he fares ill in opposing the enemy, and is only saved from complete defeat by "the proud one of Montclin," who with Fromondin conducts the retreat. Walter remains in possession of much booty and many prisoners, and sends to ask Garin what he shall do with the latter. Garin sends back word that if there be any who belong to Fromont he should have all their limbs cut off; let him remember his dear brother, who

was killed after being taken. The cruel mandate is fulfilled.

Garin has been engaged at the siege of Baugy, whose lord, with him of Lyons, and other allies of Fromont, had invaded Burgundy. The men of Baugy surrender under promise of their lives; "his covenant he held to them, never did he lie to them;" but he has the tower cast down, the ditch filled up. "God! how much bread, and flesh, and wine he finds, and oxen and cows, which the peasants had put there!... There gained to their pleasure the merchants whom Aubry sent for, who bought the vair and the grey, and the great booty within." After the plunder naturally comes the fire. Lyons meets with a similar fate; the soldiers bridle the villeins like horses.

Garin's resources however are exhausted by the war; he has not money enough to fulfil his promises to his soldiers. He determines to go to king Pepin, and to offer him the fief of Metz in mortgage for a sum of money. The king receives him without speaking. "Well are they come, my cousins, my friends," says the empress, "and God curse their deadly enemies!"—"You speak ill, lady," said Pepin; "how know you now if they are my friends?"—"Sire," says she, "I say it not for thee; I love you more than man alive." On Garin's

coming into his presence, Pepin reproaches him with the death of Marquis William, refuses him the loan he asks for, and refuses to return to Gerin the fief of Gironville which he has retained, and dismisses him with an expression of contempt. "By God, sir king," said Duke Aubry, "I think thou hast plucked a rod wherewith thou shalt be beaten and wounded."—The queen however sends Garin four chargers with three hundred marks sterling.

After returning to Metz, Garin, by Aubry's advice, starts for Cologne, to make a similar offer to "rich king Anseis," viz., that if he will give him silver and gold to pay knights and serjeants (*i. e.* soldiers) he will hold Metz of him, by the tenure of one *feed* a year for ten thousand knights. Anseis assents, and gives him twelve sumpter-horses laden with gold and silver cloth. Garin raises soldiers, till he has got forty thousand together, and takes revenge on his enemies on all sides, beginning with Lancelin of Verdun, to whom he leaves not the worth of a penny, then turning towards Flanders, where he is joined by Walter with ten thousand men. Fromont sees the smoke of his country go up, and knows not what to do, or what shall become of him. In vain he asks counsel of William: "I have not land enough to lie dead, or rest alive upon." Lancelin is a fugitive

in the woods, daring not to enter burgh or town. The Lorrainers burn Boulogne, Abbeville, and are scarcely repulsed from Amiens. They enter Beauvoisis, and Pepin sees the flames from Paris; grieved is he, but the queen laughs. The Lorrainers come and encamp on the Seine. The king is alarmed, imagining that they will claim justice for Bego's death. The queen now tries to comfort him, telling him that nor Aubry nor Garin were ever traitors, but worthy men. The king sends her to them, with a message to Garin that he will do justice to him if he ever misbehaved. Seated on a palfrey, with one hundred knights and three fair damsels in her suite, she departs on her embassy, and meets Garin on the "Petit Pont" of Paris. He protests that he means no mischief by Pepin, and goes to him with the empress. The king rises to him and greets him. Garin claims of him Belin castle and the other fiefs of Bego, offering four horse-loads of gold and silver.—"Brother," says the king, "I quit-claim them (*i. e.* the lands) to you." Garin now proceeds southwards, recovers all Bego's fiefs, takes and ruins Bordeaux, and ravages the land so sharply that "before seven years they will never be able to enjoy it." He then returns to Lorraine, and dismisses his troops with great presents.

We now come to an event which must be considered as the catastrophe of the poem, though it does not close it—the death of Garin. Strange to say, this event is related in an entirely different manner in different texts, and the version which is most in accordance with the remainder of the poem, and which most bears the impress of antiquity, occurs in one of the very latest MSS., preserved at the Arsenal Library of Paris, and which M. Duméril ascribes to the latter part of the thirteenth century. According to this, Fromondin—not Fromont's son, but his nephew, son of Marquis William, who is represented by this version, and with more moral consistency, as being *the* Fromondin who had solicited the command of the war—suggests a sudden feigned attack upon Metz, laying three ambushes outside the gates. It is agreed to; with twenty knights he rides into the city, where he and his kill each their man among the citizens. A tumult arises; Garin was seated at breakfast, with a few men of his suite; hearing the noise, his seneschal goes to the window, and recognises proud Fromondin. Garin's colour flushes when he hears of the outrage, and of the fewness of the assailants. He calls to him Girbert, Hernaud and Gerin: "Run to arms, free gentle knights; he who reaches proud Fromondin, I will pray him

not to bring him a prisoner; he who kills him, I will so increase his gift that he shall be able to maintain twenty knights."

Covetous of the reward, the Lorrainers seize their arms and rush forth. The assailants pay dear for their boldness; of the twenty fifteen are killed. Garin spurs after proud Fromondin, who is riding away on his black horse, with his brown shield, and breaks a lance from behind on his shield, daring him to the fight. "*I* had William the marquis killed, thy dear father, whom thou so lovedst, I myself truly struck him many a rough blow with my steel brand, so that I split his head open, took from him liver and lungs and heart, poured it all out before me on the road; avenge thy father, son of a friar's wench." Proud Fromondin looks behind, but on seeing the face of the Lorrainer he has such dread that he spurs onward, sounding three times his horn Clarel. Fromont and William (who apparently command one of the ambushes) hear the horn, and turn out with all their forces to their nephew's aid.

Garin was beneath a fir-tree, Girbert, Hernaud and Gerin by him. He sees that the enemy are so numerous that they will never be able to resist; their own horses are spent and weary, those of the foemen are fresh. Let them take refuge in the

house of David the forester, after giving battle to the first troop alone. The Lorrainers do wonders in the fight. Garin unhorses old Fromont and would have killed him, had he not been rescued by William and other friends; Girbert and Fromondin engage in single conflict, fighting on foot after breaking their lances; Girbert disdains to strike "proud Fromondin" with his sword, but fells him to the ground with a cross-blow of his shield. William of Montclin arrives in time to save his nephew; Girbert is now in danger in his turn, but is rescued by his father, who unhorses William, and hands over his charger to his son. But the Lorrainers are few; many in their haste had not even donned their hauberks, many were not skilled in battle. At last only twenty remained, whilst the four princes are alone. They are leaving the field, when the two remaining ambushes, three thousand knights in each, rush out of the wood against them. Garin sees there is no hope of safety; his heart tells him he will die to-day. He mounts Girbert on his own Arab charger, prays (with somewhat too much of theology) that God may have pity on his soul, and may save Girbert, Hernaud and Gerin, then attacks "madly" a troop of enemies. He kills seven before losing his spear, then draws his gold-hilted sword and hews like carpenter in wood.

But the bright sun shines in his eyes, so that he is dazzled, and cannot see his enemies. All surround him; William reproaches him with never having given his son, Garin's godchild, the promised market of Metz. There in Val Gelin, fourteen at once strike upon Garin without mercy or pity; four swords are plunged into his chest.—"So lies Garin killed among the dead, as the oak-tree among the smaller wood."

The other version, which is the more popular one of John of Flagy, is evidently more modern in spirit, though supported by the more ancient MSS.

Garin is three years without war; he bewails his sins morning and evening, for that he has killed and taken so many men.

He sends to ask a truce of Fromont; he covenants to fortify Montclin as strongly as the day it was ruined. Then he summons William of Montclin, Fromont and Fromondin, Bishop Lancelin, Haims of Bordeaux and others to Verdun, to treat of peace; they meet to the number of three thousand in Val Gelin, where there was a hermitage and a chapel. The Lorrainers come with little more than a thousand men. Garin, calling William of Montclin his man, his gossip and his friend, declares that he has taken the cross for his sins, and will go beyond seas to the Saracens. If he

has ever wronged them, he craves pardon. Child Girbert will remain, let them give him aid, and if God grant him to return, he will do their will and their pleasure.—Count William now claims of him his promise of the markets of Metz for his son, of which he has never had any.—'I will keep well to him whatever I promised,' says Garin.—But a vavassor stands up to correct William's exaggeration. "Truth it was," said he, "Garin the Lorrainer gave *one* of the markets to your son, the best that you might choose."—William insults him, and on his justifying himself draws his gold-hilted sword, and strikes the vavassor down before Duke Garin, who upbraids William for killing his man.—'You shall have to die yourself,' is William's retort. —'Should you do as you have undertaken, you would lose God and His holy paradise, and it would be a reproach to your friends that you have killed your gossip in the field.' So saying, Garin leaps on his horse and rides off without taking leave.—'If he escape, we are in evil case,' cries Bishop Lancelin. Fromondin and forty iron-clad knights leap up from an ambush. The Lorrainers were unarmed; not ten escaped. Garin defends himself valiantly; were he armed (*i. e.* in armour), "I think he would not be killed." Hernaud, Gerin, Girbert fight with equal bravery, but Garin insists on their leaving him, and they ride off to Metz.

III

Towards the hermit's chapel comes Garin the Lorrainer, sword in hand, shield before him, afoot, holding his own. He enters the chapel, offers his shield on the altar, prays God to aid. But Lancelin, William, the Fromonts and their men fill the holy place. Count William strikes his gossip with his Poitou spear, driving all the iron into his body, and breaking two of his ribs. Garin is thrown down, but rises to his feet again, and deals such blows with his sword that he kills fourteen assailants. Bishop Lancelin and the Fromonts however overpower him, and he falls (the same comparison occurring as in the other version) "like the oak-tree among the smaller wood."

Fromont departs, fearing the arrival of the men of Metz. A "mayor," son of a "provost" whom Garin had nourished, coming with twenty men and seeing his lord lying before the altar, deems him quite dead, and holding him for a martyr cuts off his right arm, to place it in "white silver." The duke, who is not yet dead, faints away with the anguish, but on returning to himself asks, "Friend, fair brother, wherefore hast thou killed me?" The mayor begs pardon of God and him on his knees, but it is too late; "The body stretches, the soul departs." The hermit prays over him; Girbert, Gerin and Hernaud come, with the good burgesses

of Metz, and have him buried by the hermitage. Great is the woe of Beatrice and Alice; the two sisters lived but three and a-half days after Garin's death.

So ends all that is yet published at full length of this enormous poem, of the remainder of which an abstract, with copious extracts, is to be found in Mone's "Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der Teutschen Heldensage." It contains the account of Bishop Lancelin's surprise and murder by Girbert and Hernaud, of old Fromont's disappearance, his return to France as a renegade at the head of the Saracens, his death near Bordeaux, and the proscription of Girbert, Hernaud and Gerin;—the empress not only maintaining her partisanship on behalf of the Lorrainers, but driving it, it would seem, even beyond the bounds of decency.—The Song of "Garin" is, as before observed, continued by the more modern one of "Girbert," and that again by "Garin of Monglave," by which last it connects itself with the sub-cycle of the kinsmen of Aymery. The later poems of the sub-cycle are purely romantic and chivalrous, full of love-intrigues, knightly encounters, wars with Saracens, and marvels.

Connected with the sub-cycle of the Lorrainers through its hero, though holding no definite place

in it, is "Aubry the Burgundian" (Aubery le Bourgoing), a poem equally of the twelfth century, and far from devoid of worth, but not possessed of such distinctive merits as to make it worth abstracting here. It has been published by M. Tarbé, in his "Poètes Champenois."

II.—DATE, ORIGIN, AND VALUE OF "GARIN."

The language in which Garin the Lorrainer is written shows beyond all question that it is far more modern than the "Song of Roland"—although the archaic diction of the latter is by M. Duméril partly attributed to the English origin of the oldest (the Bodleian) MS. Like that, it is written in long stretches of pentameter verse on a single rhyme, or rather assonance. But the internal evidence of its more recent date seems to me in itself conclusive. It is not only that the hero-worship, which still prevails in the poem, has been shifted from the sovereign to the great vassal; that there is an absence of all lofty, national aims; that the prowess of the heroes is shown mostly in mere personal conquests; all this might be only characteristic of

the feudal, as contrasted with the imperial type of epic. But we observe moreover that the religious temper of the work is no longer the same; that its heroes never apparently dream of respecting the symbols or sanctuaries of religion on a neighbour's land in war-time; that the language has become singularly coarse, although manners are still generally pure. Something of this may no doubt be attributed to difference of station and locality in the writers, who seem to have been men of less cultivated minds than Turold; and belonged evidently, as appears from several passages, not to Normandy, but to the Isle of France or some other North-central province. But it would be difficult for me to assign less than half a century for the working of such a change as the comparison of the two works makes manifest.

If we attempt to fix the date of the poem with greater precision, we shall find that M. Paris himself seems to hesitate between the twelfth* and the eleventh† centuries. I think he shows satisfactorily by one passage (see vol. ii. p. 5, and compare p. 48) that it cannot be earlier than 975, nor later than 1138; a previous passage (see vol. i., pp. 188—9) seems to me to narrow the field to between the latter date and 1060.

* See vol. i. p. 193. † See vol. ii. pp. 39, 71, 73, 89, 219.

11

Restricted thus by facts to within a period of seventy-eight years, if we revert to the moral evidence supplied by the composition of the poem, we shall be struck, I think, by one leading characteristic,—the comparative depreciation of the royal dignity. Pepin is young, weak; his great lords care little for him, come to blows before his face, often openly defy him; it is only once that he is exhibited as showing any personal prowess, and that of a very second-rate character. Evidently such a work could not have been written at least for popular use, where and when royalty was strong, respected, courted. On the other hand, royalty is visibly recognised as a power, entitled to allegiance, of considerable weight in the scales of a quarrel; evidently such feelings do not belong to a time when royalty was utterly vile and contemned. Rather might we infer, from the mingling of the two currents of feeling, that we have before us a time when the royal power was emerging from a period of impotency and humiliation, beginning to assert itself; when it was no longer safe to ignore it, pour complete contempt upon it; when jealousy of its encroachments still made it pleasant to dwell on its past feebleness.

Now, within the period of seventy-eight years which we are examining, there is a time which

seems to me entirely to suggest the prevalence of such feelings,—viz., the beginning of the reign of Louis VI., the Fat, the first really energetic monarch of the Capetian line, who succeeded in 1108 the restless Philip I., (who during his reign of forty-eight years seems only to have made himself a nuisance to everybody, without in anywise enlarging or consolidating the royal power). In this hypothesis, Pepin's taking away of Blanchflower from Garin her betrothed might represent Philip's far more unscrupulous carrying away of his second wife Ingelburga from her husband. This would fix the poem within the first quarter of the twelfth century, and would agree very well with a remark of M. Paris (vol. i. pp. 293—4) that the extreme variety of readings as to proper names in the MSS. shows that the poem must have been recited long before being copied out, these MSS. themselves being, he tells us, mostly of the twelfth century.—The *later* beginning of the Garin, on the other hand, I should feel inclined to attribute to the end of the twelfth century, and to the reign of Philip Augustus (begins 1180). The king (Charles Martel is expressly so termed) is here evidently a personage of decided authority, and who knows well how to maintain it.

But the date of the work in its present shape is

one thing,—that of the legend which it embodies is another. It is difficult to believe that the Lorrainer heroes can have sprung full-armed from the brow of any wandering minstrel. Accordingly, we find that in the ninth century, under the reign of Charles the Bald, there was a Garin,—not however a Lorrainer, but a Burgundian, since he was Count of Mâcon,—who finally subjected Aquitain to the Carlovingians; and we may easily see how this would account for the various expeditions to the South which the poet narrates of Garin his hero. M. Duméril goes further, and supposes that there must have been an earlier Frankish chief, named Werin, celebrated for his struggle with the Flemings, or as one of the Norman chronicles terms them, the Fromonds. He rightly points out that the mention of the Vandal invasion in the fifth century affords a strong mark of the antiquity of the legend. It is difficult to conceive how the recollection of this should have preserved itself through so many subsequent floods of devastation, Hunnic,—Slavic,—Saracen,—Hungarian,—Norman,—unless it had been early shaped into a definite legend. For myself, without recurring to any imaginary Werin, I confess I should not feel indisposed to look upon the legend as having had for main groundwork the great rivalry between

Neustrian and Austrasian—*i. e.* West and East-Franks—viewed probably in the latter days of the Merovingian monarchy, when the power of the East-Franks was embodying itself in the Heristal family, the future Carlovingians, or say in the latter end of the seventh or beginning of the eighth century. Nothing seems to me more natural than that the same theme should have been again treated of about the period of the break-up of the Carlovingian dynasty in turn, when the rivalry between East and West had renewed itself under not very dissimilar circumstances, or say in the tenth century; the last transformation of the poem taking place, as we have seen, in the twelfth. What we know of the legends of Sigurd and Attila through the Edda and Nibelungenlied shows clearly how a popular tradition may renew itself for centuries under altered forms. The essentially Teutonic names of Garin and his supporters, as shown by M. Duméril (Garin-Herwin, Bego-Bicke, Gautier-Walter, Thierry-Dietrich, Hernaud-Arnold, Garnier-Wernher, Aubry-Alberich), together with Hervi and Garin's prompt recourse to the King of Cologne in their difficulties, may tend to show that some tradition of a great struggle between West and East, Gaul and German, lies wrapt in the legend. At the same time, I must observe that any one

who chooses to glance through Nithard's History (814—843) will find in it the names not of Warinus-Garin only, but those of many of the other personages of the song of the Lorrainers, Uodo-Hues or Huon, Hugo, Bernard, Teodericus-Thierry, Warnarius-Garnier, Gerard, Teutbaldus-Thibaut, Willelmus-Guillaume, perhaps Hirmenaldus-Hernaud.* Too much stress therefore should not be laid upon this argument. I may add that the historical Bernard of the day was an active, troublesome, slippery personage, not altogether unlike him of Naisil.†

The historical value of "Garin," except in its details of manners, is but slight. It certainly correctly assigns Charles Martel for father to Pepin the Short; retains, as before observed, the memory of the former's great fight against an infidel host; and of another equally historical fact in his distribution of ecclesiastical benefices among his chiefs. Compared with the portentous historical blunders in the poems of the thirteenth century, such shreds of truth are themselves remarkable. Again, we

* Hardré is possibly the "Hardradus" spoken of by Eginhard (Annals, year 817) as having conspired against Charlemagne.

† A very good appreciation of the "Song of the Lorrainers" is to be found in M. Demogeot's "Histoire de la Littérature Française."

may perhaps recognise in the invasion of Savoy by the Saracens the recollection of their incursions of the ninth century into that country, and their establishment at Fraxinet in the Alps of Dauphiné (888)—later however by more than a century than the supposed date of the action,—as also, in Pepin's expedition against Bordeaux, the tradition of his conquest of Aquitain. Beyond, all is apocryphal. The title of emperor is given to Hammer Charles, who never took it; no wars such as described (except as I have mentioned) were ever waged by Pepin, no such heroes as are placed around him ever seem to have approached him. But when we recollect how long king Brutus and his descendants clung to their places in our own annals, we shall not be surprised to learn that for centuries Garin's adventures were treated as real by the local chroniclers, and even to some extent by the learned Benedictine Calmet in his 'History of Lorraine.' We find however in these later writings additional proofs of the existence of a legend extraneous to the poem itself, for three separate traditions as to the death of Garin are preserved to us, one of them only being in accordance with the poem, whilst another kills him in a battle with the Vandals, and a third at Roncevaux.

When we find this variety of tradition, we can-

not help feeling struck by the extreme popularity which the version of the poem by John of Flagy seems to have enjoyed.* M. Duméril tells us that out of twelve MSS. which he has consulted, eleven reproduce it more or less faithfully, whilst one only, more modern than all the others, follows a different tradition. And, as already observed, it is not less singular that this, the most modern text, appears to retain many traces of an older version than Flagy's. It would seem on the other hand to have less of that overflowing local knowledge which, however fatiguing at times, gives a remarkable character of reality to Flagy's text, and denotes evidently the wandering minstrel, accustomed to earn his livelihood from castle to castle. Indeed M. Duméril says that the MS. of the Arsenal Library bears no traces of those divisions which mark the rests and starting-points of the minstrel, but forms one continuous whole.

Of the value of the work, such as we have it, viewed as an embodiment of the spirit of early feudalism, I suppose no one will doubt. We see that spirit in all its brutality,—always ready with

* It must have been well known in our own country. M. Littré, in an interesting article on the Middle Ages, contained in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' for 15th Sept. 1864, mentions a copy of "Garin le Lohérain" as having been bought by King John of France in London during his captivity.

fire and sword,—utterly pitiless to a strange lord's villeins,—utterly careless of human suffering in the assertion of real or supposed right; witness Garin's threat to destroy Soissons if not restored to him, and his frightful devastations in the last war,—ferocious often; witness Bego's tearing out of Isoré's heart, and flinging it into William of Montclin's face, or Garin's ripping up of Marquis William; witness the constant threats of flaying alive &c., (which however, one is bound to note, are never represented as carried into effect),—treacherous oftener still, even to the extent of perjury; witness Bernard's whole character, and Isoré's wager of battle in behalf of what he knew to be a false charge; not to speak of the lying in wait for Marquis William, or Aubry's special-pleading as to the authority given to Rigaut after the truce. And yet we see that spirit also in its nobleness;—with its strong sense of the obligations of fealty both on lord and vassal; witness, amongst other instances, Fromont's reproaches to his kinsmen for their treachery to Bego their immediate lord;—with its equally strong sense of the obligations of blood (a sense which indeed, when brought into contact with that of the obligations of fealty, generally deadens if it does not quite overcome the latter),—with its generous impulses, as evinced by the fre-

quent reconciliations between the house of the Lorrainers and that of Fromont, Bego's going surety for the latter &c.,—with its appreciation of the true value of clemency, as shown by the Lorrainers' intercessions with the king for peace,—with its glimpses of an ideal faithfulness and loyalty, as that of Garin to the queen,—above all, with that purity generally in the relations between the sexes, so opposite to the sentimental immorality of a later age, mainly perhaps the vile fruit of Provençal literature. If we put aside one passage already referred to, subsequent to the death of Garin, and no doubt the work of a much later hand,—coarse as may be often the language of the minstrel,—nothing can be more remarkable than the freedom from libertinism of his heroes,—Fromont excepted with his thirty sons, and the "thief of Naisil," Bernard (himself apparently an unfrocked monk), or the reckless ne'er-do-weel, Manuel Galopin. The homely family feeling pervading the whole poem gives it in fact much of its charm and worth. Love had clearly not assumed at this time the character of a sentiment to be cultivated; it was simply an element of personal happiness, a wellspring of family life. But nothing can be more beautiful than the affection between Garin and "courteous Alice," or between "fair Beatrice" and Bego her lord. Yet love

itself bows avowedly before social necessities; a female vassal's "marriage" is a "value" habitually realised; the widow has no right to look forward to a single life. Nothing can bring out more clearly the superior spiritual position of the woman under such conditions, whilst thus looked upon as a thing to be disposed of to advantage, than Garin's words to his sister-in-law after his brother's death, when he tells her that the mourning for the loss will be his, not hers, since she will have to marry again. But nothing also can show better the spiritual rebellion of the true woman against such a position than Beatrice's life-long widowhood.—In a religious point of view, the poet's harp is certainly not very highly strung. Yet there are every now and then touches of religious feeling of a very genuine character, such as Bego's watching before the fight with the perjured Isoré, whilst the latter eats and drinks and sleeps; and there is something exceedingly affecting in Bego's last prayer, and in his taking the three bits of grass before dying, as a substitute for the holy elements,—a detail, it may be observed, largely repeated in later poems.

On the marvellous dramatic power of the work it would be idle to dwell. Garin's falling out with Fromont,—the taking of Naisil by Bego,—the latter's first fight at St. Quentin,—Blanchflower's

entry into Paris,—Bernard's struggle at the wedding feast with Garin for the cup,—Bego's rescue of his brother with the cooks,—the ambush laid by the Bordeaux nobles for Bego and Beatrice,—Manuel Galopin's messengership, with the affray between Garin and Bernard which springs out of it,—Bego's acceptance of Fromont's challenge to the tourney, the description of Rigaut, his knighting, his taking Fromondin prisoner,—Bego's last parting from his wife, his death, Fromont watching by his bier, Rigaut's grief, the meeting of the funeral procession with Garin,—the interview with Fromont and his party, the pleading before the king, the ambush for Marquis William;—all these are scenes which once set before the mind can never be forgotten.

As compared with the "Song of Roland," indeed, "Garin" is more dramatic than epical. If the history of the house of Hervi of Lorraine gives to it a certain unity, yet that history, spread as it is over several generations, makes such unity somewhat unsubstantial and wiredrawn, so that we miss in it a climax as well as a catastrophe. It enjoys however over its predecessor the advantages of a much greater variety of scenery, incident and character, especially through the intermixture of female personages, one of whom, queen Blanch-

flower, through her staunch partisanship toward the Lorrainers, is extremely effective, if not always agreeable. The total absence of the supernatural (except in the one passage of the appearance of the three saints during the Savoy expedition, belonging, I consider, to the more modern portion), is a most remarkable feature of the poem.

On the whole, I think it is difficult not to conclude, that in spite of its unconscionable length, its ceaseless repetitions, the inartificial management of its story, "Garin the Lorrainer" is one of those poems which would of themselves suffice to constitute a literature; and I believe that even at the present day it would only need vigorous, but judicious compression, to stand out as one of the great epics of the world.

CHAPTER III.

SUB-CYCLE OF THE LORDS OF VERMANDOIS: RAOUL OF CAMBRAY.

CLOSELY analogous to "Garin" in style and mode of treatment, and probably not much more recent in date, but with distinctive features of its own, is "Raoul of Cambray," forming the seventh volume of the (misnamed) "Romans des Douze Pairs de France," and edited by M. Le Glay. The action of the poem, I should observe, embraces a period extending far beyond the death of its nominal hero. So far as it reproduces the characteristics of 'Garin,' I shall abstract it much more briefly than the former work. The original text, especially its earlier portion, appears to be much defaced. The story is moreover remarkable, as belonging to a much later period of the Carlovingian era than any other of the epics that I am aware of—except the lately printed *Chanson de Geste* of 'Hugues Capet'—and as being in great measure historical.

Raoul Cut-iron (Taillefer), the valiant Count of Cambray, died, leaving fair Alais his widow, sister of king Louis (d'Outremer), who after his death was delivered of a son, also called Raoul. Gibouin of Mans asked of king Louis and obtained the honour of Cambrésis, and solicited the hand of the widow. But she refused to marry him, and took refuge at Arras with her brother-in-law Guerry (Warry) the Red (*le-Sor*,—literally 'sorrel'). Here young Raoul was brought up, and had for comrade and for squire Bernier, the natural son of Ybert, a lord of Vermandois. When Raoul was grown, he came to the court of king Louis, who treated him with high favour, armed him knight, and gave him his arms and armour, including a helmet which belonged to the Saracen "whom Roland killed on the water of Rhine," and a sword, the choice work of Wayland, "purest" of any save Durandal. Fair and well-made was Raoul; "were there not somewhat of immoderateness in him," better vassal never was. He is made seneschal, and from all sides noble barons send their sons to be trained under him. He knights his squire Bernier, who greatly distinguishes himself at quintain.

One Whitsuntide, Guerry the Red claims back of the king for his nephew the honour of Cambrésis. The king refuses; many a time has he

repented of his covenant with the man of Mans, but he holds of him. Guerry goes out, finds Raoul playing at chess, seizes his arm: "Baseborn, why playest thou here? thou hast not land enough whereon to curry a sumpter-horse." Raoul's blood thrills. He returns with his uncle to the king, and in person redemands his fief, to be again refused. "Ill recreant," exclaims Guerry, "by that Apostle whom penitents seek to, if now thou seizest not thy land, to-day or to-morrow before set of sun, I nor my men shall ever help thee." That was the word "whereby many a baron died afterwards bleeding."

Raoul declares to the king that, since the father's honour should return to the child, and small and great would blame him from henceforth if he went on any more "conquering" his shame,—if ever he finds the man of Mans, he will kill him. The king receives this declaration with a frown. Gibouin learns of it; he comes before the king, and declares to Louis that he has served him well without pay, and that unless warranted by him in his fief, he will depart on his Norway charger poorer than he came. Louis feels compassion on him, and beckoning Raoul to him with his gold-fringed glove, he begs him to wait yet two or three years, on terms that if any count die from Loire

to Rhine, he shall have his honour and his land. Raoul, by Guerry's advice, accepts the proposal. The king gives him forty noble hostages, and swears to him on holy relics; wise was Raoul to demand pledges.

A year and a fortnight pass by, when Herbert Count of Vermandois dies. Hastily mounting his charger, Raoul goes to claim the honour from the king. "Raoul was in the right, as I have learned; in the wrong was the king of St. Denys; through an ill king is many a free man dishonoured." Louis refuses Raoul's request. Herbert has left four worthy sons; "for one man alone I will not grieve four." Raoul returns to his palace, calls together his hostages, and tells them that he must send them to his tower, where they shall be "filled with great sorrow." They beg a truce to go to the king, and represent to him the justice of Raoul's claim. The king at last consents to give him the sought for honour, but without warranty from him or his. "I ask no better," says Raoul. Bernier in vain warns both the king and Raoul to bethink themselves, as the sons of Herbert are valiant knights, and will not suffer themselves to be despoiled; in vain he offers to do amends for them himself if they have done amiss. 'The gift is made,' replies Raoul, 'for nought would I renounce it.'

On his return home, his mother Alais in turn, learning what he has undertaken, beseeches him to desist from it. Raoul his father, she tells him, and Count Herbert were always friends; many a great battle they fought as comrades, with never a quarrel between them. She nourished her son with the milk of her breast, why will he grieve her heart? Rather would she be "a maid-servant, a veiled nun in a chapel," than that he should start on such a venture.—'Before he yields,' he replies, 'there shall be many an entrail dragged, and the brains of many a skull scattered.'—She warns him at least not to destroy minsters, nor very poor folk; cautions him against the men of a particular locality, good only for plunder and not for fight; against Bernier; and ends by again entreating him to make peace with the sons of Herbert, that they may assist him in driving Gibouin out.—Raoul loses patience: 'Cursed be the gentleman who before the tourney asks counsel of gentle lady! go and take your ease in your chambers, drink potions to fatten you, think of drinking and of eating, for never should you plead concerning aught else!'—The lady weeps; she reminds him how she defended his interests while he was a child, refused the hand of the man of Mans, sent Raoul in lordly array to the court. And now he will go and challenge a

land where his ancestors never took a penny! But since for her sake he will not give up the undertaking, "That God who has all to judge, may He not bring thee back sound nor safe nor whole!"

Scarcely has the curse escaped her lips than she would fain recal it. She hastens to St. Gerin's minster, and there at the altar beseeches God to give her back her son sound and safe and without hurt, since, alas! "by great wrong" she has cursed him. Red Guerry himself dissuades his nephew from the venture; Alais returning renews her warnings and lamentations. But Raoul only bids his men not listen to her, for she is old and doting.

Raoul and his host enter Vermandois; gloomy is Bernier and thoughtful, to see the land of his father and friends all in flames. Raoul sends on a party to be under Origny ere nightfall: "Pitch my tent," he tells them, "in the middle of the minster; in the porches shall stand my sumpter-horses; in the crypts prepare my food. On the golden crosses shall perch my sparhawks; before the altar prepare me a rich bed whereon I may lie, so that I may lean upon the crucifix; my squires shall take the nuns. I mean to destroy and waste the place; I do so, for that it is dear to the sons of

Herbert." But the knights take up their quarters in a wood without. Raoul on arrival insults them for transgressing his command. "We are not Jews nor tyrants," they reply.—"You are too immoderate," says Guerry. "It is not long that thou wast dubbed knight; if God hate thee there shall soon be an end of thee.... Fair is the grass and fresh in the meadows, and clear is the river; place there your men that you be not surprised nor cumbered."

Raoul yields for the time, but orders the assault. As they go up, the nuns issue from the minster, "the gentle ladies, each with her psalter." Among them is Marsent, Bernier's mother, holding a book "of Solomon's litanies." She takes Raoul's horse by the bridle, and asks news of her son.—'He is in the master-tent, playing with many a good companion; there is no such knight from hence to Nero's meadow.'* She now begs Raoul to withdraw; they are but nuns, and have neither lance nor banner. He replies by the grossest insults, reproaching her with Bernier's birth. She replies that if a gentleman made of her his mistress, she has a son of whom she is proud. She renews her instances, begging a truce, and offering that if he will spare hearth and minster, he shall have the

* *Le Pré Noiron*,—a locality at Rome, frequently spoken of in these poems, but which I would not venture to identify.

free use of their meadows, quarters for his knights and their squires, forage for the horses. Raoul ends by granting the truce she asks for.

Marsent now seeks out her son. Kissing him, "Fair son," she says, "thou hast taken thy arms; blessed be the count by whom thou hast them so soon, and more blessed thou since thou hast served him!" But why should he make war upon his father's honour, who has no heirs left?—Bernier replies that Raoul is his master, who gives him horse and clothes and equipments; he may not fail him.—"Son," said the mother, "by my faith thou art in the right; save thy lord, thou shalt gain God thereby."

Origny is defenceless. Some plunderers from the camp ill-treat the burgesses, who kill two of them. Raoul declares that since the men of Origny begin the war, they shall pay dearly for it. By his command the soldiers set fire to town and minster; the hundred nuns within perish in the flames. Bernier, maddened with grief, sees his mother lying on the marble pavement, her psalter burning on her bosom. In vain he seeks counsel of Red Guerry: "Those breasts wherewith she nursed me, I saw them burn." ... Guerry can only express his regret. Bernier's men weep around him; he asks God to let him live till he be avenged.

The slaughter is over; Raoul disarms, and orders a great feast of "roast peacocks and good peppered swans and venison in full rich plenty." His seneschal crosses himself:—"'What has been your thought? You deny holy Christendom and baptism and the God of Majesty. It is Lent when one should fast.... We wretched ones who have sinned here,—have burnt the nuns, profaned the minster,—never shall we be reconciled with God if His pity conquer not our cruelty."—"Baseborn, why hast thou spoken of it? Why did they transgress against me? Both my squires to-day were killed. No marvel is it if they have bought it dearly. But Lent I had forgotten.'" He asks for a chess-board, and sits down angrily to play. It is hot; presently he asks for wine, which Bernier brings to him. Raoul now calls all his knights to witness that he swears not to leave the sons of Herbert the value of a Paris penny, but to kill them or drive them beyond sea.—Bernier replies that the sons of Herbert are full good knights, and that if he drive them beyond sea he will have ill lodging on the land. As for himself, he is Raoul's man, but evil reward has he received of his service; Raoul has burnt his mother in the minster, and now would he drive out his uncle and his father; fain would he help them and avenge their shame.—

"Baseborn," exclaims Raoul, "I know well that thou art their man;" no bastard should thus speak. —Bernier replies that his mother was the daughter of a knight who had authority over all Bavaria, but that while her husband was away she was forced by his father Ybert; but her life was not evil; never would she marry again, but became a nun. The altercation continues, till Raoul strikes Bernier on the head with a chess-board, making the blood to flow.

Bernier now calls for his arms, and declares that he must depart without leave. Raoul is grieved; his barons intercede to reconcile the two. Raoul offers to make amends to Bernier, going so far as to beseech him on bended knees,—"not that in aught I fear thy war, but for that I wish to be thy friend." He declares that he would rather lose his heart's blood, or that his entrails should fall out, or that all his palace be shredded into shavings, than be at enmity with Bernier. He offers to carry Bernier's saddle on his head, with a hundred knights bearing each his own saddle, over fourteen leagues of country, telling every serving man and maid whom he meets, 'See here Bernier's saddle.' "Brother," says he, "thou art of great valour; take this amends, forego thy ill-will." Bernier however declares that he will not do so till the blood

which has flowed shall rise again to his head.—"By God, bastard," exclaims Guerry the Red, "this is a great defiance. Enough beyond doubt is that which my nephew offers thee. From henceforth in the great iron of my lance is your death written without fail."

Bernier departs with five knights, and seeks out his father Ybert. On hearing his tale, Ybert declares that ere four days Raoul shall pay dearly for what he has done. However, when the sons of Herbert and all Ybert's kinsmen with their men are assembled together, fearing the wrath of the emperor, as having enfeoffed Raoul, they determine to send a messenger to him, offering to quit-claim to him all causes of offence, and on Bernier's part acceptance of the offered amends,* if he will only withdraw.—On receipt of the message, Guerry the Red advises Raoul to accept the offer, of which he may well be proud. "I took the glove of it," replies Raoul, "in sight of many a knight, and now you say that I must release it,—all the world might well hoot me for doing so.... It used to be said of rich Guerry the Red that in all the world was none so bold; but now I see him a coward"...—'Since you call me coward,' retorts

* This appears to result from the sequel. But the text seems here to embrace several discrepant versions.

Guerry, 'a thousand hauberks shall be broken ere I and they be friends. Return,' he bids the messenger, 'tell the sons of Herbert to defend themselves.'—"Loyally on their part," answers the messenger, "I defy you. Ill became ye acquainted with the nuns of Origny." He departs, but has forgotten to deliver the message relative to Bernier. The lords of Vermandois make another effort for peace, sending Bernier in person, who repeats the offers of the sons of Herbert, and declares himself ready to accept the proffered amends. This time Raoul is glad, and asks his uncle's advice whether he should accept the terms. 'You called me coward,' replies Red Guerry; 'now is the saddle on my Arab's back. Flee you to Cambray; the sons of Herbert are *my* enemies.' Raoul rejects the terms once more; Bernier on his part defies him, flinging at him three bits of fur from his ermine, and rushes at Raoul, killing a knight who did "great folly" by throwing himself between the two. He has then to escape under a hot pursuit.

The two hosts prepare for the fight. "All the cowards go trembling with fear, and the bold go rejoicing." Many a gentle knight takes the sacrament "with three bits of grass, for other priest is none." The account of the battle, the poet tells us, is extracted from "the Peers of Vermandois,"

written apparently by a worthy knight named Bertolais, whom he describes as having been himself present. Amongst other worthy knights who perish on both sides, Red Guerry loses two of his sons, one by the hand of Bernier, whilst Raoul kills tall John of Ponthieu, full bigger than "Saxon or giant." "The earth is soft, it had rained a little; the mud is thick with blood and water." Raoul cuts off the wrist of Hernaut of Douay, and in pursuing him through the field cuts off the leg of Hernaut's nephew Rocon. "Now," cries he, "will I give you a strange trade; Hernaut is one-armed and you are a stilt; one shall be watchman, the other porter; never shall ye be able to avenge your shame." Relentlessly he continues the pursuit of Hernaut; in vain is the latter succoured; in vain he offers peace and amends; in vain he cries, "Mercy, Raoul!...I am a young man, I would not yet die; I will be a monk, I will serve God, I quit-claim thee my honours to hold."—"Truth," said Raoul, "it is meet thou come to an end; and that with this sword thy head part from its trunk... Nor God nor man can warrant thee, nor all the saints who should serve God." Hernaut hears him deny God, he lifts his head, his heart returns: "By God, Raoul, now I prize thee no more than a mad dog, since thou deniest God and His friend-

ship." He resumes his flight with fresh vigour, and sees Bernier come, whose compassion he claims. Bernier however begins by reiterating to Raoul his offer to accept of the originally proffered amends, and only on being met with insults engages him, and strikes him a deadly blow; whereupon Hernaut claims the privilege of finishing his enemy. "It grieves me," says Bernier, "that I have killed Raoul; but I was in the right."

Red Guerry swears revenge, but asks a truce (which is granted) for burying the dead. They take out the hearts of Raoul and John of Ponthieu, tallest knight of France; one is small as a child's, but Raoul's big as of "a bull that draws plough." The battle begins again after the truce; Guerry kills Count Herbert, unhorses Bernier. But his men are beaten, and he has to draw off with seven-score only out of ten thousand.—Meanwhile Alais, troubled by evil dreams, meets a knight whom she had brought up: "Where is my son, by God who lied not?" she asks. The knight dares not speak. But a cry rises: "Raoul is dead." She reproaches Guerry for her son's death.—'Lady,' he replies, 'for my nephew whom I have had brought back I had to forget my two sons, whom I saw killed and dismembered; "well should my heart have burst in my body."' Great is the lady's grief that

a bastard should have killed her son; "If a mighty count had killed him," she exclaims, "the half of my sorrow would be abated." She has now no heir but her daughter's son Walter, who is brought and made to swear revenge.

Great is the mourning over Raoul. Comes his fair friend Helvi, heiress of Abbeville,—"Whoso gazes well on her would be always laughing,"—she enters the minster as if mad. "Sir Raoul," she cries, "how hard a parting! fair sweet friend, now kiss your friend..... Never will I have lord in all my life! Why parts not my heart from under my bosom, when I lose him whose servant I should have been? Now will this tender cheek rot, and those eyes whereof bright is the pupil.... Your breath was new every day." She has his armour taken off, she kisses him and gazes on him before and behind. Then departing she leaves for Ponthieu, where many high and princely men sought her in marriage, but none of them would she ever take to husband.

Five years pass by, and all Red Guerry's wounds are healed, he is strong again and ready to recommence the war, which he covets more than meat or drink. Young Walter is armed knight, and they proceed to attack Vermandois. Bernier, on hearing the news, declares that Guerry is always revived

by good striking. In the encounter which ensues, Walter greatly distinguishes himself; he unhorses Bernier (who in vain offers reconcilement); he rescues Guerry when taken prisoner. Eventually a single combat is appointed between Walter and Bernier, whilst Red Guerry and old Aliaume, a baron of Bernier's side, look on. The fight is doughtily waged on both sides. A stroke of Walter's hews off a piece of Bernier's flesh: "I feel all the lighter on this side," he exclaims; "one may be overloaded with poor flesh; as for me, I care not for it and will not carry it; ill flesh is of no profit to knight who would increase and exalt his honour." Sorely hacked with mutual wounds, at last they take a respite from the encounter, till they are fit once more to bear armour; when, on Bernier's suggestion, Aliaume challenges Guerry to fight. Guerry tells him he is a fool, since there is no enmity between them; but provoked at last, he fights and kills him. Bernier reproaches Red Guerry with having killed Aliaume by treachery; Guerry gives him the lie and is about to attack him. Bernier, feeling himself unfit for the encounter, appeals to Walter against his uncle, but Walter can only warn him to take to flight.

By the time the champions are cured of their wounds, the emperor summons all his lords to

court at Whitsuntide; the rival houses are both there. Seeing Bernier, Guerry is only stopped by Walter from throwing at him "a great steel knife," but he strikes him on the temple with the thigh-bone of a stag, laying open the flesh to the bone. An affray ensues, which is eventually stopped by the king's men, who take the combatants before their master. To the charge of having begun the fray, Guerry replies by asking the king how he could look upon one who had killed his nephew by treachery, Louis's own sister's son? Bernier denies the treachery, and challenges Guerry; eventually the challenge is assigned to Walter to fight out, in spite of Guerry's declaration that his nephew is but a child, whilst as for him "my muscles are strong and hard and stedfast, and bold and fighting is my heart; when I am struck with a stiff trenchant spear, full soon I take revenge of it with my rich brand." Another indecisive combat ensues, in which Bernier loses part of an ear, Walter is badly wounded in the side, and the combatants are finally parted and put to bed to be healed of their wounds. Efforts are made to reconcile them, but Guerry and Walter especially long stand out against any agreement; Alais, who has come to court, seeks even to kill Bernier in his bed. At last however the abbot of St. Germain's, by threatening Guerry with the

loss of paradise, succeeds in inducing him to come to terms. Bernier solicits forgiveness for Raoul's death; he is to become Guerry's man. His father Ybert on the other hand grants him all Vermandois to hold after his death. They kiss each other, and agree to unite against the king, through whom the war began.

The king is much displeased at the reconcilement.* He takes the opportunity of giving away Vermandois after Ybert's death to one Gilmer (Ybert having no legal heirs), and is greatly angered by learning that Ybert has granted it to Bernier; "Should a bastard then challenge any honour?" He insults Bernier grossly, swords are drawn; Bernier throws the king down, Walter takes Bernier's part, Guerry reproaches Louis with being the cause of the late war through his breach of faith towards Raoul, and both parties, after burning and plundering Paris, withdraw to their respective lordships, Bernier accompanying Guerry.

On reaching Arras, Red Guerry's fair daughter comes to meet him. 'Who is his companion?' she asks. "'Tis Bernier, fair; never saw you one who

* I have omitted to notice some passages in which he is himself represented as endeavouring to reconcile the combatants, or otherwise as favouring peace, these being entirely at variance with the general tenor of the poem, and representing evidently a later stage of feeling.

has done so many acts of knighthood; many of our men has he deprived of their lives." She looks on the young man, who is better knit than fawn or sparhawk, as he stands clad in a good costly ermine over his good doubled hauberk. Happy, she thinks, would be the lady who should be friend and wife to such a knight! She withdraws to her rooms, has them well prepared, well strewn, well hung with draperies, and bids her chamberlain, under promise of a rich reward, invite Bernier to come that evening and play at draughts and chess with her. Bernier, on receiving the message, is no less liberal to its bearer; he comes, is most graciously received, and ere long expressly asked by the lady to take her to wife. How can he, he replies, since "it pleased not God" that Count Ybert his father should marry his gentle mother?—He must be a churl to deny her, she retorts; but this marriage is the only way to preserve peace, since war "often renews itself from a dead man."—Ybert has indeed given him all his land, answers Bernier; but yet he cannot presume to ask her in marriage, though he will not refuse her if she be given to him. An understanding being thus come to, they embrace, and afterwards part with many sighs.—The damsel seeks her father, who kisses her and seats her by him. "I love you well, fair,"

he says.—"In God's name, sir, let me see it," she exclaims. "I ask of you a husband of whom I should have an heir, who after your death should maintain your land."—"God!" says Guerry, "what a fool is the man who believes a woman!.... It is but lately that she refused three such, the worst of whom held four castles."....—"Fair sir Father, let all this be, for none of them suited me." Guerry declares that he is ready to give her to whomsoever she will take, were he a captive from beyond seas. She now tells him it is Bernier she wants. Guerry thanks God, since now will end "the great deadly war whereby so many a free man lost his head." Bernier is sent for, and the pair are affianced.

The war has however to be carried on. Ybert and Bernier lead the first campaign, and are successful, Gibouin of Mans being killed. The news of the success is brought to Bernier's affianced; why is she not a falcon or a jay, that she might make but one flight to him? She sends him a messenger, bidding him come soon and marry her; Bernier is nothing loth. The king hears of the matter, and lays an ambush for the wedding-guests, when after the ceremony they have come on to feast at St. Quentin. Whilst the barons, unarmed, are rewarding a skilful minstrel, the king's men leap out upon them, and take prisoners both

Walter and Ybert and Guerry's daughter, in spite of Bernier's resistance, who scarcely escapes to bear the news to Guerry at Arras.

The king takes his prisoners to Paris, and for that the lady is Bernier's wife, whom he hates more than living man, he gives her to wife to Erchimbald (Archambaut) of Poitiers.* In vain she insists upon the sinfulness of the act, and appeals to the clerks who have to maintain God's law, whether they will suffer Christianity to be thus outraged? Great and small are silent through fear; only Do of St. Denys, a vassal of the king, cousin-german to Bernier, warns his master of what will follow.—In the morning, as the lady looks out from the window, and sees the birds singing in the trees, and the fish swimming in the Seine, and the flowers blossoming in the fields, and the shepherds sounding their pipes as they go to keep their flocks, "and hears speak in so many places of love," great sorrow seizes her. She tears off her ermine; never will she wear it more, since she has lost the best bachelor that could be found in this age; she ends by fainting away. News is brought to Louis; he declares that her tricks shall

* Ponthieu in other passages. The text is full of such discrepancies. It may have been observed that Ybert is treated latterly as sole lord of Vermandois, without apparent explanation.

not avail her; he will have her given over to his squires, who shall take her on foot by the ditches to do their will on her. The lady, who has recovered herself, swoons a second time on seeing the squires coming to seize her, and in falling cuts her head against a table; but is rescued by the queen, who coming out of her room reproaches the king for his conduct.

Soon however a messenger reaches the lady from Bernier. She bids him tell her husband that the wedding with Erchimbald is fixed for the following Wednesday at St. Cloud; but if Guerry and Bernier come with three thousand knights and lay an ambush, they may deliver her.

The Wednesday comes. In presence of his knights and clerks, the king declares that he means to give the lady to Erchimbald; if archbishop, bishop or abbot forbid him, he shall be torn limb from limb. All being silent, Louis bids Erchimbald come forward and receive his wife. As he takes her hand, she cries out. Bernier hears her from the forest. The men in ambush burst forth, Bernier foremost: "Fair sir king," he cries, "see here Red Guerry, who comes to Erchimbald's wedding!" Guerry bids his men spare none, clerk nor priest nor abbot. Louis and Erchimbald take to flight. "Kiss me, sir," says the lady to her

husband.—"Full fain were I, but there is no leisure now." They return with three hundred prisoners, including the queen and her son. Louis is much cast down. Do of St. Denys advises him to come to terms, and manages a general pacification.

Here occurs an episode which appears to me to have been engrafted into the poem much after the period of the original composition, and to be altogether inferior. It relates a pilgrimage of Bernier and his wife to St. Giles, where she is delivered of a son called Julian, but by an attack of the Saracens both Bernier and the child are made prisoners; her return to the north, and bestowal by the king, with her father's unwilling consent, on Erchimbald, who however, thanks to a specific which she has obtained, never succeeds in performing a husband's duty towards her; Bernier's recovery of his freedom, through a feat of championship performed by him on behalf of king Corsuble his captor; his return disguised as a palmer, and final escape with his wife, leaving Erchimbald bathing in a fountain of which the waters were to operate as a counter-specific to the one in the lady's possession; the birth of his second son Henry; a second journey of his to the South in search of his lost son Julian, a battle with an invading host of Saracens; a single combat between Bernier and his son, who

has been brought up as a Mussulman, Bernier's victory, and his eventual recognition of his son, whom he takes back with him.

Bernier's second son Henry has grown up. On a visit to his father, Red Guerry offers to knight the lad, and promises to leave him his lands. After knighting him, the old man declares his intention of going on a pilgrimage to St. James's.* Bernier agrees to go with him, though warned by his wife against her father, who may soon kill him if he says aught to displease him. They start together, each with two knights for companions; go to St. James's, perform their devotions, return to Paris to pay their respects to the king, but not finding him go on to Laon, where they meet with a gracious reception. They now turn back towards St. Quentin. Passing under Origny, by the place where Raoul was killed, Bernier sighs. Guerry asks why. Bernier says it is for the recollection of Raoul and all that he did. Guerry is enraged, but shews it not, merely observing that Bernier is ill-taught, to remind him of his friend's death. They learn on the way that the countess is not at St. Quentin, but at Ancre, and go on thither. As their horses are drinking in a stream, "an evil spirit enters the old man's heart." With his stirrup-

* *i. e.* Santiago de Compostella.

iron he splits open Bernier's head, who falls into the water, whilst Guerry takes to flight with his two knights, who strongly blame and reprove him. Bernier, supported by his knights, Garnier and Savary, has only time before dying to express his forgiveness of Guerry, and to take the usual poetical sacrament in three blades of grass.

The countess, who has had an evil dream, on learning the return of Garnier and Savary, bringing a dead knight, exclaims at once that her dream has come true, that she knows it is Bernier. She hurries to the minster where he lies. In the midst of her grief Julian her son bids her take patience, as his father shall be avenged within a fortnight. After the funeral he prepares to start. What is she to do? she exclaims; "my children want to shame my father;" if he gets them once, he will have them torn limb from limb.—"If he kills me," says Julian, "I acquit him of the sin." She begs her children at least, if they take Red Guerry, not to kill him, but keep him prisoner.

The young men burst into Artois, ravaging all the land. News is brought to Guerry at Arras that a host has entered the country, led by two "light bachelors."—"'It is the two sons,' he says, 'of the good vassal Bernier, whom I killed with my stirrup-iron; they come against me to avenge

their father's death. Not for all the gold of Montpellier would I fail to go and challenge them my land.' Who might then have seen the evil old man straighten himself, set his teeth and lift his head—in no country was there a prouder man." He calls a general ban in Arras; Walter comes to his aid, though telling him it was sin in him to kill Bernier. In the battle which ensues, Walter kills Savary, but is killed by Julian. Guerry, discomfited, retires to his castle, and begs mercy. It is refused by Julian; a furious assault takes place, and lasts till nightfall. But at night "Red Guerry went forth of the city, on his horse he went into exile; but it is not certainly known what became of him. He became a hermit, as I have heard, and Henry had the strong city of Arras and was lord of Artois.... and Julian went back to St. Quentin.... Here the song fails. Blessed be he who told it you, and ye also who have heard it."

The great fault of Raoul of Cambray is the narrowness of its subject. The petty quarrels of the lords of Cambrésis and Vermandois cannot retain for us epical proportions; nor did they long retain those proportions for the middle ages themselves, as is shewn by the episode of Bernier's captivity amongst the Saracens and of his exploits against them, which evidently does not belong to

the original poem, and testifies to the need which was soon felt of enlarging its field of action. That the poem, within the limits of its influence, was highly popular, is shewn by the various discrepant versions which are visibly embodied in its text. It appears clear to me that there were at least two different traditions, one belonging to the Cambray party, of which Raoul and Red Guerry were the heroes, the other belonging to Vermandois, of which the hero was Bernier; and the later minstrel to whom we owe the present text seems sometimes to have clumsily inserted side by side versions founded upon both traditions, sometimes,—when probably they were too opposite,—to have made yet clumsier curtailments, which are betrayed by references in subsequent passages to details not to be found in the present text. The quoting of the "Peers of Vermandois" for the account of the battle appears to indicate that he wrote chiefly from Cambray sources. That account, it will be observed, is almost uniformly unfavourable to Raoul; whilst on the contrary much of what precedes is so favourable to him as to preclude the supposition that it can proceed from an unfriendly quarter. But in addition to what I suspect was the discrepancy of the original sources, a further discordant element seems to me to have been introduced by

the later minstrel, who was apparently shocked at the disloyalty of his predecessors, and therefore took occasion to insert passages favourable to the king.

A clear proof that the original work has been added to and tampered with is afforded by the fact, that up to a certain point the poem follows history, and beyond that point plays false to it. It appears from M. Le Glay's introduction to the work to be historically correct that Raoul I. Taillefer or Cut-iron, who ruled towards the end of the ninth century, married Alais or Adelaide of France, sister of King Louis d'Outremer, and died probably in 897; that his son Raoul the 2nd had a great war with the sons of Herbert of Vermandois, committed grievous devastation and sacrilege, and was killed by Bernier. But Bernier himself did not perish by the hands of Raoul's uncle or otherwise by violence, but died an abbot, apparently in 982. Raoul's violence, and the fate of the minster and nuns of Origny, are referred to in many of the old poems.

The pettiness of the feudal struggle depicted seems to me to fix the origin of 'Raoul de Cambray' in the quite early days of the Capetian monarchy. But the shaping of it into form belongs probably to a later period than that of Garin, whilst the later portions belong, I should think, to

the latter end of the twelfth century. The prominence ascribed to religion,—the retribution on Raoul for his profaning of Origny, for his blasphemous boast aganst Hernaut,—the charge given to Raoul by his mother not to vex the poor, seem clearly to mark a later form of thought and habit of feeling than are betokened by the universal devastations so frequently described in "Garin", where the destruction of church property and the plundering of the villein-class appear among the necessary features of the warfare of the day. The coarseness (which I have been obliged to soften) of Bernier's wife's love-making, and the still greater coarseness of the story of her second marriage, denote a still later and more corrupt state of feeling.

But, allowance being made for the smallness of the subject, and the incoherence arising from the attempt to reconcile jarring traditions, it is impossible not to be struck with the freshness and power which the work exhibits, and which appear to me quite equal to what they are in "Garin,"—indeed to be so closely akin thereto, that I have fancied at times I could trace the same hand at work in both poems. The slaughter of Origny, the quarrel between Raoul and Bernier, the pursuit of Hernaut by Raoul, are among the most dramatic scenes in this cycle.

CHAPTER IV.

SUB-CYCLES OF GERARD OF ROUSSILLON, AND OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

I.—GERARD OF ROUSSILLON.

ALTHOUGH Gerard of Roussillon in the 'Song of Roland', Gerard of Viana the legendary grandfather of William of Orange, or even William himself in later poems, are reckoned among Charlemagne's Peers, the most ancient poems connected with these personages form distinct sub-cycles. I shall not dwell at length upon that of Gerard of Roussillon, which has been preserved to us only in two texts, one Provençal of the thirteenth century, the other, in Frenchified Provençal rather than French, apparently of the twelfth. Both are imperfect, the latter, which is in the Harleian collection of the British Museum, especially so; both have been edited by M. Francisque Michel in one volume (1837), both, through their frequent repetitions, bear the mark of great popularity, which

popularity is moreover attested by several passages from authors of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Judging of the poem under this its present shape, however, I must say it appears to me immeasurably inferior to "Garin." It exhibits a sort of cross between the feudal and the loyal spirit, which deprives it of most of its vigour. Gerard is for sixty years at war with Charles Martel, but is constantly beaten, and is so evidently considered as being in the wrong, that a hermit refuses him absolution until he gives up his hatred to Charles. Both characters and incidents are far less livingly hit off than by the panegyrist of the Lorrainers; there is great sameness in the various fights, embassies and treacheries; and the most interesting portion, that which describes Gerard's wanderings with his wife after his final defeat, appears to me decidedly modern. The writer (evidently posterior to the famous poem of 'Alexander'), has pretensions to learning, refers to the wise men of Rome and Carthage, to king Darius, and makes the Countess of Roussillon, who "speaks better than a preacher," comfort her husband with three verses of the psalms of David and the recollection of Job. I should consider him to have borrowed from "Garin" the idea of the partisanship of Charles Martel's queen for Gerard, though it is far more feebly represented.

The poem terminates, in a manner certainly quite foreign to what must have been the close of the original text, by a narrative of the countess's devout church-building, and of her deliverance from a false accusation; which so works upon Gerard, that he himself ends by doing penance in a monastery. I should not wish, by this rapid notice, to cause the poem to be looked upon as unworthy of attention or devoid of interest, but I consider it, in its present shape, as very decidedly second-rate.

II.—WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

The sub-cycle of 'William of Orange,' otherwise called 'William Short-nose,' (which afterwards expanded into an enormous and incoherent cycle of the kinship of 'Garin of Montglave' and 'Aymery of Narbonne,'—connected through the former with the sub-cycle of the 'Lorrainers'), contains poems of great beauty and interest, a valuable edition of which has been published by M. Jonkbloet at the Hague (1854)—the poems being till then only accessible in print through the summaries and extracts in M. P. Paris' 'Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du roi.' Except Charlèmagne himself, William (or St. William)

of Orange is perhaps the most distinctly historical of all the heroes of the French middle-age epics. I have already mentioned that he is recorded by chroniclers of the reigns of Charlemagne and Louis the Debonair as having been put in the place of Count Orso or Chorso of Toulouse, when the latter (787) had suffered himself to be surprised by Adeloric the Gascon. He is related to have quelled the Gascons by his wisdom and courage; as Duke of Toulouse or Aquitain, to have exercised superior authority in the kingdom of Aquitain, including Septimania; to have been standard-bearer of the empire. A Saracen invasion is chronicled in 793, while Charlemagne was on the banks of the Danube, when they burnt the suburbs of Narbonne, and then proceeding towards Carcassonne, met the French in a battle between the two cities, in which William, at the head of inferior forces, did prodigies of valour, killed a Saracen king, and effected a successful retreat, whilst the Saracens, though masters of the field, durst advance no further, but retired with their booty. It is equally chronicled that in 801, by the advice of William, Louis attacked Barcelona, and that William, at the head of one of the three corps into which the assailants were divided, contributed chiefly to the taking of the place. It is authentic that towards the end of his life William

withdrew from active employment, and after residing for a while with his friend abbot Benedict (the great reformer of the Benedictine order) in the monastery of Aniane, took the monastic habit himself, entered the abbey of Gellone which he had founded, and died there in odour of sanctity, 28 May, 812. St. Cerdo, disciple of St. Benedict of Aniane, who wrote his life in 823 or 824, speaks from personal knowledge of William and of his fame.* Ernoldus Nigellus, who composed in 816 a poem on Louis the Debonair, speaks of the emperor as leaning on William in his youth, and praises him as foremost among his peers. The author of the life of St. William Duke of Aquitain and abbot of Gellone, in the 'Acta Sanctorum,' who was supposed by Mabillon to have written before the eleventh century, but whom M. Jonkbloet refers to the end of that century, shows clearly that William's exploits were then the theme of song,† and is considered by M. Jonkbloet to allude to two of the poems in the sub-cycle which bears his name, those of the "Childhood" and of the "Taking of Orange." It differs however from the popular legend in ascribing to him a Theoderic for father, though confirms it in another respect

* Qui in aulâ imperatoris præ cunctis erat clarior.

† Modulatis vocibus decantant.

by naming his wife Guitburge (the Guibour or Guibor of the poems). So Orderic Vitalis (1075—1141) mentions a clerk named Gerold at the court of William the Conqueror, who sang of "the holy athlete William, who after a long knighthood renounced the world, and under the monastic rule gloriously did knight's service to the Lord."* He inserts moreover an extract from William's life by the monks of Gellone, as being little known.

M. Paulin Paris indeed points out that in the later "branches," as the technical term is, of the poem, William of Orange is confounded with William Iron-arm, son of Tancred of Hauterive, a Norman hero of the conquest of Sicily, or with William Long-sword Duke of Normandy. M. Jonkbloet denies the confusion as to the former, but points out two or three other Williams with whom he seems to have been confounded in particular adventures, including a William I. of Provence, who drove out the Saracens and died (992) under the monastic habit, and a William of Bezalu who is recorded as having lost his nose. The whole cycle or *geste* of the children of 'Garin of Montglave' and 'Aymery of Narbonne', which has grown round

* Addebat etiam de sancto athleta Guillelmo, qui post longam militiam abrenunciavit seculo, et sub monachili regula gloriose militavit domino.

'William of Orange,' comprises, M. Jonkbloet tells us, not less than a hundred and twenty thousand lines, the latest portions being in Alexandrines, with a short line at the close. The celebrity of the sub-cycle is shown, not only by the variety of texts, but by the Dutch version of Nicolas of Haarlem, 1191—1217, of which however only fragments remain, and the German one of Wolfram von Eschenbach in the thirteenth century, which indeed remained unfinished.

The poem that stands first in order of sequency (not of date) in this cycle is Garin of Montglave, then Gerard of Viana (to be noticed further on), then Aymery of Narbonne. In M. Victor Hugo's 'Légende des siècles' will be found a vivid modern version of the opening incident of the last, when Charlemagne, seeing on his return from Roncevaux a great and strong town below, which is Narbonne, offers it in fee to whoever will conquer it. All the peers decline the venture; at last old Hernaut of Beaulande puts forward his son Aymery, who has been less than a year knighted, but who takes the town.* The marriage of Aymery with Hermengard, sister of king Boniface of Pavia, and the siege of Narbonne by the Saracens, appear to

* M. Victor Hugo makes him offer himself, and conceals his noble birth and station.

form the other leading events of the poem, which from the mention made in it of king Andrew of Hungary (1204—5) must belong to the thirteenth century.

I. The first poem of the cycle in which William appears, but which M. Jonkbloet has not admitted into his volumes, though of earlier date than "Aymery" (it is written in pentameters, with sometimes imperfect rhymes), is the "Childhood of William," otherwise "The departure of the sons of Aymery."

Aymery has seven sons of Hermengard. The emperor sends for the four eldest, promising that after five or six years' service he will give them gold and silver and chargers, castles and towns. William will not go; he wishes to fight the foeman folk; he will gain silver and gold enough for himself. He wants to go campaigning against the Moors; his brothers Guibert, Hernaut, Bevis (Bueves or Buevon) and Guerin (or Garin) are ready to accompany him. Bernard, the eldest son, wishes to obey the emperor, and blames the others for following a younger brother. William declares that were there a hundred sons of Aymery, he should be called lord and master over all, and would give them castles and cities, towns and fortresses. He is at last persuaded to go by Aymery, but declares that when he is armed

knight he will go and conquer Spain to endow his brothers, and promises his mother to come and succour her if attacked. The rest of the poem is chiefly occupied with details of the early prowess of William, armed with a log of wood (the usual weapon of heroes before knighthood), his early love-passages with fair Orable of Orange (which are not in accordance with the subsequent poems), and his rescue of Narbonne, besieged in the absence of Aymery and his sons by the Arab king Tybalt,* Orable's husband.

II. The next poem of the cycle is the first which is published *in extenso* by M. Jonkbloet. More ancient evidently than the two already referred to, but more modern than other branches,—it is written in the old assonance, and is entitled the "Crowning of King Louis" (Coronement du roi Loeys.)

The proem tells how, when God chose the kingdoms, the best lot fell on "sweet France"; how Charlemain its greatest king conquered Bavaria and Almain, Normandy, Anjou, Brittany, Lombardy, Navarre, Tuscany. "The king who of France bears the golden crown, brave should he be

* I follow Wolfram von Eschenbach in thus rendering the French 'Thibaut' or 'Thiebault', which sounds utterly incongruous as applied to a Saracen.

and bold of his body, and if there be any man who does him wrong, neither on plain nor in tower should he find refuge from recreancy or death. If he do not so, whereby France loses her praise, the story says he is wrongly crowned." This passage, with much of the commencement, is probably by a different hand from the latter portion of the poem (which generally exhibits royalty in by no means a favourable light), and seems more modern.

Charlemain before his death wishes to have his son Louis crowned. There are present nineteen bishops and nineteen archbishops, twenty-six abbots, four crowned kings. But Louis is so affrighted at his father's account of his duties that he dare not at first take the crown. Charlemain incensed threatens to make a mōnk of him. Hernaut or Hernald (*i.e.* Arnold) of Orleans suggests three years' delay, during which the chief authority should be delegated to himself. William, returning from hunting, is informed of the news by his nephew Bertram. He sees through Hernaut's treachery, and pressing through the crowd is about to cut his head off, when he bethinks himself that "to kill a man is too mortal a sin," and therefore contents himself with a blow of his fist—which however breaks Hernaut's jaw and tumbles him dead at William's feet; he then takes the crown

from the altar and puts it on Louis' head. Charlemain now again discourses to Louis on his duties: "Louis, sir son, soon thou shalt have my kingdom to hold; by such covenant mayest thou retain it, that from infant heir thou take not his right, nor from widow woman one Anjou farthing's worth; bethink thee of serving well holy churches, that devil may never shame thee; bethink thee of gladdening thy knights; by them thou shalt be honoured and served in all lands, and loved, and cherished." Five years afterwards, before his death, the emperor again addresses his son: "Son Louis, I will not hide from thee that when God made kings to exalt the people, He never did it that they should judge false law, commit incontinence, upraise sin, nor take away fiefs from infant heir, nor take fourpence from a widow woman; rather should he" (the king) "beat down misdeeds under his feet, and crush and trample them. Towards the poor thou shouldst humble thyself, and help and counsel them. . . . Towards the proud man thou shouldst make thyself as fierce as a leopard that eats the folk; and if he make war on thee in any way, summon in France the noble knights till thou hast more than thirty thousand; whereinsoever he most trusts, there have him besieged, and all his land wasted and spoiled; if thou canst take

him or have him given into thy hand, never have thou of him ransom nor pity, rather have him dismembered, burnt in fire or drowned in the sea. . . . Of a villein make not to thyself a counsellor, nor of son of provost or of wayreeve; they would cheat thee for a little gain." The monarch ends by recommending to his son to put confidence in William and Bernard of Breban, the sons of Aymery.

At this moment however William asks leave, which is angrily granted by the dying sovereign, to go on a pilgrimage to Rome, in fulfilment of a vow made fifteen years back. He finds the city beleaguered by a hundred thousand Saracens, France itself being invaded at the same time as far as Chartres. William has only forty knights with him, the "Apóstle" (*i. e.* the Pope*) four thousand. The pope offers the invaders "the great treasure of the ark" that they may go away. King Galafer refuses, claiming Rome in right of his ancestors Romulus and Julius Cæsar. The issue of the war is however staked on a single combat between two champions, William on the side of the Christians, on the other the most valiant soldier of Galafer's

* In a letter of Charlemagne's to his queen Fastrade, dated 701, we find already the Pope spoken of as "Dominus Apostolicus." From this to the "Apostol" of the vulgar tongue the transition was easy.

host, king Corsolt, hideous as a devil, with eyes red as coal in furnace, half-a-foot broad between the eyes, a toise long from shoulder to fork. He despises William; "Little man, what wouldst thou?" he asks. The pope again prays the Saracens in God's name to take ransom. "Not well taught are you," replies Galafer, "who before us dare plead God's name.... A thunderbolt from heaven killed my father; he was wholly burnt, man could not help him. When God had burned him, he did as one well-taught, he ascended to heaven.... I could not follow him thither, but on his men I have since avenged myself; of those who were lifted on font and baptized I have had more than thirty thousand destroyed, burnt in fire and drowned in water.... Earth is mine, heaven shall be his." He ends by saying that if he can take Rome by force, he will have the singing clerks flayed with knives, and the pope himself burnt on lit coals, so that his liver shall fall out. The pope on his return tells William that if all the twelve peers were alive,* with Aymery the warrior, his father and all his brothers, they would not dare approach the champion. William

* The names of these personages vary constantly. Here is the list as given in the present poem: Roland and Oliver, Yves and Yvory, Hato and Berenger, the archbishop (Turpin) and child Manessier, Estoz of Langres and courteous Gaifier, Walter and Angelier.

declares that were he ten toises high he would fight him.

The combat takes place. Corsolt bids the feast be prepared beforehand, as he will soon have killed the Frenchman; a blow of his club will strike down both him and his horse. William begins a prayer, nearly a hundred lines long ('no man alive, if he said it willingly at his rising in the morning, would be cumbered with the devil'), recapitulating sacred events in general since the creation, and ending by entreating the Holy Virgin for help, that he may do no cowardice, so that his lineage be not reproved. Corsolt now asks whom he has been so long speaking to, and makes him the splendid offers usual on such occasions (if we may credit the poets) on condition of his recanting, which offers are of course rejected. He then bids William take his weapon and strike his shield with it, telling him he will not move, as he wants to see a little of his "baronage" (*i. e.* manliness), and "how a small man can do in battle." William strikes him such a blow as cuts through shield and hauberk and breastplate, and into the Saracen's body. After various stout blows on either side, Corsolt aims a stroke at William which shears off the end of his nose, and cuts his horse in two parts, the giant's sword however flying out of his hand.

William tries in return to strike him on the head, but cannot reach to it. The Turk rushes on him with open mouth, foaming "as heated beast which hounds are hunting in the branchy wood," and stuns him with another tremendous blow. He now insults William, telling him he is only fit in his noseless condition to be caterer to king Louis. Moreover, as the 'amiral' is waiting for him to dine, he is impatient to have done, so he tries to lift him up, armour and all, on the neck of his horse to carry him off. But in so doing, William, who in fury has thrown away his shield, strikes him with both hands a deadly blow with his own sword. "God!" he exclaims, "how I have avenged my nose! I shall never be king Louis's caterer, nor shall my lineage have reproach." He cuts off the giant's head: "Henceforth let whoso loves and holds me dear.... call me Count William Short-nose the warrior."

William now mounts the giant's horse,—shortening the stirrups by a foot and a-half,—and returns to the French, who are overjoyed at his victory, and offer battle the next day. William engages king Galafer, overcomes him, and is about to cut his head off, when the Pagan offers if spared to release a certain wise king "Gaifier of Police" (?) and thirty thousand of his men, whom he has taken

prisoners, and asks to be baptized, as Mahomet can no more help him. Gaifier in his gratitude offers William the hand of his daughter, whom William is about to marry,* when a messenger reaches him from king Louis, announcing his father's death, and that the king is being nearly spoiled of his inheritance by Richard of Normandy.

Renouncing at once his marriage, William returns in all haste to France. Not far from Paris, he meets a "galliard" pilgrim, with beard white as flower in April, and learns from him that Robert is about to be crowned, but an honest clerk holds Louis concealed in the crypt of St. Martin's church. "Pilgrim," asks William, "whither are gone the gentle knights, and the lineage of brave count Aymery?† Those were wont to maintain their lord."—"By that cross where God's body was placed," replies the pilgrim, "if I were a man who could help him, I would have so marred the traitors as that they should not care to betray their lord." William "threw a laugh" on hearing him, and turn-

* 'Having forgotten Orable,' M. Paulin Paris adds in his abstract, which appears to be taken from a later text than that of M. Jonkbloet, and one which seeks to reconcile the branch of the "Childhood of William" with the more ancient poems.

† M. Paris's abstract puts this question into the pilgrim's own mouth,—implying despair. Both versions are effective.

ing to Bertram his nephew, "Heard you ever so courteous a pilgrim?"

He proceeds, joined by his nephews Gaudin the brown and brave Savary. He bids his men not spare their horses; "he that loses a nag, he will give him back a charger." At Tours they ask that the gates be opened to them as friends of Duke Richard. The porter refuses to admit them, that they may increase the number of traitors within, exclaiming "whither are gone the valiant knights, the lineage of Aymery?" William is full of joy: "Heard you ever porter speak so well?" He obtains admission on discovering himself; the porter bids him not spare the conspirators, and himself, taking a glove in his right hand, defies the absent Richard and renounces his service. William hereupon has him knighted by his nephew Bertram. "He looked at his hands and his feet; he saw him comely, lissom and straight; he furnished him by knightly law with strong hauberk and steel helmet, good sword and trenchant spear, charger and horn and squire, and palfrey and sumpter-mule, and gave him good hire of his service."

Placing then his nephew Walter of Toulouse with twenty knights at the Poitiers gate of the city, he bids him "see there go forth no man under heaven, nor clerk nor priest, how well soever he

know how to pray, but that he have all his limbs cut off."—He places another chief in like manner at the Paris gate, and enters himself St. Martin's church, where he is recognised by a clerk named Walter, who advises him to close the doors, and take the heads of all the clerks, bishops, canons and abbots within as traitors. "Blessed be the hour," exclaims William, "when such a clerk was nursed!" The clerk fetches the young king, who falls at William's feet and kisses his shoe. William embraces him and calls his knights: 'When a man has been tonsured in the minster, and should live to read his psalter, ought he afterwards to do treason for hire?'—'Nay, good sir,' say the knights. —'And if he do, what should be his hire?'—'He should be hung as a thief.'—'Well have ye counselled me, by St. Dennis,' replies William, 'I wish no better advice.'

He hastens to the chancel, whilst his barons beat the clergy, driving them out, and bidding them go "to eighty devils." He sends to summon Richard's son Acelin to do justice to his lord. Acelin refuses. A fight ensues, Acelin is taken, and Bertram is about to run him through with a sword, when William declares he shall die a more shameful death, and brains him with a vine-stake. Richard himself is clinging to the altar;

William fells him with a blow of his fist, shaves his head and strips him on the marble. They are however outwardly reconciled; Louis is reinstated, and William spends six years in conquering the land for him. As he is passing through Normandy, Richard lays an ambush for him, but is wounded, sees his men put to flight, himself bound on a charger, as a coffer on a sumpter-horse, and given up as a prisoner to king Louis, in whose prison he dies. William now thinks to have rest, but news comes from Rome, amongst other events, of an invasion of 'Guy of Almain.' The end of this 'branch,' which is not interesting, comprises Guy's challenge to Louis, and William's fight with him. The German is of course killed.

M. Jonkbloet, though inferring from various sources that there was a conspiracy against the crowning of Louis the Debonair, which took place at the early age of three, and was followed by his being sent to the kingdom of Aquitain under Arnold as his tutor, yet believes that there reigns in the poem above referred to a confusion with the circumstances of the enthronement of Louis d' Outremer, whose faithful defender was William of Poitiers. The last incident of 'Guy of Almain' he would refer to the invasion of Guy of Spoleto after 888, in which a William is also mentioned.

III. The next and most ancient branch, the "Cartage of Nîmes," is at the same time by far the most vigorous and most remarkable poem of the series. "Would it please you," asks the minstrel, "to hear of the best man that ever believed in God? 'Tis of William Short-nose the marquis, how he took Nîmes by the mounted car, then conquered the city of Orange, and had Guibor baptized, whom he took from king Tybalt the Slavon, then married for his wife and his peeress." Although this proem is, as often happens, probably of later date than the bulk of the branch itself, still it is observable that William is throughout treated as a recognised hero, under his surname of Short-nose, thus indicating that the legend of the "Crowning of King Louis" must have been of earlier, though the branch itself may be of later date.

William is at Paris, returning over the 'Petit-Pont' from the hunt, when his nephew Bertram tells him how king Louis has been distributing lands and fiefs to his courtiers, without thinking of them. It matters not, says Bertram, that he who is only a (knight) bachelor should be forgotten; but much that his uncle should be, who is "such a baron," and has so "laboured and suffered, watching at night and fasting by day." William laughs, and after bidding his nephew put on a court-dress,

mounts with him the palace-steps, bursting his shoes as he goes. On reaching the king, he reproaches him for his ingratitude. "I have killed," he says, "many a gentle bachelor, whereof the sin is entered into my body; whoever they were, God had formed them; may God think of their souls, and forgive me!"—Louis says that some of these days one of his peers will die, and he will then give William all the land, and the widow if he will take her.—William complains that it is long waiting for a bachelor of his youth. A year ago he might have had the daughter of king Gaifier, and land enough to fight the king of France. How has he served the king, protected him against traitors and Saracens, made himself hated of the Duke of Normandy! He refers to a fight (unrecorded in existing poems) at the 'ford of Pierrelatte' with Dagobert, and also to one with "the great army of Otho" before Rome. Yet for him there is no gift of land or honour, his men die of hunger, his horses stand unlittered, his friends have abandoned him. "So much have I served thee that my hair is white, nor have I conquered the worth of a mote, nor know yet whither to turn my body.... What has become of your sense?"—The king in vain seeks to excuse himself by saying that many other good vassals are unprovided for. Then he

bids him take the land of count Falcon.—'Nay, he has left two children whom I will not spoil.'—"Take the land of Burgundian Aubry, and his mother Hennemant of Tory, best woman who ever drank wine."—"Nay, he has left a son, Robert the Burgundian, who will serve thee as well as his father."—"Take then the land of marquis Berenger; dead is the count, take thou his wife."—William now appeals to the barons, telling the story of Berenger; how, having killed a count his enemy, he fled to the emperor at Laon, who received him, and gave him wife and land; how afterwards in a fight he saved his lord from death, dismounting from his good horse to give it him, while he held the stirrup; how then, when the king "fled like coward greyhound," marquis Berenger remained to slay the foeman. And now he has left an heir, little Berenger. "'The emperor will give me his fief? By the apostle whom men seek to at Rome, there is not in France so bold a knight, if he take the land of little Berenger, but by this sword he shall soon lose his head.'—'Gramercy, sir,' say the knights who belong to child Berenger; a hundred there are who bow their heads to him."—Louis now offers him a quarter of his kingdom, the fourth town, the fourth castle, the fourth penny; William refuses all, and ends by angrily withdrawing, but

is appeased by Bertram, who advises him to ask a fief which none would dispute with him, Spain (*i. e.* primarily, as it would seem, the provinces of South France then in the hands of the Saracens). The king declares it is not his to give, and again offers William to share his kingdom with him. William in turn declares he will not diminish Louis's honour, but means to increase it by iron and steel. The king at last gives the asked-for fief, but stipulates that it shall be without warranty, pledging himself only, on William's request, to 'one succour in seven years.'

William now calls to him his nephews, Guy or Guielin and Bertram, the sons of Bernard of Breban, bidding them 'receive the glove,' *i. e.* take joint investiture of the fief, with him. Guielin "smiles faintly," saying he is too young, but is cuffed for his pains by his father. William then mounts the table, and proclaims "to the poor bachelors with lame nags and torn clothes," that if they will prove themselves with him in battle he will give them money and heritages, castles, marches and fortresses. He has soon thirty thousand around him, and old Aymon tells the king he is taking away the flower of France,—for which William, on being informed of the speech, comes back and brains him before the king. Still how-

ever he has misgivings as to his own undertaking, and at the first halt falls a-weeping over his folly in having refused half a king's realm.—'The adventure is with God,' observes Bertram.

Proceeding southwards by Chartres, Berry and Auvergne, William stops at Puy, where he falls in with a villein, leading a cart, on which is a barrel filled with salt, whereon his children are playing at marbles. The French laugh; William questions the carter as to the state of Nîmes; his answer refers to the price of bread; he knows nothing of king Otrant. Garnier the knight now observes that a thousand such barrels filled with knights could take Nîmes. William takes the hint, and at once proceeds to carry out the stratagem which gives its name to the present branch. He bids Bertram seize all the carts and oxen and barrels in the fields. Bertram—who "cares not if the villeins grumble" —dresses up as a carter, in coat of smoky frieze, with large red shoes on his feet, all burst above; but he is unskilled in his new occupation, and succeeds in bogging his cart, for which he is jeered by William and the knights within. William on his side is dressed in a gown of country stuff, with great green hose on his legs and ox-hide shoes, a knife by his side, a hat on his head, mounted on a sorry mare with stirrups thirty years old.

Thus disguised, they enter the town as rich merchants, coming, as they tell the king when questioned, from England the Great, from the worthy city of Canterbury. William has his carts placed in the widest spaces in the town, for greater freedom. He is further questioned on his journeys by the king, who looking at his nose, cannot help thinking of Count Short-nose, and asks how he came by this disfigurement. William replies that when young he had been a "marvellous thief," and had his nose cut by the merchants. Meanwhile the convoy so crowds the gates of the palace, that the seneschal cannot enter. He complains to Otrant's brother Herpin, who kills two of William's oxen for the king's table, while the Saracens begin to mock William on account of his dress; at last Herpin pulls his beard. William now mounts a stone. "Felon paynim," he cries, "God confound you all! so much have ye to-day scorned and mocked me, and called me merchant and villein! I am no merchant, in truth;... to-day shall ye know what wealth I have brought." He brains Herpin with a blow of his fist, and on the Saracens rushing upon him blows his horn thrice, when the knights burst out of the barrels. A fight ensues; the Saracens are beaten; William seizes Otrant, and on his refusing to deny his faith, in

spite of the entreaties of the French, flings him down from the tower.

M. Jonkbloet reminds us that the stratagem on which turns the taking of Nîmes is one that is told of by Trogus Pompeius respecting king Comanus at Marseilles, and which occurred again at Treves in 1017. He is inclined to attribute to William I. of Provence both the taking of Nîmes and that of Orange, which forms the subject of the next branch.

IV. The "Taking of Orange," M. Jonkbloet considers, was probably composed in the first quarter of the eleventh century, but modernized after 1076, and forms in its present shape the most modern branch in the volume. It is also somewhat lower in moral tone; but there is a good deal of poetry in the following opening:

"It was in May, in the new summer-time, when flower the woods and the leas are green, when the sweet waters draw back into their channels, and the birds sing sweet and soft." Count William has risen at early morn, he goes to hear service at the minster; when it is over, he mounts to the palace of 'Otrant the cursed,' which he has conquered; "he leans on the great windows, he looks down on the realm, he sees the fresh grass and the planted rose-trees, he hears the mavis and merle a-singing."

Then he remembers "the great jollity" of former days in France. He calls Bertram: 'Sir nephew, come hither. From France we went forth in very great poverty, nor took away harper nor *jongleur* nor damsel for delight. Enough good chargers have we and good hauberks and good gilded helmets, trenchant swords and good buckled shields, good spears shod square with iron, and bread and wine and salt meat and corn. God confound Saracens and Slavons, who let us sleep and rest so much! I am tired of sojourning here; we are shut up as men imprisoned. Had we but a thousand damsels of France, the fair and pleasant!'

As he speaks, behold toward the East one coming on the road from the river. It is Gilbert, a three years' captive of the Saracens at Orange, who has killed a Saracen and fled. He reaches Nîmes black and thin and pale, hairy and fleshless, and is at first taken for one of the paynim. Bread and wine are set before him, and he tells how he is son to Duke Guyo of Ardane, and was taken prisoner to Orange; "no such fortress is there as far as the river Jordan." There are twenty thousand pagans armed with spears, and rich king Aragon, son of Tybalt of Spain, and the lady Orable, a gentle queen; none so fair from hence to the East. As he goes on descanting on the

strength of the city, and the wonders of Glorietta its marble tower, and the beauty of the lady, William exclaims: "By Him who has to save all, I will no more bear lance or shield if I have not the lady and the city!.... I will not eat of bread made with flour, nor of salt meat, nor will drink of wine on the lees, till I have seen how Orange lies, and have seen that marble tower, and the lady Orable, the courteous queen." Gilbert tells him he is mad. Had he one hundred thousand men with swords and fair armour and gilded buckles, he could not take the place.—'You tell me,' replies William, 'of the city, that nor count nor king has the like, and you blame me for going to see it! By St. Maurice, I summon thee, thou shalt go with me; thou hast spoken enough Turkish and African, Bedouin and Basque, to be interpreter.'

Gilbert, on hearing this summons, would rather be at Chartres or at Blois. Bertram tells William he will be known by his mouth and his laugh, that he will be taken perhaps to Persia, eaten "without bread and without flour." But their efforts to dissuade him are vain. William repeats his vow that he will eat nor bread made of flour nor salt meat, nor drink old wine on the lees, till he has seen how Orange lies, and Glorietta that marble tower, and lady Orable the courteous queen. "A man who

loves is full of folly.... I cannot sleep nor slumber at night, I cannot eat nor drink, nor bear arms nor mount charger, nor go to mass nor enter minster." So they prepare to start. With herbs pounded in a mortar they dye their bodies, till they seem as devils. Guielin swears he will go also, and is anointed with the dye; Bertram however remains behind.

On reaching the gates of Orange, they declare themselves to be pilgrims come from Africa, and men of king Tybalt. For fear of William Short-nose, the porter refuses to admit them, till he has spoken to king Aragon, who however bids them be let in. As William enters the palace, all lit up by means of a golden cage, his first thought is, "Would God Bertram were here with ten thousand French!" Questioned by the king, he says that on passing by Nîmes to see Otrant, he and his companions found that the king was killed, and were imprisoned, but eventually let go.—Had he William in his possession, exclaims Aragon, he would torture him, and cast his bones and dust to the winds. They ask to see the ladies, and after being feasted are conducted to the tower of Glorietta, where they admire the marble pillars and walls, the windows carved in silver, the golden eagle which lights the whole, and a wondrous spice-bearing fir-tree in the

corner. Orable is seated, dressed in scarlet cloth, her fair body tightly laced, fanned by the lady Rosiana with a silver fan; whiter was she than shining snow, redder than the rose. All William's body trembled at the sight; 'This is Paradise!' he exclaimed. He repeats to Orable the message before given to Aragon, announcing that "William Iron-arm" (the original surname of the Short-nose) means to come in April to destroy the town. The lady asks what manner of man he is. "Full proud," replies the sham messenger, "is his heart, and big are his fists, and marvellous his arms; there is no man so tall, from hence to Arabia, if he strike him with his sharp sword, but he will cleave all his body and armour to the ground."—"By Mahomet!" exclaims the lady, "well must he hold his march! joyous must be the lady, in whom is his heart!"

But Salatré, a Saracen recently escaped from Nîmes, recognises William, as well as Guielin and Gilbert, and makes him uncover his face by a blow. "Sir William!" exclaims Aragon, "well known is your name! in evil hour passed you the Rhône! By Mahomet! ye shall all die by a great destruction! your bones and dust we will scatter through the mountain! I would not take this keep full of gold, that ye should not die and be burnt all to coal!" Strengthened by a prayer, William lifts

a staff he held, and brains Salatré; "Monjoie!" he then cries, "Barons, strike forward!" Seizing a log brought for the fire, he brains a second Saracen, Gilbert thrusts a third through with his iron-shod staff. They end by killing fourteen, and so frighten the remainder that they drive them out, and drawing up the chains of the bridge, shut themselves up in Glorietta. William now proclaims to Aragon who he is, and declares that henceforth he will be "shepherd" of the tower.

Aragon promises the standard-bearership of his kingdom to whosoever will take William. So many Saracens assault the tower, that William says to Guielin they will never return to France. Guielin retorts by a taunt on the foolhardiness of the venture; let him go and sit by Orable, press her in his arms and kiss her; every kiss will be worth to them twenty thousand marks of silver. William is near to losing his wits at being thus taunted. The queen advises him to surrender. He entreats her on the contrary to find him means of defence. She fetches from a locked chest in her room a rich hauberk and helmet, with a sword of Tybalt her lord's. Guielin and Gilbert in turn obtain arms from two other ladies. Thus provided, they fight the Saracens, and do such execution as to put them to flight. Aragon at last offers, if they

will give up Glorietta, to let them go safe and sound, threatening otherwise to burn them all. William replies that they have enough bread and meat and wine and armour and swords and fair ladies, so that he never means to leave. When king Louis hears of his danger, and his brother Bernard, and Garin of Anséune, and Bevis of Commarchis, and Bertram, each will bring twenty thousand warriors; they will destroy all the place, and hang and nail Aragon himself up to the wind.

Pharaoh king of Benevent advises to burn out the Christians with Greek fire. Aragon retorts that it would be of no avail, as there is no wood to burn. But an old Saracen judge, Orquenoy, in consideration of ten mule-loads of silver, reveals a subterranean approach, by means of which they enter the palace unperceived by the French, who now think themselves betrayed by Orable. In vain they defend themselves, killing thirty Turks; they are taken, and are about to be roasted on gridirons. Orable begs them as her prisoners, that she may have them devoured by snakes. Aragon says that whatever has happened is by her fault in arming the Christians. She replies to him with insults, declaring that but for the other barons she would hit him on the nose. Let the knights be put in prison till the arrival of king Tybalt, Des-

ramé (Abderrahman) and Golias the fair. This is resolved on; they are thrown into a deep dungeon, and a message is sent to Tybalt.

William laments over his evil fate. Guielin again taunts him: "Send for Orable, the lady of Africa, that by love she may succour her lover." Orable indeed comes, but with the message that they are to be hanged. Guielin now seeks to win favour with her, declaring he will be her man if she will set him free.—If William Iron-arm will take her, she says, she will deliver all three and become a Christian. This is of course assented to; she takes them up into Glorietta, and tells them of another secret underground passage which no one knows of, leading to the Rhône, by which they could send a messenger to Count Bertram to come and release them. William bids Guielin go on this errand, but he refuses. "I would rather," he says, "die in this tower here than in sweet France and amidst my kinsmen." Gilbert however undertakes the message, and is accompanied to some distance by the lady and the other knights. Unfortunately they are overheard by a Saracen, who tells all to Aragon. The king proceeds to Glorietta, and finds William and Orable playing at chess beneath the wondrous fir-tree. Pharaoh suggests dismembering the Christians and burning Orable; a milder

Saracen, that all four should be thrown into prison. His advice is followed; Orable only regrets not being christened. The sarcastic Guielin taunts her in turn: "You and my uncle should be now at great ease; through your great love you should bear this mishap." The Pagans hear them disputing, and take once more the two knights before the king, when Pharaoh again urges their dismemberment. Guielin brains him with his fist, and seizing a hatchet, kills another Saracen. William does equal execution with a log of wood, till at last they succeed once more in driving out the Saracens, raising the bridge, and shutting themselves up.

Meanwhile Bertram is lamenting over William's absence, when Gilbert arrives and tells him the sad tidings, warning Bertram at the same time that he will never be able to take Orange by force of arms. Bertram is furious, but Gilbert comforts him by telling him he will introduce him into the town without the knowledge of the enemy. They enter the city accordingly by the underground passage, and take possession of it, Bertram killing Aragon. Orable is baptized under the name of Guibor, and marries William. "Afterwards thirty years was he in Orange, but never a day without challenge."

V. The traditionary legend of William was

probably nearly exhausted, at the time the poem was thrown into its present shape, by the taking of Orange. But the poet now intercalates into the work a new hero, William's nephew Vivian,—a character sprung evidently from that of Roland, though with an individuality of his own, and one of the most celebrated legendary personages of the middle ages. Indeed his story seems to have grown into a sub-cycle of itself, commencing with the usual "Childhood of Vivian" *(Enfances Vivien)*, a poem not admitted by M. Jonkbloet into his text, but noticed by M. Paris in his "Manuscrits." Written in rhyme, it is later than the branches of Vivian's story which belong properly to the sub-cycle of William Short-nose, and does not agree with them in its circumstances.

The only beautiful passages in the poem, M. Paris tells us, are those which relate to the exchange of Vivian for his father, Garin of Anséune, of the race of Aymery, who has been taken prisoner by the Saracens at Roncevaux. Garin has sent word to his wife not to give up the lad, now seven years old. She is much perplexed, and goes to king Louis at Paris, where are many brothers and nephews of Garin. A family council is held; William Short-nose is of opinion that Vivian should go. The child should defend his father's life.

"Woe be to the tree planted in the orchard, that makes no shade to its lord in summer!" If Vivian die, it will befit them to think of the revenge. The child decides to go. The mother, addressing him, declares she will take of his hair, and of the parings of his finger-nails, "which are whiter than ermine or than snow; close to my heart I will find them, I will see them again on feast days and every month; so will my great sorrow be quenched." Yet she remembers "a courteous word" he said to her, scarcely four months past: "Fair mother, what do I see? why bear you in mind my father's death? If I live long enough to bear harness in Spain, it cannot be but that all the revenge of it be taken."

VI. The next poem, written in assonance often running into rhyme, is called by M. Paris the "Knighting *(l'adoubement)*", by M. Jonkbloet probably more correctly "the Covenant *(li covenans)* of Vivian."

Vivian, left early an orphan, has been tenderly brought up by Guibor, wife of William. On being knighted by his uncle one Easter-tide, he swears never in all his life to flee so much as a foot-length (other texts seem to say a lance-length) before the Saracens, whenever he should have helmet and hauberk on. Vainly William dissuades him from the rash vow: "You are young,

leave such folly... flee quick if you have need; where there is room, return, as I do when I am cumbered; good is that flight whereby man's body is saved." But Vivian will listen to no counsel. With a thousand companions he enters "great" Spain, wasting the lands of Turks and Persians, killing women and children; he has had it proclaimed in all his host: "He who takes any misbelieving pagan, let him receive for him neither fine gold nor silver, but cut off his head at once."

Meanwhile at Cordova king Desramé, Guibor's father, has been congratulating himself on having effected a truce with William, when a vessel arrives with five hundred Saracens sent by Vivian, all with their lips and noses cut off, their eyes put out, or their feet and hands chopped off, together with the news of the taking of "Arleschans" on the sea by the young chief. A general ban is proclaimed throughout Spain; all the Mussulman kings march against Vivian, whom they reach at Arleschans.

The battle of Arleschans which now begins was, M. Paris tells us, as celebrated in the middle ages as that of Roncevaux. Yet it has no place in history. The most probable theory is, that the battle represents a legendary concentration of the recollections of all the great battles in South

France between Mussulman and Christian, including that of Poitiers. M. Jonkbloet points out that on Abderrahman's invasion in 730, Arles narrowly escaped, and there was a bloody conflict near the Rhône, which is recorded by the Arab authors, and vaguely referred to by Turpin; that there were several attempts by the Saracens on Arles, in 734, 840, 848, 869. 'Arleschans,' or 'Aleschans' on the sea, M. Paulin Paris and himself both identify with the cemetery of Arles, spoken of as being "in *Aylis campis* prope Arelatem." Where 'L'Archant' is spoken of in the poem, this is the territory of Arles, known as the "terre d'Argence," *Argenteus campus.* There must have been an old poem on the subject of the battle, but its connection with Vivian's oath must be modern, as this is ignored by Wolfram of Eschenbach, who translated the cycle of William Shortnose in 1217.

The Saracen fleet appears before 'L'Archant,' so numerous that "you could not see water on all the sea." Vivian bids his men have no fear. There is no strength nor help but from God; whoever dies, his soul will be received in Paradise. In vain his uncle Guerin, his cousin Girard of Commarchis, suggest sending for succour to William, or retreating, as they are but one to seventy. Still

Vivian bids them trust. 'Sorry and mean are all their gods; our God is worth "more than a hundred and ten" of such.' He has sworn not to flee from Turks nor Persians. How can he send for help to William while he is yet unharmed, with a whole hauberk? Yet "I will not that ye should die for me; depart whithersoever ye please, full willingly have ye leave of me; I will remain, for so have I covenanted; at that hour that I was dubbed knight was the covenant granted to the Lord God, that I should not flee for Turk nor for Slavon."—Says one to another, "Bolder man was never born of mother. Whoso shall fail him, let him never be loved, never see God in His great majesty." Comforted by the Holy Spirit, they all pledge themselves to remain. 'We are seven counts of one lineage,' says Girard, 'let us keep all close together and kiss one another.'

But on preparing for the encounter, Vivian is himself affrighted, seeing that he and his men number scarcely one to a hundred foemen. He has a presentiment of his doom. "Never shall I see you, Uncle William, nor my lineage, nor the men of my land!... And you, Countess Guibor, my fair lady, long you nursed me under your shoulder; when I shall be dead and you shall learn the news, for the love of me you will weep

a hundred tears." His heart fails him, he is ready to fall from the saddle. He nerves him however for the fray, and engages the enemy with characteristic valour. He is wounded by the king of Cordova, gives him a death-wound in turn. Stephen of Valprey, a knight who had been long at Salerno, cuts off with his sword a strip of his tunic, and kneeling before Vivian stuffs it into the wound and binds it tight. Girard now blames Vivian for not having sent for succour. Vivian replies that to have done so would have always been held a shame to him, and a reproach to his kinsmen. "Better is it to have erred thus, than that we should have escaped to such shame. If we die in this honoured field, we shall have conquered friendship towards God. When man dies in his first age, and in his strength, and in his might, then is he both bewailed and regretted. But when he dies in his old age, never will he be bewailed nor regretted." But the Christians are overmatched. Pressed again by Girard, Vivian suggests that they should cut their way to a tower, built by a giant of the old time. But how are they to reach it? ask the barons; 'There are so many thousands of Saracens, that no man could number them; thicker are they than wood before cutting; how shall we pierce through them?'—"*With the furbished brand of steel*," replies

Vivian; "follow me, I will go first." He blows a small trumpet, which makes his wounds bleed afresh, but cuts his way through. His men were three thousand this morning, they are now but half that number. They enter the castle; towers, ditches and cisterns are all in good condition, they are safe for a month, but there is no food. "Now be not dismayed, men of God... it is all for God that ye are travailing, in Paradise shall be your hire." He bids them slay their chargers for food. "I am wounded in four places of my body, but thanks to God I have avenged myself full well... I have never fled, but advanced always, in the midst of the foe I have taken up my quarters; never shall my lineage be blamed that I fled so much as a foot length for pagans. When proud-faced Aymery shall know it, and Sir William and Guibor his wife, and my kinship that are so strong, they will not say that we have done amiss."

He sees however the need of succour, and asks who will bear a message to William. Girard of Commarchis offers himself, as speaking enough "Saracenish." Foiled at a first attempt, he succeeds at the second, and reaches Orange. "He enters the town, which was then full fair; he finds the ladies at the windows, and in the streets the damsels carolling; he finds a thousand men a-

making golden saddles, and a thousand a-making new iron lances, and a thousand bearing sparhawks on their hands, and a thousand playing chess and draughts, and a thousand dancing, and a thousand violling, and Bertram a-playing with his uncle William."* They both look at the newcomer and his battered armour; William takes him at first for a Saracen. Told by Girard of Vivian's distress, William is dismayed; what would his seven hundred French knights be worth against so many? "God," says Guibor, "how well can this mad count be dismayed!" She has yet treasure enough, more than seventy sumpter-horse-loads; she will give it all to succour Vivian.

Ten thousand men are brought together. Young Guichard, Vivian's brother, only fifteen years old, asks to be knighted for the venture. 'You are too young,' replies William. 'When you shall be in Arleschans, and shall see the great dromons, and the paynim with their iron armour, and the brains lying in the meadows, and the fighting, and the bodies cut in twain, and the dead falling over one another, "you have not eye that can look on it, nor heart in breast that can bear

* A second tirade, repeating this incident, gives a slightly different, but equally vivid picture.

it."—"When I flee," retorts Guichard, "ill shall you rest." William laughs, and says he shall not come, but shall be knighted on his return. Guichard at night after supper goes to the wood, and cuts himself a great square staff. Being left behind, and refused armour by Guibor, he fetches a charger out of the stable, and having saddled him, starts without spear or armour; sent after by Guibor, he will only return on condition of being armed and knighted. He then starts again, falls in with fifteen Saracen thieves, breaks through them, killing three, and carrying away three darts in his shield, and on finally reaching William, is embraced by him for his prowess.

Meanwhile Vivian has made a new sally. Four times wounded, fainting, blinded, he strikes his comrade Walter by mistake. He blows his horn; William from afar recognises the sound, and prays God that his nephew may live till he has spoken to him. Vivian however remains in possession of the field, with twenty or forty of his men, all with bleeding bodies. "Conquered have we the field," he exclaims.... "I hear the angels singing over us. God! wherefore do I live, why am I not dying, in that joy which I so much desire!" Still he prays that before death he may yet speak to William, and receive the holy sacrament. Hearing at last

that succour comes, he has "the holes of his great wounds stuffed," and bids his barons recover their boldness: "See ye not the angels around us, who wait to have us to-day?" He wanders about the field, naked and blinded; his entrails drag, he draws them to him and cuts them. On his way he meets and unwittingly strikes William, who declares he never felt such a blow; but as he lifts his sword to strike in return, Vivian asks who he is? They recognise each other, but Vivian puts a stop to all lamentations; 'Is this a woman's mourning?' He bids William bind up his entrails, put him on the saddle, give him the reins of his horse, place his good sword in his hand, and turn him toward the thickest of the fray again.

VII. The branch properly called that of the "Battle of Arleschans" only now begins. Unfortunately it seems to have been written, in part at least, by a different hand, and opens quite inconsistently with the close of the last. William Short-nose, it will moreover be seen, becomes in it again the most prominent personage, until the introduction of a new one, the very antipodes to that of Vivian, but who like him becomes the hero of a small sub-cycle of his own.

"In that day that great was the woe and dreadful the battle in Arleschans, sorely pressed there

was Count William."* Vivian, driving the Saracens towards the sea, beholds a new enemy, the men of Gorant, horned in front and rear, striking their horses with leaden maces iron-handled, and turns round a spear-length. He feels at once that he has broken his covenant, and bewailing his fault returns to the fight. The Saracens take Bertram and Guichard, Girard, Guielin and others. Vivian at last falls dying under a tree. William, after displaying his utmost prowess, feels that all is lost, and endeavours to escape. Perceiving his good horse Baucent to be incapable of proceeding further: "'Horse,' said he, 'you are much overwearied.... So help me God, thou art not to blame, for full well hast thou always served me.... For thy service I render thee grateful thanks. If thou couldst be brought to Orange, thou shouldst not bear saddle for twenty days, nor eat of barley that were not husked; thy forage should be fair meadow-hay, choice, and made in due season, nor shouldst thou drink in vessel that were not gilt; four times a day shouldst thou be curried, and wrapped all in costly cloth; if in Spain thou

* A icel jor que la dolor fu granz
Et la bataille orrible en Aleschans,
Li cuens Guillaumes i soffri granz ahans.

A noble epical beginning.

shouldst be killed by paynim, so help me God, full wroth were I.' Baucent heard him, he snuffed with his nostrils; he hears him as well as if he were man of sense; he bows his head, he strikes with his feet, he recovers his breath, his vigour is all restored; he neighs as if he were just cast out of the stable and newly shod."

On his way William sees Vivian, lying seemingly dead, and exclaims: "Of my lineage I have lost all the grain, the straw only remains." The child "lies under the tree in Larchant, his white hands crossed on his chest; bloody was all his body and hauberk, and his face under the shining helmet. By him he had laid his brand, his face he had turned towards the east. Count William staggers for grief, he clasps the child gently under the arms, weeping he kisses his chest.... his sweet mouth." He faints away, but coming to himself sees that the child has a little moved his head. "'Fair nephew, by holy charity, livest thou?'—'Yes, truly, uncle, but small health is mine, and no marvel, since I have burst my heart.'" William now asks him if he took the sacrament last Sunday?—"I did not taste it," replies Vivian; when I came they had given it away. *But for this I shall not be lost nor hindered, for the Lord God is full of pity.*"... William tells him he has some

consecrated bread in his wallet, and asks him to eat of it. "Greatly have I wished it," Vivian replies. Weeping, William "made him lean forward; full gently he clasped him, made him place his head on his chest, full fairly began he to exhort him. Then begins the child to confess whatever sins he knows of or can remember. Said Vivian: 'Much must I bethink me of this, that in the day when I first was to wear armour, I vowed to God that which my peers heard, that I would not flee for Turks or for Slavons a lance-length, so far as I could reckon.... But this folk to-day have made me fall back I know not how far, more than I can reckon; I fear they have made me break my vow.' —'Nephew,' said William, '*you should not doubt.*'" After taking the bread, and beating his *mea culpâ*, Vivian ceases to speak, save that he prays his uncle to salute Guibor. "The soul goes, it could no more remain."

William carries off Vivian on his horse, but is attacked, and has to put down the body and defend himself; yet after escaping from the Saracens he returns and watches the whole night by the body. There, under the tree, Vivian yet rests, some leagues from Arleschans. William has yet to defend himself in a desperate encounter with Saracen kings; his horse Baucent is killed, but he takes that of

one of the kings. On reaching Orange, after many a double and turn and twenty conflicts, he is at first not recognised on account of the Saracen armour which he wears. Not only the porter, but even the lady Guibor refuses to admit him; she requires him to disarm and shew his nose. She recognises him however on seeing him attack a party of Saracens, and admits him. In expectation of being besieged, he has all the Saracen prisoners killed,—which the poet speaks of as a "very wise" proceeding, since there would be none left to feed. Orange is surrounded by a countless host of enemies, and safety seems at last so hopeless that Guibor advises William to go and ask succour of Louis; but she is afraid that he will forget her. "William heard it, he looked at Guibor, the *water of the heart has risen to his eyes;* down his face it has flowed; wet was the hilt of his sword." He swears he will not change shirt, breeches nor hose, wash his head, eat flesh nor mince-meat, drink wine nor spiced drink, that he will only drink water, and eat coarse bread with the straw in it, that he will not lie on feather bed, nor have other quilt save his saddle-cloth and his clothes, till he kiss her again in the palace.

He starts therefore for France, whilst the women, who remain behind alone, put on helmets and

cuirasses to deceive the foe. He is stopped at Orleans; his brother Hernaut spurs after him; they break lances before recognising each other. William tells Hernaut to give notice to their father and other kinsmen, while he goes on to the king. On reaching Laon the crowd are surprised at his large horse. He stops at the palace, but there is neither squire nor boy to hold his horse. They deem him a champion come to challenge France. When he declares himself, his ill plight causes him to be ill-received by those to whom he had given clothes and marten-skins, ermines, hauberks, gemmed helmets, swords and buckled shields, gold and silver and coined money, chargers and hacks. "To-day shall Sir William know how poor man is mocked of rich." Louis from the window of the palace bids him go and seek a hostelry and ease his horse, then return to dine at court; has he no servant nor squire to unboot him? Fearful of his temper, the king bids the palace-gate be well kept, that none may go in. A free burgess named Guimar takes William in, has his horse richly stabled, sets before the count a goodly supper. But William will only eat coarse rye bread, drinks nought but water, has fresh grass and rushes strewn for his bed; nor can he sleep or rest at night for thinking.

III

In the morning he is told by his host that his sister Blanchflower the queen is about to be crowned, and to receive for dowry Vermandois—'best land that one could devise, but which can never be a day without war.' William says he will go to the court, as he has a right to bear the standard of 'sweet France'; if they contest such right he thinks he will depose the king, and tear the crown from his head. He proceeds to the court; the French knights mock him for his sorry array, his sister does the same. He goes and sits on a bench, holding his naked sword under his mantle; there wants little but he ran upon them. Aymery arrives with seventy knights, and Hermengard the gentle countess, and four of his sons, Bernard and Bevis, Guichart and Hernaut the flowered, but not young Aymery, who is away in Spain amidst the Saracens, never at rest by night or day. Louis goes to meet them; Aymery is seated in an arm-chair, and the countess by the empress her daughter. There is great joy on all sides, and the music plays, while William sits alone. At last he comes forward, and standing before the king prays Christ to save his mother, father, brothers, friends, and to confound "this evil false king," and his sister, by whom he is so vilely received, and mocked and scorned at her court; were it not for his father who is seated by

the king, he would cleave him with his sword to the breast! The king turns pale, the queen would fain be elsewhere; Aymery and Hermengard however are full of joy to recognise their son, whom they embrace. His brothers come forward to do the same, but he turns from them, avoiding their lips, and begins to tell of the battle. He is come to claim warranty of Louis, "this evil recreant," but he sees that his heart fails him. Bernard weeps for Bertram, Bevis for Girard, their captive children, but no one dares offer to assist William, till at last Hermengard stands up, and cries "with her clear voice: 'By God, ye French, ye are all recreants! Aymery, Sir, thy heart is now failing thee! fair son William, be not dismayed! By that Apostle whom penitents seek, I have yet a treasure large enough, —two oxen could not cart it,—I will give it all, that not a besant shall remain, to the soldiers who shall be fighting; and I myself will be there on horseback, hauberk on, my bright helmet laced, shield on neck, and brand on side, lance in fist, in the first forefront. Though my hair is white, I have a bold and fighting heart. An God please, I will help my child. When I shall sit in armour on the charger, I will not meet so valiant Saracen whom I will not strike with my trenchant steel.'" Aymery hears her, "he goes softly laughing, and

full tenderly weeping for pity." William's heart swells, he will speak his will to those of France.

William stands there in the paved hall, grasping his sword under his mantle, his garments all torn and ragged, in blackened breeches and unwashed shirt, with hair unkempt. Broad are his nostrils,* his head lifted up; big are his fists and square his arms, long his body and flat his chest, vaulted his feet and moulded his leg, between his two eyes a full palm's breadth; there was not so strong a man as far as the Betic sea. He bursts out into a torrent of the foulest abuse towards the queen, knocks the crown off her head, seizes her by the hair and is about to behead her, when Hermengard takes her away. She flees dishevelled to her chamber, and falls to the ground fainting with fear. Her daughter, courteous Alice, a damsel whiter than a fairy, lifts her up, asks what has happened, and on being told, blames her mother for her conduct towards William. Brought at once to herself by her daughter's words, Blanchflower prays God that she may be reconciled to her brother and forgiven by him. Alice undertakes to mediate. She goes forth all in undress from the room; "she seems the rose in the May morning; whiter is she

* The poet even refers to his "high nose," evidently forgetting the very surname of the hero.

than frozen snow, and so bright of colour that in all France, which is so long and broad, so fair a lady was never seen." She throws herself at William's feet, beseeching his forgiveness for her father and mother. As for herself, let him do what he pleases with her, bid her be beheaded, burned, exiled from France; but let him be reconciled to her mother. William's heart softens; he bids Alice rise. She replies that she would rather be burned alive than rise till he has granted reconciliation and forgiveness. His father and mother join in these entreaties, till William at last yields, the king promising to do all his pleasure. He gives his sword to Hernaut, and apologizes to his sister for his insults. She in turn falls at his feet and asks his forgiveness, in token of which he kisses her four times. The king orders a great feast, at the great table "wrought in chequers." William sits by Alice; he sends for his host Guimar and his wife, and makes them also sit by him. After the cloth has been taken off, William asks if the king will help him against the Infidels?—'We will talk of it, and I will let you know in the morning if I will go or not.'—William reddens like a coal. He threatens to throw up his fealty. Hernaut and his family promise to help him. William reminds the king of his old pledge of succour. Louis be-

gins to weep; he promises to call his host and give a hundred thousand men; but he cannot go himself this time; he has great need to keep his own land. William replies that he need not stir, they will know well enough how to lead the host.

And now appears the personage who from henceforth casts William into the shade, whose future exploits have been more than once alluded to in passages which I have not thought it worth while to translate, and who is evidently the chosen hero of the later minstrel.

William sees Renouart coming from the kitchen. "A great body had he, and the look of a wild boar; in all France there was no more comely bachelor, nor so strong a man to lift a great load, nor one who better knew how to throw a stone. So great a load he bears, that—to tell no lie—a cart would have much to do to carry it;" and in swiftness he has not his match in France. As he enters, black with the cooking, the squires mob him, and one strikes him,—whereupon Renouart seizes him, makes him spin three times round, and at the fourth flings him against a pillar with such force that his eyes fly out and his brains are spilt. More than fifty of the squires run on Renouart, but Aymery rescues him. William asks the king who the cook's mate is? Louis says he

bought him at sea for a hundred marks of a merchant; they say he is son of Slavon, but he will not tell his father's name. For himself, for his bigness he does not like him, and will not have him christened. But he has no man of such strength; he will carry four barrels of water on a yoke across his neck.—Now the squires are again after Renouart, pricking him with goads till he bleeds. Suddenly he seizes four of them in his arms, and is knocking them together till they are almost dead, when the king cries that he be driven out. Renouart eats, he declares, more than ten bearded villeins, though he be but fifteen, with moustache just growing. William laughs, and begs him for himself.

Meanwhile Renouart is weeping in the kitchen, having heard of the leaving of the host. He should be leading a hundred thousand men, and bearing crown as king of Spain, and now must he keep the kitchen, make the fire, skim the meat; never was king's son so degraded; but if he lasts, he will have king Louis deposed and discrowned. At last he goes to William, and begs him to let him go with him, offering to help to keep his harness. "I shall know well how to prepare a meal, fry a fish, turn a bird.... If it come to rough blows, you might lead thither worse men than me."....—"Let be,

friend," replies William; "You could not bear the great burthens; to watch at nights, to toil by day. In the kitchen you have learnt to be warm, to eat often, and grill your legs, and snuff the broth in the saucepans.... to dine early, to drink wine.... all the day to sleep and rest.... You could not last out one whole month."....—"Let me speak, Sir William. I wish to try myself. Too long have I suffered myself to be fooled; so help me God! I cannot bear it longer.... Ill be the fruit that will not ripen. If you will not give me leave, I will go alone, whomsoever it may displease, into the battle at Arleschans on the sea. I will carry thither nor hose nor shoe, nought save a log that I will have shod with iron. You shall see me kill so many Saracēns, that you will not dare look on it." William grants the asked-for leave.

Renouart sees a fir-tree in the garden, the biggest in the world, which might overshadow a hundred knights; the king would not have it felled for a hundred marks, for he went to dine there every day. Renouart has it cut down by a carpenter, and a length of fifteen feet taken off, which he has shaped seven-sided. The forester hears the blows, and on coming up upbraids Renouart, and ends by striking him with a stick. Renouart tears off his shoulder, has him nailed on

an oak, and his bowels drawn on the earth, then mocks him: "How goes it, bachelor? go and tell the king, how Renouart has had his wood cut!" He now takes the log to a smith, has it well strengthened with iron in front, and girt with great bands all round, and well rounded at the handle, and turned so as it should not slip from his grasp; he then hangs it on his neck, so that all are affrighted to see him, and call him henceforth 'Renouart of the log' *(Renouart au tinel)*. He bids all beware of mocking him or taking his log, which he would not give for fourteen cities.

But at the hour of William's departure, Renouart is sleeping, drunk, in the kitchen, while his log, a load for four horses, has been carried off by the squires to the stable. He starts up in haste on hearing the noise of the departing hosts, forgetting his log, and only recollects it when sobered by fording a river. He then rushes back in quest of it, performing on his way great feats of eating, drinking and slaughter at the abbey of St. Vincent; fetches the log from amid the dung in the stable, and makes the squires pay heavily for the trick they have played him; kills the master-cook who bids him return to his service; and finally rejoins William, who warns his men not to mock him, and offers to have his log carried for him. This Renou-

art refuses, and goes in front of the host, leaping and throwing up his log, kissing it, shedding tears when it is soiled, washing it in the stream, wiping it in his coat, and then throwing his coat into the water. Fair Alice, who with her father and mother accompanies the host as far as Orleans, sees Renouart's feats of strength, commends his comeliness to her mother, and declares that her father does ill to let the bachelor go. She goes herself to Renouart, embraces him, and asks his pardon if ever she annoyed him.

Meanwhile the ladies are bravely defending Orange, but the Saracens at last set fire to it. In the midst of this extremity the relieving host is seen, and is at first a new terror, Guibor supposing it to be a fresh enemy, and taking especial fright at Renouart's performances, nor will she let William in till he has unhelmed; but when admitted, she is struck by Renouart's mien, and thinks he must be of noble lineage. William's kindred in turn make their appearance, each with his men; Hernaut, and Bevis of Commarchis, old Aymery, Bernard of Breban, and last of all young Aymery, who "took the land of St. Mark of Venice," with seven hundred men. A great feast is prepared; they make Renouart drunk, and then the squires mock him. He runs after them, and missing them breaks a block

of marble in two with a blow. Aymery begs William to take care of him, as there is not such a man in Christendom. Renouart goes to sleep off his wine on his back in the kitchen. The master-cook comes and singes off his moustache. Wakened by the pain, Renouart flings the offender into the fire, where he is burnt whole, and the cooks dare no more enter the room while he is there. In the morning Guibor arms him; her heart tells him that he is her kinsman.

On seeing "five great leagues of country" all peopled with Saracens, many of the French are affrighted. William bids all cowards depart, and more than ten thousand go. But on their way Renouart falls in with them, who having overslept himself was rejoining the host. Guessing who they are, with log uplifted he places himself in front of them, refuses to let them pass, and kills fifty, till all the bravest cry out that they will go back and fight together with him in the battle, and will go with him whithersoever he pleases. Renouart exclaims that he is "a king's son, and should well command." He leads them back, and asks of William as a gift all the cowards: "I will make every one as bold as a wild boar, and will make him shew his prowess, whether he will or no." William assents; the other soldiers begin to mock the cowards; Renou-

art bids them let his men alone, or he will punish them. All are astonished to hear how well he can speak.

William disposes his host in seven corps or "battles." The first is that of Renouart with his "turn-tails,"—"but there were afterwards none so brave or bold,"—ten thousand in number. William and Aymery lead the second ten thousand. Bevis takes the third 'battle,' with seven thousand men, all in new armour; young Aymery the fourth, with four thousand, who on the contrary have all broken shields, and hauberks black with sweat, and brands unfurbished. Bernard "the flowery" commands the fifth, of ten thousand; Hernaut the sixth, of five thousand; king Guibert, William's brother, the seventh, of seven thousand. Against these fifty-three thousand, Desramé the Saracen king brings out a hundred thousand, besides twenty thousand "bearded black folk." His first 'battle' is led by Haucebier, who had never struck a man but he killed him at one blow.

The day goes at first against the French, but Renouart stops all runaways with his log, and kills the Turks by ten at a time, "as the scythe mows the meadow." He drives them as far as their ships, which he destroys; taking a leap of twenty-five feet into one by means of his log, he finds Bertram

and other prisoners, and delivers them. Bertram now wants a horse, which Renouart promises to give him; but his blows are so heavy that they kill horse and rider at once. Bertram advises him simply to thrust with his log, which he forgets to do twice, as he is not accustomed so to wield it. At last he provides all the delivered prisoners with horses, but is not satisfied unless he can unhorse six or seven men at a time. He has by this time killed more than seven hundred of the enemy.

Tired with the fight, Renouart rests at last, leaning on his log, with bowed head. The Saracens think him weakened; ten thousand surround him, and fling lances at him from afar, till he is wounded in fifteen places. He resumes his exploits, and proclaiming himself son of king Desramé himself, kills several of his cousins; he will kill anyone who believes not in Christ. Whilst defending the river-line, he meets with Haucebier, who says he looks like a ribald who had watched the fire. Renouart kills him, but in so doing breaks his log. He then fights with his fists, till he bethinks himself of the sword which is girt to his side, and begins using it, but has to call William to his aid.

Renouart now falls in with king Desramé. "'Fair father, whence comest thou? I am thy son, whom thou hast so long lost.' . . . .—'Renouart, is it thou?

By thee to-day have the French conquered; much it grieves me to see thee an apostate.'...—'But deceived art thou, who believest in Apollo and Jupiter.'".... They fight, but are separated by a brother of Renouart's, who runs between the combatants, and is killed by Renouart. The latter next fights his cousin, king Bauduc—big of body and hideous of face, armed with a mast which "five pagans of Bavaria could not carry." Renouart is eventually wounded in the heel; William wishes to help him, but Renouart forbids him; Bauduc at last asks forgiveness till he be baptized, and permission to get himself healed.

The Saracens being now all killed or driven to embark on their ships, William brings back his army to Orange, and has a great feast prepared, but forgets to assign a place to Renouart. The latter weeps, tears his hair, curses his patron. He vows he will believe in Mahomet, bring back the Saracens, have himself crowned in Aix, take his will of fair Alice. Some knights who see him tell William that he is mad.—Nay, replies the Count, "he is not to be blamed, he is wise and I am a fool." He sends twenty knights to Renouart; but the latter maltreats them and drives them away. William goes himself with Aymery, his brothers and Guibor, who at last succeeds in pacifying him and bringing

him back to the feast. After dinner he tells his parentage. He says he has a sister named Orable, but he knows not where she is. Guibor, to whose eyes "the water of the heart" has risen whilst he has been speaking, now declares herself, asking if he is baptized? Since he is not, the ceremony is performed with great magnificence, and Renouart is knighted and made by William his seneschal; his cousin Bauduc also makes his appearance in fulfilment of his pledge, and is christened in like manner. William now sends to ask the king on Renouart's behalf for the hand of fair Alice, who comes accordingly, and is married to Renouart. Renouart receives in fee from William "Tortelouse" and "Porpaillart" on the salt sea,—probably 'Toulouse' and 'Perpignan.' Of fair Alice (it is stated in what is evidently an interpolation of later date) he had a son, Maillefer, "strongest man that was born of mother," but whose birth cost his mother her life. Renouart was so grieved at this that he died seven years after, and most say that he lost his reason.

Meanwhile, after Renouart's marriage, Count William's children had departed from him, and the Count wept to be left alone. The lady Guibor comforted him: "Gentle Count, be not dismayed; some have lost who will win again, some are poor

who will become rich, some laugh at morn who will weep at eve. None should complain who has health. It is a good while since the world began; dead is Adam whom God first formed, and his children, as many as he begat. By the deluge all the world He drowned; save Noah, not one escaped; so He willed. He restored the world. Long has it lasted and yet will last. From death never a one shall escape. Whilst each shall live in this world, let him behave as well as he can; if he serve God he will come to a good end. Full glad should a man be who has a good wife; and if he is good, he will love her heartily. The good advice which she gives him he will believe, and I am she who will give it you. Rebuild Orange, it will come to be of great value, out of the much wealth that came to L'Archant."....—'God!' said William, 'what a countess is here! never in the world shall her like be born.' As well as he could he restored Orange, and fortified it with great ditches and walls.

By such moralities and flatteries, we may suppose, did the wandering minstrel ingratiate himself with the fair dames of castle and manor-house.

VIII. The cycle of William of Orange, as published by M. Jonkbloet, stops here. There is however another poem belonging to it, which seems to

have served as a model for others of the same description, and indeed I should say for the whole character of Renouart, and which is written in the earlier assonance, "William's Monkship" (Moniage Guillaume). Founded on the real facts of the hero's life, this poem seems to exhibit with considerable humour the contrast between the knightly and monkish spirit.*

William, seeking upon an angel's warning to embrace the monastic life, is ill received by the monks of Aniane, and only by dint of magnificent presents obtains leave to wear their habit. The abbot asks if he can sing and read. 'Yes, without looking at the book.' The monks laugh, but proceed to tonsure him; but on putting on the gown, it is half a foot too short. The abbot bids him love them, and respect well all monks. 'Tell them not to put me in a passion.'—After his reception William is very regular in the performance of his monastic duties, but eats more than two, and when drunk, or if wine be refused, drives about and strikes the monks. They cannot accustom themselves to his performances in either respect, and seek to get rid of him. Abbot Henry calls a

* It will be seen from Appendix A. to this volume that the substance of "William's Monkship" is to be found in a tradition related of one of our earliest heroes, Walthar of Aquitain, by the "Chronicon Novaliciense."

chapter, and they determine to send William to the sea-shore to buy fish for the monastery, giving private intelligence to a band of robbers, that they may waylay him on his return in the wood of Beauclere. William wants to arm himself for the journey, but is told that the statutes of the abbey forbid the bearing of weapons. 'What if robbers ask of me the fish and the sumpter-horse?'—"Give them willingly." William is astounded. "Master, your order is too grievous; far better is the knightly order. They fight Turks full willingly, and are often baptized in their blood; but ye only wish to eat and drink, read and sleep and sing and snore (froncier?). They (*i.e.* monks) are put in gowns as if to fatten, and at last dawdle over their psalter." Submitting however with an ill grace, he enumerates in turn all the articles of his dress, cap, hood, frock, gown, pelisse, boots (so large that they knock against his feet at every step), ending with his breeches, asking at the mention of each what he is to do if the robbers seek to take it? Implicit non-resistance is imposed upon him, except as to the very last article of attire, which he may defend with 'flesh and blood'. After having had a splendid belt made, he leaves with two sumpter-horses and a varlet. They reach the shore safely; William buys fish, throws to the villagers the rest of the money

he had with him, and starts again for the monastery. On their return through Beauclere wood, William seeing no robbers any more than on the former occasion, bids his varlet sing; the latter begins a song on the taking of Orange: "Would ye hear of Sir Tybalt the Slavon, and of William the short-nosed marquis, how he took Orange the city, and took Guibor for wife and for peer, and Glorietta the chief palace?" A band of fifteen robbers hear them; the chief bids his men take them prisoners. In spite of the objections of one of the band, who insists that they are only a pair of *jongleurs*, whom every honest man should love and reward, the robbers rush upon the two travellers, bind the varlet, and strip William as far as his breeches and his belt, which they try to unloose. But William kills the chief, and then a second robber, with a blow of his fist, a third and fourth by striking them together, &c., &c., till he brains the seventh by knocking him against an oak-trunk. The remainder now assail him from afar with spears and darts, but he is not touched, and tearing off the leg of a sumpter-horse proceeds to kill them all; after which he obtains by prayer the restoration of the horse's leg, and resuming his journey, reaches the convent safe and sound, to the amazement of its inmates. He is ill received,

maltreats them, kills several, kicks the abbot. Eventually he is forgiven, but by counsel of an angel leaves Aniane, and after entering the hermitage of a cousin, goes into what is still the desert of Gellone. Other texts extend the story still further; he has a conflict with a giant; he is taken by the Saracens, is seven years in the prisons of Palermo, but is at last delivered by the craft of a relative; goes to the succour of emperor Louis, besieged by the Saracens under the walls of Paris. He fights with and kills a chief named Ysoré, and then returns to his wilderness. Here he rebuilds his minster, and tries afterwards to build a bridge over a torrent at the foot of the hill on which it was situate; but the devil undoes every night William's work of the day. After a whole month of fruitless labour, William lies in wait for Satan, and on his approach seizes him by the arm and flings him into the water, which since then has boiled up incessantly, as many a pilgrim may see. He then finishes the bridge and dies shortly after.

IX. There is however a further offshoot to the cycle of William of Orange, completing the later sub-cycle of Renouart, whose personage seems to have found such favour that he became the hero of two other poems, the "Battle of Loquifer" and "Renouart's Monkship." Both are supposed by

M. Paris to be not earlier than the end of the twelfth century, and to be the work of William of Bapaume, who names himself in the latter.

The "Battle of Loquifer" is singular in having the sea for its chief scene of action. Renouart with his barons is on the sands before Porpaillart, when he sees a Saracen fleet in the offing. He is persuaded by the infidels to go on board, that he may judge of their merchandise, and of the amount of custom which is due to him therefrom. Once he is on board, they make sail, and a strange personage named Isembart, who had long been a fish, but since the last twelvemonth had become a human monster by decree of the fairies, declares to Renouart that he is to be carrried to Paynimdom and flayed alive. Renouart however kills Isembart with his own weapon, a huge log or bar, triumphs over all assaults, and at last forces the Saracens to let him go, and return themselves to Desramé's capital, "Baratron" *(i. e. barathrum)*. A council of the Saracens meets to devise revenge; a new army is assembled, and placed under the command of a fairy-giant named "Loquifer" *(i. e.* Log-bearer), armed with a "loque" or log. Renouart and he agree to rest the issue of the war on a single combat between them. The messenger who goes between them is the Saracen Picolet,

a weird-looking creature, unshod, naked save a leather round his middle, black-backed and hairy, —his hair so long that it could be plaited, and that it floated on the wind; quicker is he over rocks and mountains than greyhound over plain; if he get up a little before daybreak, he will run eighty leagues before nightfall.

The place appointed for the duel is an island near Porpaillart. William Short-nose arms Renouart; Loquifer puts on no armour, barely consents that a helmet and hauberk be placed in the boat which ferries him over; but it is because, in the hollow of his "loque," he had a balm which cured all wounds at once. Thanks to this advantage, the struggle bears hard against Renouart; God sends angels several times to comfort him. At last however he succeeds in depriving Loquifer of his "loque," and the Saracen's strength departs. He falls killed, and Renouart takes his three swords, the best ever forged, whilst devils carry off his soul.

But instead of abiding as agreed by the issue of the duel, the Saracens attack William and his companions. Guibor falls into the hands of Tybalt of Arabia, her first husband; Picolet carries off Maillefer in his cradle; the Saracens are soon at the gates of Orange. Here takes place a new

single combat, between William and Desramé; Renouart, by a scruple of conscience which is somewhat belied by his words and subsequent conduct, refusing to fight his father. "I have pity on him, because he is my father," says he to William; "but if he has his head cut off by you, on my part it shall be well forgiven you." Towards the end of the fight, Guibor who is present, seeing her (second) husband apparently getting the worst of it, seizes a stick and strikes her father from behind. Desramé turns round, and in his fury is about to cut her head off, when Renouart interferes, and forces father, sister and brother-in-law to give their explanations. The combat is adjourned to the next day, when of course William conquers, and Picolet carries Desramé's head to his children's feet. Whilst William simply thanks God, Renouart exclaims "'Cursed be he who ever weeps for it.' The trunk he seized and dragged it, into a deep ditch he flung it. There he leaves it, then returned back, nor said nor thought of a *paternoster*" (*i. e.* for the soul). William has the head hung to a pillar at the entrance of his banquet hall, though "for the ill smell he had it embalmed;" but so long as it remained there, it ceased not to blow, to rain, to lighten nor to thunder, till William had it sunk at sea; where it was thrown, no barge

nor galley dare pass, nor come near by a full league; live devils only haunt there.

Extravagant as well as repulsive as is what precedes, what follows is wilder still, and exhibits the gradual intermixture of the Carlovingian and Arthurian legends.

Grieved for his wife's death and his boy's captivity, Renouart sleeps on the sea-shore. There come to him three fairies, white as lily-flowers; one holds in her hand a purple veil, wherein are trees, flowery meads, robes, mantles, rivers, fountains; a second shews a carbuncle which changes days and hours; the third bears a staff which contains the most delicate meats and drinks. They bear him to Avalon, changing his club into a hawk, his hauberk into a Gascon jongleur, *violling* sweetly, his helmet into a Breton harper, sweetly harping. He finds king Arthur in the keep, with him Gauvain and Roland, and the fairy people. Arthur wishes to judge of Renouart's prowess, and for this purpose summons a strange monster, Chapalu, whom the fairies had decreed to keep the head of a cat and the body of a horse till such time as he could suck the blood of Renouart's heel, and who in the conflict soon finds the opportunity of resuming the human form.

In the midst of these marvels Renouart forgets

all his sorrows, and falls desperately in love with Morgue (Morgan), whom Arthur bestows upon him with a laugh; from their union proceeded Corbon, "a live devil who did nought save evil." After some days however Renouart takes his leave, wishing to go to the town of Odierne, where his son Maillefer was a prisoner. Morgue, jealous of Maillefer for the sake of her own offspring, bids Chapalu sink the ship. On their way they meet with the mermaids; Chapalu draws one out of the water, but she begs and obtains her release from Renouart. When the ship is wrecked, Renouart prays to God, promises to St. Julian, if saved, to put on the gown, and invokes the mermaids, who come at his bidding. "Then began they all to sing, so high, so low, so sweet and so clear, that the birds leave off flying, and the fish leave off swimming." Renouart is lulled to sleep by their "soft song,"—and awakes, on the shore opposite Porpaillart, to the remembrance of his woes.

X. "Renouart's Monkship" exhibits the close of this strange hero's adventures. It is identical in character with the "Monkship of William." Renouart, entering the abbey of Bride (*i.e.* Brioude) frightens the monks with his voracity, wearies them by his heaviness and stolidity. He is always asleep when he should be singing mattins; he takes a

great crucifix for a living person. Abbot Henry seeks to get rid of him; buys four leopards, and when he has rendered them furious with hunger, shuts Renouart up with them; but he kills them. He drubs the thieves of the neigbourhood; he defeats an attack of the Saracens, and fights his own son Maillefer, who however is afterwards baptized, and succeeds him at Porpaillart. At last he dies, and his soul is carried away by the angels, his body taken to Spain as a holy relic.—It is somewhat remarkable that in the church of Brioude M. Mérimée has pointed out a bas-relief of a fight between a giant and several wild beasts.

There are still later poems belonging to this sub-cycle, such as that of "Buevo of Commarchis" by Adenès, king of the minstrels, in the thirteenth century. But what I have said will be sufficient to shew the unwieldy luxuriance of it. Although M. Jonkbloet holds that before 1050 the branch of the 'Battle of Aleschans', a lost one of the 'Childhood', that of the 'Taking of Orange', probably that of the 'Cartage of Nîmes', and 'William's Monkship', were already popular, it seems evident to me, even from the present "branches," as we have them now, that we may trace in them the impress both of the "Song of Roland" and of "Garin the Lorrainer," considered as the types of two schools. The relation of

William to his nephew Vivian unavoidably recalls that of Charlemain to Roland; the blowing of Vivian's horn is visibly borrowed from the earlier poem. On the other hand, the relation of William to Louis seems to me in like manner—though M. Jonkbloet denies the inference—imitated and exaggerated from that of the Lorrainer chiefs to Pepin; and I should deem Rigaut the prototype, first of the knighted porter, next of Renouart his developed copy.* But the poets, though imitators, are not servile ones. Three men of real genius have laid their hands to the composition of this cycle; the older minstrel who sketched the scene between William and king Louis in the "Cartage of Nîmes"; the later one who described the death of Vivian; and that William of Bapaume to whose wonderfully fertile, though no longer epical, imagination we are indebted for the story of Renouart. The first of these I should be inclined to view as about contemporary with the author of Garin. The reference to Vermandois as to a land 'which can never be a day without war' can surely not be later than the days of the early Capetians.

* The analogy of both William and Renouart, in the monkish stage of their career, to the 'monk Ilsan' of the German cycle, need hardly be pointed out. The "Sir Percival" of the Arthurian cycle is on the other hand the finished type of such characters as Rigaut and Renouart, viewed under a nobler aspect.

M. Paris, I thinks, undervalues the last group of poems. The song of Renouart he looks upon as that of the villeins; minstrelsy must have descended from the castle-hall into the kitchens, he observes, to make a hero of an ex-kitchen-drudge, heavy, lazy, greedy, drunken, careless, ferocious, scarcely able to ride. No doubt such poems as those relating to Renouart mark the close of an epic era. But what exuberant vivacity! what broad buffoonery! what snatches of charming, almost mystic poetry! What an unexpected incident is the journey of Renouart to Avalon, and in spite of the grossness of the amour with Morgue (which however recalls almost of necessity the second part of Faust, and his love-affair with fair Helen of Troy), what beauty both in the opening and the close! Surely the old minstrel was telling his own tale, when he sang of Renouart dreaming himself away into Avalon, and awakening again to reality and to sorrow.

CHAPTER IV.

SUB-CYCLE OF THE PEERS: OGIER OF DENMARK.

OF the sub-cycle of "the Peers"—which I have transposed from its place in relation to the chronology of its heroes, as affording a more easy transition to later works which have to be noticed,—the most epical sample is probably the poem of "Ogier of Denmark," edited by M. Barrois (1842). Ogier, it will be recollected, figures in the "Song of Roland" as leading the van on the return from Spain. He is generally identified with a Norman róver, softened by tradition into one of Charlemain's peers. M. Barrois however puts forward the opinion, and supports it with considerable acumen, that this view rests on a verbal mistake, that for "Danois" we must read "Ardenois", that the "Dane-marche," Den-mark, which is Ogier's country, is simply the "March" of "Ardennes." That there was an Otgar or Ogier, contemporary

with and perhaps kinsman to Charlemagne, who became amongst other dignities "Advocate" or protector of Liège, and whose memory is still popular in Belgium, may be conceded. But how far the Danish people, who have erected "Holger Danske" into their national hero, may assent to the view which reduces him into a petty Walloon noble, I know not.* The poem bears the name of "Raimbert of Paris," and is published from a MS. of the twelfth century. The Benedictines deemed the text to be of the eleventh; M. Barrois however "would not venture to assign to it a date prior to the beginning of the twelfth." It is indeed, like most of the other really popular poems, made up of different strata of poetry in point of date, the earliest towards the middle, the latest at the end: unlike many, however, the portion which seems the most ancient is by no means the finest. The work of Raimbert of Paris, including intercalated portions of earlier date, covers nine out of the eleven branches.

* For myself, I am strongly inclined to identify Ogier-Holger with a certain 'Algisus', son of king Desiderius the Lombard, who seems to have been the hero of some lost popular poem of which the echo has come to us in the 'Novalesian Chronicle.' See post, p. 274 n. It may be also worth noting that an "Otkar the true watchman" figures beside king Desiderius in the extract from the Monk of St. Gall, given ante, vol. I., p. 355.

I. Duke Godfrey of Denmark* has left his son Ogier as a hostage with emperor Charles. Whilst the latter is holding his court one Easter at St. Omer, behold four of his messengers, whom he has sent to claim homage and tribute of Godfrey, return with shaved faces and tonsured crowns. By this act Ogier is "for-hostaged," *i. e.* the terms of his hostageship are forfeited. Charles has him imprisoned in the castle of St. Omer, where the castellan's daughter falls in love with him; the result of this amour is a son, Baldwinet, on whose death hangs the main interest of the poem. In spite of Ogier's protestations of innocence, of the entreaties of many of the barons, and of the queen herself, Charles vows to have the young man dismembered. But news suddenly comes from Rome that the Pagans have burst into the city, and are putting all to fire and sword. Charles summons all his host, handing Ogier over to the care of a nóble, that when at Rome he may have him hung before all the army.

They depart; Charles rides before in the front rank; "never better king shod spur." He is led

* This "Duke Godfrey" is evidently the "King Godfrey" (Godofridus Danorum rex) who figures in the wars of Charlemagne from 804 to 810, but who was certainly never reduced to give hostages or pay tribute. See Eginhard's 'Annals', *passim*.

over "Mongieu" (the Alps) by a white stag which God sends in answer to his prayer, without losing even any of his baggage cattle in an eight days' passage. Arrived at Aosta, after wine, while the *jongleurs* are violling before him, he sends for Ogier, and grants him a truce or temporary respite. Urged on by new messages from Rome, he proceeds on his march. Naymes begs Ogier of him, to place him with a nephew, who is ill. Charles warns him that Ogier being "forhostaged," he means to have him put to death on his return, but on Naymes making himself responsible for his safe-keeping, hands him over. Ogier goes with the squirès, praying God that he might take part in the fray, had he but a great sharpened stake, as it were better to die there than in France.

The Saracens come out to the battle. The standard is given over to the keeping of Alory, who claims it as being of the country, born in Apulia. At the first assault the French have the better of it; but Alory takes fright, and his Italians agree with him to leave the field. Seeing the standard in flight, the Saracens are full of joy, the French bewildered and overpowered. Naymes and two other chiefs are taken, many killed, Charles is unhorsed for awhile, and has to defend himself "vassally." But Ogier, climbing a hill, sees the

discomfiture of the French, and the flight of Alory, with the standard and more than a hundred Lombards. He calls the squires to him: "Believe me, if God have part in me, they shall take away nor arms nor horse."—"Shame be on any," they cry, "Ogier, who shall fail thee!"

He stops Alory: "'Are ye discomfited? where is the king? how have ye left him?'—'Taken is the king,' said Alory; 'the French are cut off and killed.'...'Glutton'" (a favourite insult in the poetry of the day), "you have lied; rather have ye failed him in battle." Ogier fells Alory with a blow of his fist; the squires do the same by the other Lombards. He puts on Alory's arms, mounts his swift charger, takes the standard in hand; "down to his fists flutter the golden cords." His companions do the like; he who cannot find a lance chooses out a great stake of apple or of ash; and you should have seen them cut and tear their linen shirts to make pennons of them! One with the other, they were well four thousand.

Charlemain is lamenting over Naymes and the prisoners; the Saracens are planning how these shall be devoured by lions. Suddenly the newly-armed squires are down upon them. At his first blow Ogier strikes down the king who kept Naymes, splitting his heart in twain. The prisoners

are delivered; the arms of the dead are donned by the squires; before you might go a bowshot four hundred are fully armed. Charles, who had with him only a hundred knights, all with pierced shields and broken hauberks, sees that God has sent him unhoped-for succour, and declares that he has wrongly blamed Alory, since the standard is bravely afield. Soon he learns that it is Ogier the Dane, and thanks God he did not hang him yesterday. The Saracens are driven back to the Tiber, and Ogier is knighted by the king, who girds him with his own sword. But a battle is offered them by a new enemy, king Karaheut of India, lover of Glorianda, Corsuble the amiral's daughter, and is accepted by Ogier on Charles's behalf.

Charles now sends for Alory, who kept his room on account of Ogier's blow. He cannot allege anything in his defence. The French adjudge him to be "disherited" and forbidden the court. Ogier however, obtaining leave to speak, begs his forgiveness. No freeman should take pains to "forjudge" his peer. Were all to be disherited who have fled from battle, our hundred would be greatly thinned. "A man can never borrow another's heart; every one must bear his own." Lombards do not know how to carry the standard, nor how to meddle with a great battle.—Alory is forgiven.

And now the host is rejoined by the king's son, Charlot, newly knighted, with a numerous rear-ban. A spy tells the Saracens how the French boast of coming to fight under the walls of Rome. Behold Glorianda, the straight of body, well clad in costly cloth of Greece, with a gold-fringed tunic, and over it a gold-tasselled mantle; on her feet a narrow shoe of Cordova, painted with Saracen gold. She takes off her wimple for the heat, and puts a narrow hat on her head; blue were her eyes, her mouth "small as a child might have; were you that time at Rome, no man on earth would be tired of seeing her, if he gazed for ever. She came to the perch where her bird" (hawk) "was, she looked at it, and called it thrice. Wise and courteous was the bird, quickly he sits on her wrist." She asks of the amiral permission to see the battle on the morrow. Karaheut now makes his appearance, thirty dukes and twenty kings behind him. The amiral offers him France as a grant, with his daughter. Karaheut says he means to fight Ogier, and if he conquers him, he will take whatever is offered.

The French are suffering from hunger, and experience further damage by the presumption of Charlot, who to distinguish himself starts with two thousand men for a night attack, but is discovered,

and sees his men overpowered. In his straits he wishes "the good Dane Ogier" were there, whom at first he had refused to call with him. The news is however carried to the emperor; the French arm in all haste, Ogier speeds foremost to the rescue, and is overjoyed to find Charlot free from hurt. Karaheut draws off his men, defying Ogier to a single combat under the walls; he will bring his lady, and if Ogier can conquer him, he may take her unchallenged.

Charles is furious on the return of his son, and is scarcely hindered by his barons from striking him on the head with a squared stick, for having given occasion to the enemy to say they have worsted him. Karaheut meanwhile has been advising the amiral to send a messenger to Charles, bidding him leave to the amiral Rome as the heritage of his uncle Constantine, otherwise accept battle. He offers himself to bear the message. The amiral is reluctant to expose him, but Karaheut declares that Charlemain is so gentle and brave that he would rather be dismembered than offer violence. At bottom, his object is really to challenge Ogier.

Karaheut starts on a mule, gold-buttoned mantle on neck, ermine on back; he stops at the king's 'master-tent.' "By all the gods in whom French-

men believe, be Charlemain greeted, and his baronage that I see sit beside him, above them all Ogier the good Dane." He delivers the message; relinquishment of Rome or battle. 'God will be judge,' replies the emperor. Karaheut now offers, in place of the general battle which will cost so many lives, a single combat between himself and Ogier the Dane. Ogier at once stands up and offers his gage. But Charlot takes him by the shoulders and pulls him away. "'Ogier,' said he, 'not wise are you, who before me give gauntlet of battle. You should go to Denmark to curry leathers and reckon your cheeses. Fourpence you owe of your tribute. I will do the battle, there shall be no other.'"—'Right emperor,' cries Karaheut enraged, "'little can you think of yourself when you let your son exceed, and insult your barons before you.'".... 'The pagan says true,' say Naymes and all the knights; 'for you we left our lands and our fiefs and our children and our gentle wives, and now you have us insulted by your son; but by the apostle whom men seek to at Rome, if we thought to do no misfeazance toward God, you should see us return to France.' The emperor reproves his son, threatening to give him not a foot of his land, but that all shall be for Louis and Lothair.—Charlot replies that he will

conquer land for himself with iron and steel.—Karaheut now offers him another opponent, Sadone, a king's son, leader of twenty thousand Turks. The combat is finally accepted on these terms, Ogier and Charlot being reconciled,—the former agreeing to aid the young prince if need be in the fight, and the latter to save Ogier harmless from all tribute.

Karaheut returns, and arms for the combat. Fourteen kings serve him; on the circle of his helmet burn five carbuncles, whereby one may watch in the dark night, or go on the river or a-hunting. He girds the sword of Brumadant the savage, the maker of which, after melting and working it more than twenty times over, tried it on a block of marble, and clave the block from one end to the other, but broke off a palm's length of the sword in drawing it out, whence, after it had been re-wrought, it was called 'Short' (*Corte* or *Cortain*). Sadone also arms himself, fair and courteously; his sword is from Wayland's forge. With Corsuble's permission, Karaheut takes Glorianda to see the fight. Danemont, Corsuble's son, is offended at Glorianda's lightness, and vows to have a blow of his own ere the battle be over. With thirty knights he leaves Rome secretly, and crosses the Tiber unperceived. King Charles him-

self arms his son, and girds upon him his own sword Joyeuse, with the carved hilt of gold. Ogier is well armed, but Karaheut better.

Now the four knights and Glorianda are alone on an island in the Tiber. Karaheut bids Ogier look upon her; if he will take her, Karaheut will quit-claim her to him, and the amiral shall give him Persia and Khorassan and all Paynimry; himself, as king of Spain, will give Ogier a great part of it. Ogier replies that he did not come into the island to take wife, but to maintain God's right and his king's. Charlot suggests they should all go and look at the damsel. They ride down the lea; Glorianda stands up, and offers to Ogier a flowered rod she holds. Charlot asks whether she holds by the chivalry of France or of Persia?—'I will never hold by recreants,' she replies.

The combat is engaged, and carried on with such spirit that the noise of it is heard for half a league all round. After various vicissitudes, the Christian champions are having the best of it, when Danemont and his thirty men ride down upon them. Charlot sees them first, and leaping on a charger of Sadone's makes his escape; but Ogier is not mounted, and after a vigorous defence is taken prisoner and carried to Rome. As he is being disarmed beneath an olive-tree, Turks and

Persians crowd to look on him, and claim vengeance upon him. The amiral swears that he shall be hanged; Karaheut in vain interposes to claim him, seeing that he has been taken by treachery. On the amiral's refusal, Karaheut bids his men arm to attack Corsuble himself, but is prevailed upon to wait at least over the night. Glorianda intercedes in turn to have Ogier handed over to Karaheut; high words pass between her and Danemont her brother; she obtains at last that the prisoner be delivered into her own keeping for the night.

On the morrow morning Karaheut again goes to the amiral to beg Ogier of him, and is again refused. Finding that he cannot prevail with him, he puts spurs to his horse, and never stops till he reaches Charlemain's tent: "Right emperor, hearken to what I say; behold my body that yields itself to you captive—say not that I have betrayed you—till you have back Ogier the paladin."—"A gentle pagan this," say the French.—"Truth," says Charles, "none loyaller saw I ever than him whom you see here;" and makes Karaheut sit beside him. Meanwhile twenty thousand Saracens have gone up to the amiral, to ask Ogier's release. King Galacian opposes it; Sadone comes to blows with him and knocks out three of his teeth. But the amiral remains obdurate, and swears to dismember Ogier.

Karaheut on his side has taken Charlot to task for leaving Ogier unsuccoured. Naymes acknowledges the justice of his taunts. The emperor orders battle. The pagans come on under Danemont, so close that you had not thrown an apple amongst them but should have fallen on spear or sword, hauberk or closed ventail. But the French overcome them in their fury, and Danemont takes to flight. He is however met before his father by two messengers, who announce a great succour,—all the rear-ban of Paynimry from India hitherwards. In the vanguard, with ten thousand of the bravest, is Brunamont of Maiolgre (Majorca), the great island of the sea, mounted on Broiefort, a horse that is worth a city; all black, with starred forehead; one that shall never sweat for climbing a mountain, that shall run three days without stopping, nor beating of flank or side.

In reward for a first success, the amiral bestows on Brunamont France and the hand of his daughter. Glorianda protests against being taken away from Karaheut, and ends by offering Ogier as his champion. Brunamont, the amiral consenting, accepts the combat. Ogier sends word of it by his squire to Karaheut, who begs permission of Charlemain to go and see the combat, pledging himself to return after the battle, if Ogier does not. It is

granted; Karaheut leaves for Rome, and himself pledges and arms Ogier, giving him his sword Short, which the Dane had much coveted, and had feared more than aught else since he was born.

The champions fight in the island, in the presence of thousands of spectators from both armies. Some of the French say, "Ogier, come away to the host."—"I would not do it," he replies, "for a whole valley full of gold." As Brunamont leaps his horse into the river, Ogier covets it. "God," said he, "Father who didst form all the world, if it please Thee, Lord, give me this good horse!" Brunamont, who has made recreants of more than twenty kings, is at first disposed to despise Ogier. The latter however is armed with the better sword; he draws the first blood, and successively deprives the Saracen of an ear and an arm, after which he runs him through. He now takes to himself "the horse which he more coveted than aught that now is nor ever was," and offers the Saracen's sword to Charlemain. The French attack the Saracens, whilst the Tiber suspends its course till the evening. They are put to complete rout; Ogier kills Danemont; Glorianda is taken prisoner. Charlemain urges Karaheut to accept baptism, but he replies that he would rather be dismembered than deny Mahomet. In considera-

tion of his good faith, he is dismissed, with Glorianda, Sadone and others, and the French return to their country.

The first branch of the poem, which thus ends, is evidently in the main modern. The bulk of it is purely chivalrous, and from the extension of the practices of chivalry to the Saracens, and the creditable part it attributes to Karaheut, it indicates, I should say, that softening of feelings between Christians and Pagans which belongs to the latter end of the twelfth century. The birth of Baldwinet, however, Alory's treason, and the fight of the squires, are probably adapted from an older work, of which it is to be presumed that a further portion, containing the early exploits of Ogier, must be lost, since it is impossible to conceive how the young squire of yesterday should by a single feat of arms have become, as Ogier is represented in the whole latter part of the poem, the acknowledged champion of the French, whom Karaheut, scarcely arrived from India, is all anxiety to engage in combat.

II. We now come to what is considered the oldest branch of the 'Song of Ogier'; which itself supposes a considerable interval from the preceding one. It forms the groundwork of the whole really epical portion of the poem.

In Mount Loon (Laon), one Easter-tide, the proud-faced king held his court. Charlot was there, and Ogier the good Dane, and Baldwinet the squire, his son. Full comely was he, and proud of look, and much resembled Ogier. Charlot and he sit down to play at chess; before long, the young man check-mates the prince. Charlot, furious, insults him for his birth, and seizing the golden chess-board with both hands, strikes Baldwinet on the forehead, cleaves his head that the brains fly out, and stretches him dead on the marble pavement. The news is brought to Ogier at his hostelry, as he has just returned from hunting. Sweating with rage, he seizes a log of wood; he sees his son lying dead on the floor; all bloody he begins to kiss him; many a knight weeps at the sight. Then springing up, club in hand, he seeks Charlot from rank to rank to kill him. Charlemain had had his son well hidden and locked up in a chamber; he offers Ogier compensation. Ogier swears that he must have Charlot's life. Since he will not make peace, the king banishes him, and declares that if he does not take himself off before the morrow, he will have him put in prison. Rage takes Ogier and swells his heart; rolling his eyes and grasping his club, he rushes on the emperor, misses him, but brains with

the blow the queen's nephew Lother, son of the king of Portugal. The king calls on the French to arrest Ogier. They attack him in front and rear; he brains more than fourteen of them. But the twelve peers run to his aid, and full sevenscore knights with them of his kinsfolk and friends. In spite of the king, Ogier is got out of the palace, and, well-armed and provided, is mounted on Broiefort his charger. The king pursues him, bidding him return to judgment. They meet in combat; Ogier wounds the king, so that the blood covers all the charger, unhorses him, and is about to cut his head off, when the nobles rescue their sovereign. A deep stream which Broiefort swims at last parts Ogier from his pursuers.

As soon as his wound is cured, Charlemain summons his hosts, and goes to attack Ogier in his domains. Ogier resists for awhile, but at last quits the kingdom, taking with him neither palfrey nor sumpter-horse, but only Broiefort his charger. He goes to Pavia, to king Desier (Didier): "Fair sir king, I will not deny it, I am a man who has been exiled, banished, hunted from sweet France; this hath Charles done to me, who has France in charge; he hath not left me the worth of a single penny, nor burgh nor town, nor castle nor pleasaunce, nor so much land as I could lie upon.

Charlot his son killed with a chess-board my son Baldwinet, whom I had so dear. Now I come to you, to ask and pray you, receive me, for I have need of it, that you should warrant me against Charles; I will serve you with iron and with steel, in such manner that you shall hold me the dearer." Didier sees him tall and full-bodied, big of wrists, proud of look, his face red as rose of rose-bush; a comelier you could not wish. Ogier has not yet told his name; on learning it, Didier leaps to his feet and presses Ogier in his arms. Now may he prize himself above all kings, since Ogier the good Dane, best prince that ever mounted charger, will live at his court. He shall judge all the land, be standard-bearer in battle. He gives him Castle-Fort on the Rhône,* which all that are under heaven could not take, and Mount-Quevrel on the rock. If Charlemain come, they will shew him a hundred thousand men wearing hauberk; he may lose more than he gains. Ogier wishes to kiss the king's foot, but Didier will not allow it. Ogier contracts a friendship with Berron, brother of Gerin of Placentia, father of Bennet the valiant

* M. Barrois identifies this place with a 'Château-Fort' near Versailles, and finds near it a 'Mont Quevrel.' This is at any rate totally inconsistent with the whole scope of the poem. How could the king of the Lombards give Ogier a stronghold near Paris?

squire, who afterwards served Ogier;—Roland and Oliver did not love each other more than these two;—he serves zealously the Lombard king, and makes no delay in fortifying to the utmost his two strongholds, Castle-Fort and Mount-Quevrel.

III. The third branch begins with the description of an Easter-tide court of king Charles at Paris.* Since the days of Alexander,† of Lucian of Acre, and Clovis who was after Cæsar, never was king who held his court so largely. He had seventeen kings at his table, and thirty bishops with a patriarch, and full a thousand clerks. After dinner, when the cloth is taken off, Charles rises, and striking on the table with a knife, he declares his intention of taking justice of Ogier, and of Didier who maintains him, though he should be Charles's man by ligeance himself. Who will go beyond the mountains as messenger to Didier, to bid him send back Ogier captive, else shall his whole realm be ravaged and ruined? None replies, for all fear the Dane. Naymes at last rises; old was he and frail and hoary and bearded, white his beard to the knot of his baldric; he offers to bear the message; but Charles refuses to let him

* The older branch, it will be recollected, placed the court at Laon.

† The composition must thus be posterior to the Alexandreis.

go. Naymes now bids his son Bertram undertake the message. Four hundred Franks rise to their feet and cry that Bertram ought to go; though many a one among them would not himself bear the message "for all the gold that God made." Charles now expressly charges Bertram to go and claim Ogier from the Lombard king, on the ground of his having been "for-hostaged" of old through non-payment of the yearly tribute of four golden pennies. He is not to challenge Ogier, who is not a man but a devil, and would not fear ten knights he alone, but only to warn Didier that if the Dane be not given up, the emperor will go and besiege him this summer. Bertram, declaring that but for Naymes he would never go, prepares to leave.

He starts with Ponchon his squire—better squire was none in all France—mounted by Charlemain on his own charger. He proceeds through Burgundy, sending Ponchon on to ask quarters at Dijon from his "host" Malsèné. As he reaches the gate himself, a "ribald" named Richard, nephew to the duke of Dijon, seizes his horse by the bridle, and claims tribute of them. On his refusal, Richard pulls on the horse so sharply as to make it fall. Bertram furious runs on him with his drawn sword and cuts his head off. In an instant all the town runs to arms. Bertram is attacked, and has to

kill five before he reaches his hostelry. Here he and Ponchon with the host shut themselves up from the "ill-stinking villeins", while the burgesses are sounding both the great bell and the small, and the *commune* is assembling. The house is attacked; the beleaguered party throw down on the assailants great stones, pestles, mortars, chimney-pieces, the very cinders. Duke Robert, who was out hunting, hears the sound of the bell, and riding into the town learns his nephew's death. He arms himself in haste, and then joins the mayor in the assault with his men. Ponchon has a cross-bow, which he does not know how to draw, but it does good service in Bertram's hands. The storm however waxes so hot that Bertram goes down with his squire to defend the drawbridge and the first gate. Both perform prodigies of valour, but there were too many burgesses and carpenters, spear-smiths, fullers and weavers. Ponchon is taken prisoner, and Bertram has to withdraw behind the gate, which he bolts. Ladders are placed against the walls; still Bertram defends himself, and flings down many an assailant. Meanwhile however Ponchon has been taken before Duke Robert, who asks him who he is? He tells him, and so threatens him with the weight of Charlemain's wrath for this attack on the son of his wisest counsellor, that the

duke calls off all the assailants, asks Bertram's forgiveness on bended knees, entertains him sumptuously, and has him escorted the next morning on his way by fifty knights, "for the burgesses who scarce hold him dear."

This vividly sketched incident of the fight with the burgesses, although entirely superfluous as respects the development of the poem, is yet valuable as exhibiting the growing jealousies between class and class which mark the latter half especially of the twelfth century. The spirit in which the burgesses and "ill-stinking villeins" are treated is one evidently quite foreign to that in which the 'Garin' teaches us to look upon "the good villein Hervi," or to that in which William of Orange knights the lusty porter. The middle class is now claiming its privileges; the "commune" is expressly referred to; and no doubt between the busy citizens and the knight, or the minstrel his idle hanger-on, there was no love lost.

Bertram pursues his journey, and reaches Pavia at nightfall, where he lodges with his host Garnier, a rich burgess who for now a twelvemonth has left the world for monkery. King Didier had just returned from hunting, and was still at supper. Led by his host's son, "a valiant knight," Bertram goes at once to the king; by him sate the Dane Ogier.

Godfrey's son recognised the messenger by the chequered helmet, and the two eagles of costly silver, and the sword spurred with pure gold; he would fain for all the gold under heaven that he had not mounted the platform, for he and his father Naymes are the men whom most he fears. He whispers to Didier who the messenger is, and begs him not to insult him, but to keep in his Lombards, who are ill-mannered.

Bertram delivers his message: Didier is perjured towards Charlemain his lord, as not having gone to do him service at Easter-tide with a hundred knights, and as maintaining moreover his enemy Ogier. If Didier does not send the latter back, chained like greyhound, Charlemain will come and besiege him in Pavia and ruin all his country.—Ogier answers for the king. Didier owes no court service to Charlemain, but only succour with ten thousand bold men and sixty days' warlike service, if the latter has to make war on this side the mountains. As to himself, Didier will not fail him. If the emperor will come, they are not asleep, and he shall not return without great loss.—Bertram retorts by accusing Ogier of corrupt practices as porter of Charlemain's court. Ogier flings a knife at him, which cuts the fringe of his hauberk, and passing on, rips up a skin of old wine, making a

pool so great that geese and ducks might dip in it. Bertram draws his sword, and is ready to rush on Ogier, but is restrained by his host. He goes on insulting Ogier, claims the old tribute of his father Godfrey, and offers single combat. The Lombards are astonished; here is one who does not fear Ogier's blows! Ogier hears their mutterings, and is ready to rush on Bertram, when he recollects Naymes of Bavaria, the gentle duke, the worthy counsellor, who so often came in stead to him. So, when he spoke, he spoke as a knight, as a worthy man, as a wise, as one well taught, and so as many a man must have held him dear, and honoured and praised him in high court. He tells Bertram that, for the sake of Naymes with the flowery beard, let him speak sense or folly, not against him will Ogier's spear be seized; were it another, never should king Charles see him alive. As for himself, Charles has driven him from France, disherited him, seized his land; nor palfrey nor sumpter-horse brought he thence, but only Broiefort his charger. And yet it was for no wickedness of his, only because he dared complain when Charlot slew his dear son with a chess-board, when he saw his child's brains run on the floor, and defended himself with a log of wood. After some further word-sparring between Bertram and Berron of Placentia,

the former departs, defying the Lombard king on Charlemain's part.

King Didier takes counsel with his barons. A Lombard noble advises him to have Bertram taken, his eyes put out and tied in a corner of his dress, and to send him back with these for tribute. Ogier sharply reproves him; were the king to follow such counsel, in every court men would point the finger at him. The king approves of Ogier's words, and bids him go to Bertram, and say that he will be ready to meet Charlemain in May in a pitched battle under "Saint Ajossa." Ogier fulfils the message, and Bertram departs. But on his way the latter bethinks himself that if he carries away a whole shield, his friends will have him less dear; he will therefore begin the war at once. Meeting a squire by a fountain under a laurel, mounted on a beautiful charger belonging to the king, he knocks the squire into the water and takes the horse. The squire gets out of the water on all-fours as best he can, and runs to tell the news to the king, who orders instant pursuit. Ogier is the last to arm, but Broiefort soon leaves all the other pursuers behind; he comes up with Bertram, who for shame's sake dares not decline the combat. They break lances together and unhorse each other, but when Bertram sees the Dane draw his

sword Short, which casts forth great light, and grasp his shield, more enraged than a wild boar, rolling his eyes and wrinkling his nose, he would not await him for all the gold of ten cities. He leaps on his horse and takes to flight, leaving Ogier furious at his escape.

Bertram delivers his return message at Laon. Naymes strongly advises Charles to make peace with Ogier and restore him his honours and his fiefs. Charles declares that he will never be reconciled to Ogier till he has lain seven years or more in prison. He summons all his host; they are fifty thousand; Bertram receives the royal standard to bear. They pass the mountains, not without much loss in men and horses, and descend into the meadows under St. Ajossa. Here, sitting before his tent in an arm-chair, Charlemain sees to the right a folk coming down from a great hill; he asks who they are?—Sir, says Naymes, it is Girard of Viana with ten thousand armed men.—The emperor sees ten thousand men coming by a meadow, with shining hauberks and flaming shields and banners fluttering against the sky; who are these again?—It is Baldwin of well-famed Flanders.—One of Didier's spies now goes off in haste to tell the news of Charles's arrival with his great army, 'greater than which ye shall not see.'

Didier is afraid, and asks Ogier's counsel. 'Sire,' says he, 'I know not what you will do, nor what is the thought of your heart. I am a poor cast-out man; Charles the king has taken me into great hatred, he has exiled me and brought me to poverty. I came to you for safety; before I had taken off my spurs I told you that I was at feud with the king, and why I had been driven out of France. You kept me (God be gracious to you!); I have served you loyally; you have rendered to me great largess, given me two castles and five fortresses. You are my lord, I your feoffee, you should warrant me against all men. I pray you by God who was pained on cross, let me find no falsehood in you, but tell me all your thought. I have great fear lest you should give me over to the king. The battle must be; alone I will go, if you dare not come, with four thousand of my men. God do His will of me!'—'Fear not,' comrade,' says Berron, 'I will go with you and all my kin, we shall be full twenty thousand.'—Didier is ashamed. He declares that Ogier wrongs him, that he would rather see all Lombardy ruined, and "this tower of lime and mortar" tumbled down from this rock, and himself wounded with three spears, and all his entrails spread upon his saddle-trees, than to make peace with Charlemain and

give Ogier up. The Dane falls at his feet to thank him. But ill kept the king his covenant. Now begins the song "of the very great pains of the good Dane Ogier; so many no knight's body ever suffered."

Didier summons all his host. Berron, warning Ogier to beware of the treachery of the Lombards, goes to collect his own men. The two armies are drawn up in array under St. Ajossa, the French in thirteen bodies, the Lombards in ten. Naymes with the first French corps engages the fight, but Ogier recognises him, and avoids personal encounter with him. He at first carries all before him, drives the French back on the standard, engages the emperor and unhorses him; Charles is hardly rescued by full fourteen of his knights. Didier is twice unhorsed, once by Bertram and once by Charlemain, and twice remounted by Ogier, who, his shield pierced in thirty places, his bright helmet broken and split, wounded with seven spears, so that the blood ran in great streams, yet felt not the wounds, so wroth was he. The French however are the better knights, and Didier ends by taking to flight, leaving Ogier in the thickest of the fray, with five hundred knights only.* But on

* 'Didier the Lombard' plays no creditable part in this and other French "Chansons de geste." The Chronicle of Novalesa however,

his way he is met by Berron, coming with ten thousand men, who upbraids the king for his

—that invaluable repertory of popular tradition,—presents both him and his under a different aspect. According to this, Desiderius was "very humble and good." Besieged in Pavia, he is betrayed by his daughter for love of Charlemagne, the princess however perishing under the horses' feet, on opening the gates of the city to the invaders with the keys which she has stolen from under her father's pillow. (Charlemagne did marry a daughter of Desiderius, but put her away after a twelvemonth, for what cause is not certain, says Eginhard.) Her brother "Algisus" (*quære*, Holger—Ogier?) resists at first manfully, but his father forbids him to hold out longer, as it is the will of God. And the chronicler tells afterwards a story of this Algisus, whom he describes as strong and bold and very warlike, when all Italy was peacefully subject to Charlemagne, coming disguised in a boat to see how matters went on, and obtaining from an old friend, who now acted as majordomo to the emperor, to sit at the foot of one of the imperial tables, and to have all the bones brought to him. These he cracked, and sucked the marrow of them, "like a hungry lion devouring his prey," till the fragments grew piled into a heap under the table; but he was the first to leave the room. The emperor on rising from table sees the heap of bones: "God! who has broken all these bones?"—"I saw sitting here," says one, "a very strong knight, who cracked all bones of stag, and bear, and ox, as one would crack a hemp-straw." The emperor discovers who it is, and sends a man after Algisus to kill him, handing to the would-be murderer his own bracelets, with which the other promises to entrap the fugitive. He joins Algisus at the moment of re-embarking, and offers to him the bracelets on the spear's point. "If thou offerest me these with the spear, I accept them with the spear. But if thy lord sent me gifts craftily, that thou mightest kill me, yet should I not seem behindhand with him. I will send him therefore my own." The pursuer has therefore to return with nothing but Algisus' bracelets in exchange; they are so wide, that on Charles's slipping them on his

cowardice and treachery, and takes back with him to the fight Gerin his brother. Better were it for them that they went "to Russia," for so many were there of Charles's leading, against one of theirs they were full thrice fifteen.

They find Ogier sorely pressed, the blood streaming from his mouth; he has killed Duke Richard of Normandy; he weeps, but not for himself is he grieved so much as for his men, whom the Franks are killing. He is unhorsed and parted from Broiefort, who flees pursued by a hundred Germans, killing three squires and five horses, till they give up the chase, commending him to the evil fays. Berron sees Ogier in such plight from thirty wounds that he deems him dead already; but Ogier declares that he would have no harm, could he but recover Broiefort. As he speaks, Berron beholds the good horse behind in the press, seek-

wrists they run as far as his shoulders. Algisus escapes to his mother Anga at Brescia.

It is impossible to mistake here the traces of some popular poem, probably Italian, of an anti-Carlovingian character, and full of spirit and vivacity, which must be prior in date to the middle of the eleventh century. Not the least surprising part of the legend is the analogy to the 'Lay of Hildebrand' in the offering of the bracelets on the spear-point, and the suggestion of treachery which the act is held to imply. The incident is however so far more simply treated in the German poem that I must hold the lost Italian "Song of Algisus" to have been much later.

ing his master. He strikes a Frenchman from his horse and gives it to Ogier, who now sees Broiefort assailed by the serjeants and already down on the ground, and spurs towards him. Broiefort sees him, "better he knew him than varlet his dear"; he rejoins his master through the press, and the battle recommences with new fury. But the succour is ineffectual; Gerin and Berron are both in turn killed, the latter by Bertram. Ogier remains alone, and takes at last to flight, pursued* by the king, Bertram and others. Suddenly he turns round, and strikes Bertram dead before the king. "Take this present," he cries, "from Ogier the Dane from beyond sea; many such a service will I do you." Fifteen thousand men pursue after him, they come up with him as he had fallen asleep behind a rock, with his helmet off. So weary is he that in vain Broiefort neighs and strikes with his feet to wake him; at last the good horse seizes his master by the collar of his hauberk and shakes him so that he awakes. The Dane escapes once more with great difficulty, killing Hernaut of Beaulande. He meets count Amile

* Different as are the circumstances, I cannot help suspecting a connexion between this pursuit of Ogier and that of Algisus in the Novalesian chronicle. It will be seen hereafter that another striking incident of the poem occurs also in the Chronicle, though applied there to a different personage.

and Amis the valiant, coming from praying God at Rome, unarmed, with scrip on neck, to rejoin the host; so furious is he that he kills them both.

The pursuit continues; Ogier every now and then turning and standing at bay, and killing some of Charles's men. But the emperor mounts a fresh horse at every "good" town; Ogier has but Broiefort, who for three days has not eaten oats nor forage, and at last fails under him; Charles is at hand with two thousand men. Ogier sees a castle beyond a morass, standing alone, no town or pleasance around. Driving Broiefort before him, he makes for it; finding the gate open, he enters, then draws up the bridge and bars the gate behind him. The owner is at table, and Ogier is ill-received; with his sword he cuts off the heads of more than twenty; only "who prays mercy, he deigned not touch him." He clears all the palace, tossing the dead out of window into the ditch; "they may now fish at their pleasure." He searches the chambers and the deep cellars, and finds enough to eat and drink, salt flesh, bread and wine and dainties, forage and oats for his charger, whilst the table is covered with food, cakes and old wines, cranes and geese and poultry; little he ate, but well he drank.

Charlemain meanwhile has come up. He has

his tent pitched opposite the gate, the castle watched from all sides, a thousand squires, a thousand serjeants and a thousand cross-bowmen armed for the assault. But the ditch was deep; they shrink from entering it. By Naymes's advice, the willows of the marsh are cut down and thrown into it, with brushwood and whatever else may be found, till it is filled to the walls; ten great ladders are "carpentered" and placed against the walls, by which twenty knights may climb abreast. Ogier defends himself as best he may, flinging out stones, saddles, benches, and kills more than a hundred. Charles now has the wall battered by mangonels, which break down two yard-breadths. Ogier still defends himself sword in hand, and kills twenty more, but he would have been taken had not night closed in,—a stormy night, as it were of the end of the world. Naymes advises Charles to watch well, lest Ogier escape before the day. Ogier sees two thousand men set on the watch around, the emperor himself with them, and Naymes, and all his best chiefs; two thousand tapers are burning, a sight for seven leagues round; all the country seems in flames. Ogier despairs; he thinks to himself that never did he good to any who at the last did not seek to harm him. He regrets his squire Bennet, and Castle-Fort where he has left

him. To-morrow at dawn he will endeavour to escape, on Broiefort if he will help, else on foot; "Ogier shall shew his great virtue; before I die I will make many wroth."

He goes to the stable to find Broiefort, who has eaten a full bushel of oats. He knew his lord and scratched with his foot for joy. The Dane strokes his two sides and his crupper. "'Horse,' says he, 'so good and proud are you, never was beast that did so worthily; in so many quests you have stood me in stead; can you help your lord any more? If you fail me, I have no recoverer; in all the world no man holds me dear, and there are yonder without a hundred thousand, who are all fixed on killing me.' The horse hears him, he strikes with his foot, snorts and neighs; he has lifted his head, he behaves as though he understood Ogier. The duke sees it, and thanks God; never had he such joy since he was knight. He puts on the saddle, closes the poitrail, throws over his head the golden bit; the cocks are crowing, it is near dawn. Full richly he has armed himself, no serjeant helping nor squire; good hauberk had he and bright steel helmet." He lets down the bridge softly, and commending himself to God sallies forth, not knowing whither to direct his horse. It is a terrible struggle; at one time Broiefort, sorely wounded,

is forced on his knees; yet the Dane makes a way for himself; some fear to approach, some wish not to make his plight worse, and fall back; others are in tears, who are near of kin to Ogier.

The pursuit begins again, Ogier at times turning and standing at bay as before. At last from the top of a hill he descries Castle-Fort and Mount-Quevrel, and vows that if he can see Bennet again, and escape whole from this torment, he will be God's knight all his life-long, and pass the seas to the Holy Sepulchre to Jerusalem. Bennet on his side sees the dust, and the bright helmets and shields of the pursuers. He guesses that the Lombards are discomfited, and that Ogier is being hunted home by Charles's host. He calls on all his knights to arm; a hundred out of three remain to keep the dungeon, the two hundred others go and lie in wait in a marsh. Ogier falls into the ambush and is about to turn for his life, but Bennet calls to him that he is amongst his own men. They fall on the vanguard of the imperialists, including Charlemain and many of the chiefs, and overthrow them, Ogier unhorsing the king. They are obliged however to fall back on the approach of the main body, but supported by the hundred who remained behind, re-enter Castle-Fort and shut themselves up. Charlemain "swears

by the king of Galilee that he will not depart for wind nor frost but the tower be thrown down, that stands right on the square rock (Cain made it, he and Abel his brother), and Ogier taken and his folk stoned." But around Castle-Fort on one side is a bowshot's breadth of marsh, so deep that mule nor horse could get out of it; on the other runs the Rhône, a quick water, black and hideous, beating the tower. Within is a spring, forming a runnel, where serjeants and maidens, burgesses and ladies, knights and damsels may bathe, whilst it turns three mills that stop not summer nor winter.

Charles has mangonels and engines made to batter the place, and summons Malrin the engineer, to whom he promises a thousand marks of gold, twenty valuable chargers and other presents, if he will reduce the castle. The engineer declares he will take nothing till the marble tower be thrown down and Ogier cry mercy. Charles laughs for joy, and kisses him on mouth and face. Setting to work the three hundred and eighty carpenters of the host, and nearly four thousand workmen of the country, Malrin builds before the gate an engine seven stories high, on which a thousand knights and a hundred and seventy archers are mounted, who send forth bolts and iron-shod

arrows, whilst the engineer on "the master-story" has Greek fire shot from mangonels, which burns all the burgh, so that nor water nor wine will quench the fire, but only cold earth and clay, with which they are ill-supplied within.

The besieged take refuge in the tower, stabling their horses underground. The tower is of Saracen work, all its mortar was boiled with blood; it fears no engine. Whilst the day is darkened with the smoke of the burning town, and the imperialist patrols delay their rounds, Ogier and his men sally forth, and make for Charles's tent. Bennet has taken Greek fire in the town, and with it he sets fire to the engine. The engineer lets himself down by a rope, but Bennet sees "the faithless traitor," and gives him with his sword "I know not whether two strokes or four; he will not leave till he has seen his heart." The battle becomes general; Bennet is thrown down, made prisoner and bound, but delivered by Ogier, who encounters the king, seizes him by the helmet with such force that the red blood spirts from his mouth, throws him across his horse, and is about to carry him away into the castle, when the French rescue their sovereign. Ogier then withdraws, and he and his go to eat. They fear not the French; not a day passes but they sally forth several times. Guy,

a young brother of Bennet, is armed knight, and so distinguishes himself by his ardour and prowess, that he has at last to be brought away by his friends from the fray like a prisoner. Charlot on the other side obtains from his father to knight his brother Louis; a combat takes place between the two young knights, and Guy has the upper hand. Charles is more and more furious. It is now five years since he has been before the castle, and he can see no symptoms of distress among the besieged.

But Guy, sent out by Ogier through a subterranean passage to see and comfort Ogier's men at Mount-Quevrel, falls into an ambush, and returns mortally wounded, whilst Charles has the underground passage stopped up. A few months later, on St. Dennis' day, Ogier sallies forth, leaving ten knights behind, one of whom, a man of Pavia, knighted and loaded with gifts by Ogier, betrays his movements to the king. They find themselves cut off on their return, and in the fierce fight which ensues, wherein Ogier's men "draw straight to the Dane for warranty, as little children do to their mother," Bennet himself is killed by Rambald the Frisian, and Ogier, after killing the latter, is left alone at last. His only resource is to leap his horse into the Rhône, of which God miraculously suspends the flow till he has reached the other side.

Charlemain now summons to the host all villeins and handicraftsmen with their tools. They try to turn the course of the river; but the two rocks between which it runs are harder than iron or steel, and resist their tools. The emperor has then a great wooden tower built, and places it on four wheels, whilst he has the marsh filled up so that serjeants and knights pass over. The castle is more hotly pressed than ever; Ogier has henceforth but ten knights with him, and two of these, Hardré and Gunther his brother, are felons. Hardré persuades Ogier to go and sleep while they watch, and in his absence concerts with the others a surrender of the castle. Hardré possesses himself of Short, Ogier's sword, takes away all his arms, and goes with the keys to Charlemain, pressing him to come and take possession of Castle-Fort and of its lord. Charles starts at once.

But Ogier, wakened by an evil dream, stretching out his hand for his sword, has missed it as well as all his armour. He goes straight to the stable, and listening from a window hears the tramp of horses and clang of iron and steel. Tearing out a great bar from the wall, such as three villeins could not have pulled away, he rushes to the gate, kills three of the traitors, tumbles thirty French into the ditch, by sheer strength draws up the

bridge and closes the gate. He then kills all the remainder of the traitors, and setting up a gallows, hangs them up in full armour, their lined hauberks on and bright helmets laced; "so should one do justice on traitors." But he has now nor servant nor squire. He must grind his own corn, draw water from his own well, heat it himself on the fire, sift his flour, knead his dough, heat his oven, turn and bake his bread; he is his own cook, henchman, butler, groom; yet he knows well that castle was never held by one man. "What he did, never did any man." Cutting down oaks and great branchy trees with his sword, and taking hair from Bröiefort's "marvellous" tail, he makes wooden men with beards and whiskers, puts on them hauberks and helmets, girds on them swords, hangs shields on their necks, places battle-axes in their hands, and fixes them on the battlements of the tower. The French are amazed; Charlemain bids his cross-bowmen fire upon these new combatants, which budge not for such volleys. He goes forth himself and addresses them, promising them great rewards if they will give up Ogier, otherwise he will kill and dismember or burn them all. Not a word is answered. "They are of wood, they cannot speak; full well would they speak if God chose." The king returns, and is questioned

by his own people. He says they have no thought of surrender, they fear him not; they never deigned to put down their great battle-axes, but shook them in token of defiance.*

Seven years however have passed, and famine presses Ogier. He has been seven days without eating, and is pale with his fast. His hauberk he wears on his bare flesh; his hair falls to his feet, he is but skin and bone. He swears that he will go that night and kill Charlot in his tent. Some squires, cutting grass under the castle for their horses, overhear him; they take to flight at his voice, and are drowned all but one, who goes and warns Charlot. The latter is alarmed, and in full armour goes under the walls of Castle-Fort, and has a parley with Ogier. He seeks reconcilement; says he was young when he killed Baldwinet, and committed a sin, whereof there is never a day but he has rage in his heart, and is mournful at morn and eve. For God's sake let them make agreement; this deadly war has lasted too long. He

* The origin of this tale seems to lie in a legend of the siege of Aquileia by Attila, quoted by M. Amédée Thierry in his 'Histoire d'Attila' (vol. I., p. 199, 2nd ed.), according to which the inhabitants of that town covered their escape to the lagoons by leaving their walls manned with statues in full armour in guise of sentinels. (This would add to the presumption in favour of an Italian origin of the poem.)

will make amends as the men of Ogier's kin shall judge, will go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and cause Ogier's heritage to be restored.—Ogier declares he will never take amends of him.—Charlot now asks what he was saying this morning when looking at his arms?—On his pledging himself to reveal what he says to no one, and undertaking that his tent shall not be watched, Ogier consents to tell Charlot that he means to go that night to his tent, and kill him or his father.—Charlot, affrighted, renews his offers, even to the extent of doing homage to Ogier. The latter, turning his back, goes and lies down on a bed. Charlot returns to his father, still wishing for peace and dreading the night.

Without Charlot's knowledge, a thousand men lie in wait round his tent. Ogier sees them, and deems that Charlot has broken faith. He sallies forth nevertheless, commending his castle to God; "Whoso shall hold thee, may he never have poverty, nor in his life scarceness or feebleness!" He pushes for Charlot's tent, but mistakes the bed, flinging his spear into the richer one of two, while Charlot is in the other. The alarm is given, a thousand knights pursue Ogier, who is riding for Mount Quevrel. But, after unhorsing once more Charlemain, Ogier is separated from his pursuers

by the rapid river "Cercle" (?). Charlemain, furious at seeing him escape, wrings his fists so that he breaks the "leather" of them. He now dismisses his men, but warns them that every one is bound to refuse all countenance to Ogier, and take him prisoner if he can, under pain of being hung as a murderous traitor.

Ogier meanwhile is thinking of passing into Denmark to claim his heritage, and come back with an army to take Charlemain and his son. On his way thither, after passing by the scenes of some of his former exploits, he goes to sleep in a brushwood, having ungirt his sword Short, and unbridled Broiefort that he may browse. Archbishop Turpin happens to pass with a goodly company of knights. He notes the excellence of the sleeper's charger and arms, and wonders if it be his cousin Ogier. One of his knights, whose brother had been killed by Ogier under Castle-Fort, offers to go and see if it be he, and recognises him. Turpin is in a strait; fain would he not take his kinsman prisoner, yet if he do not, Charlemain will drive him from the country; and he fears Short to boot. They succeed however in securing Ogier's horse, weapons and armour. Ogier on waking up crushes one with a blow, then striking down a sumpter-horse tears off the saddle, and

kills ten knights with it till it breaks in his hands, then does more execution with the stirrups. At last however he is overpowered, and bound so tight that the red blood runs down. He tells the archbishop he had better kill him than give him up to the king. Turpin bids him have no fear; he will take him straight to Reims and put him in his own prison. They carry him there on a horse, his two feet tied together under the belly; when they take him out, before unloosing his hands, they put great fetters on his feet, the iron whereof would be a load for two strong villeins.

A knight whose brother Ogier has killed in the last encounter makes all speed to Laon, and gives the news to Charlemain, soliciting Ogier's dismemberment. Charles thanks God for his good luck, and declares he will have Ogier put to death. In vain Charlot pleads for him, declares that having himself killed his son, it is no marvel if Ogier be wroth. It is they who have to make amends to him; "he who is in the wrong should humble himself." The emperor declares that he will have the Dane torn to pieces by horses, and sends to Reims to command the archbishop to send on his prisoner. Turpin comes himself with a numerous retinue of knights, bishops, monks, priors and abbots. On his arrival, the king asks him for Ogier, ordering

his chamberlain to put up a gallows at once. But a number of the chief lords, kinsmen of Ogier, Thierry of Arden and his son Berard, Gilmer the Scot, Salomon of Brittany, king Otho, Dos of Nanteueil and Naymes the bearded, Gerard the dreaded of Roussillon, and full sixty other princes, dukes and counts intercede for the captain, and threaten defiance if he be hanged. Turpin begs to retain him in custody, declaring that he will so keep him that he shall not see his hands or his feet, and will give him daily but one quartern of bread and one cup of mixed water and old wine,—and the emperor knows that he will eat against five knights. The request is granted; but the archbishop has a silver cup made which holds a whole gallon of wine, and has a bushel of wheaten flour (Reims' measure, "which is very great") made into two loaves, so that seven knights could not eat a quartern; whilst another version adds that he gives him also a quarter of half a pig by way of bacon, and a third of a quarter of beef for meat; three villein carters could not eat it. Seven years Ogier lies in the prison, but fed abundantly, visited by ladies and squires and worthy burgesses of Reims, playing often at chess with the archbishop, whom he taught. His beard is white, but his wrists are big, and thick his neck.

IV. Men think that Ogier is dead. The pagan Brehus (or Brehier), king of Africa, who feared none but Ogier, invades France with four hundred thousand "stinking" Saracens, some of them monsters. He besieges Laon, and does such execution that the French begin to whisper to one another, "Were but the good Dane Ogier with us now!" The king however flings a knife at the first who ventures to name Ogier to him, and threatens hanging or banishment against any who should do so again. Three hundred squires, all sons of counts, dukes and princes, swear nevertheless that they will do it. Coming in a crowd before the emperor's tent, they cry all together, 'Ogier! Ogier!' The king is taken aback. Naymes says that if the fool has spoken his folly, it is but meet that the wise man should speak it, and himself advises the recall of "the good Dane whom I dare not name." Charles says he is dead. Naymes assures him Ogier is not. If so, the emperor declares, he will take him out of prison and make him amends.

The emperor and Naymes with twenty thousand men start for Reims. Every one crowds to the front; they long for the sight of the Dane "as if it were a saint's body come out of the earth." Ogier was in an underground cell, so low that he could

not stand, so narrow that he could not lie down. The squires hear him fighting "the snakes and tortoises," and cry to him through the wall. Hearing them, he stretches himself so that his feet break the wall, and a great stone falls out which three villeins could not move. Charlemain in turn, having learned that he is yet alive, comes to the dungeon and addresses him. Ogier declares that if the emperor does not give over Charlot into his hands, he will not don breastplate nor move lance, but will die in that cave. Charlemain bewails his sad lot; were but Roland here! By Naymes' advice however, he tells Ogier he shall have his will.

But when Ogier is brought out of the prison, when he has bathed and dressed somewhat, he was never more comely since the hour when he was born. Tall was he and fat and stout, proud as lion his look. He declares he will not go to battle, unless he has his arms which he had when he was taken, and his good horse Broiefort.—He shall have his whole equipment, Turpin replies, for he has stowed it well away; but as for the horse, he thinks it must be dead. Ogier is almost mad at the news. He cannot, he repeats, enter into the battle, unless he has a horse that he can trust. The emperor sends for his own charger, which he conquered from Balant* the amiral. They bring

* Apparently the 'Baligant' of the 'Song of Roland.'

him, but by leaning on the crupper Ogier brings him to the ground and almost kills him; he would not give a besant for fourteen such. Naymes sends for Penevaire, king Didier's horse, which his son Bertram took when he went as messenger. But Ogier, who was ten feet high, is so heavy that on mounting him the horse falls beneath him. They bring ten more of the best chargers to be found, but the first he tries sinks under him.* Ogier says he must go afoot.

A canon of Reims now comes forward, and reminds Turpin that on taking Ogier he gave his charger to the abbot of Meaux. There the horse is still, for at St. Faro's he saw him the other day himself, harnessed to a cart and dragging blocks of marble. Naymes and Turpin with a good retinue are sent to beg the horse back. They find him with all the hair worn off his flanks, and his tail shorn to the stump, drawing a load of lime and stone such as four Gascon horses could not drag. The abbot not only willingly gives the horse up without reward, but offers all his treasure for the war, enough to maintain the host for half a year, and declares that if need be he is ready to mount charger himself with his monks and come to the

* The original of this story seems to be one related of Walther of Aquitain by the 'Chronicon Novaliciense.' See Appendix.

camp; for he has no monk but is son to some gentle knight; villein's son never entered his cloisters. The horse is brought, he is thin, his skin is galled by the shafts; Naymes weeps to see him.

Broiefort is taken to Ogier at Reims, who is equally shocked at the horse's plight. He puts his arm over the crupper, and leans heavily; the good horse bent not nor yielded, but only strengthened himself against the weight. And now they cover him with a rich cloth, put on him a golden bit; Ogier rubs down his bare flanks with his tunic; the good horse remembers him, snorts and neighs and scratches with the foot, and lies down before him for great humbleness. If Ogier wept not, his heart would burst; Charlemain weeps also, and duke Naymes and all the baronry. And now Ogier puts on all his armour, takes his sword Short, "the rich lettered brand," draws it from the scabbard; it casts forth a great light, as though five tapers were lit.

They all depart for Laon. Here Ogier asks the fulfilment of the pledge given, that Charlot be delivered over to him. The father is reluctant. Naymes bids him have pity of people and church, which must all be ruined if Brehus be not worsted; he himself has forgiven Ogier the death of his own son Bertram. At last he yields, and sends for

Charlot, but entreats Ogier to spare him, promising him whole provinces if he will. Charlot weeping casts himself with crossed hands before Ogier, beseeching his pardon, offering as once before to do him homage, go on pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre; nay to serve seven years in the Temple Hospital, and never return to France. Naymes and the other barons join in these entrèaties to Ogier, begging him in Christ's name to have mercy. Ogier refuses, and draws Short. Charles flees away on seeing it to his chapel, covering his head. But a thunderbolt falls from heaven between the two; St. Michael descends and holds Ogier's sword, bidding him spare the young man, and only give him a buffet for his oath's sake, telling him at the same time "This day the soul of thy child is crowned in Paradise the great." Ogier's buffet strikes Charlot to the ground, but as he runs off, "for all the world he were not so glad." Ogier formally forgives Charles and his son, and they kiss in token of reconcilement before all the host.

V. We have now come to the end of the ninth branch, the last of those which M. Barrois considers to have been worked up by Raimbert of Paris from earlier versions. It is difficult however to believe that if a fresh Saracen invasion was, as it is represented to be, the original legendary occasion of

the liberation of Ogier and his reconcilement with Charlemain, the legend should ever have stopped short of the discomfiture of the Paynim, related in the following branches. My own feeling is that the modern element, as shewn especially by the exaggeration of the marvellous, is predominant throughout the ninth branch, which begins at the invasion itself, although no doubt we have it almost unmixed from henceforth.

The emperor and Naymes arm Ogier for the fight with Brehus. He pricks Broiefort with his golden spurs, and finds him quick and light as stag before hounds. The barons weep to see him depart, after seven years that they have not seen him. He finds Brehus under a fir-tree, lodged in a hut of leaves, from whence he goes out fowling. Each declares his name to the other. Brehus will not at first believe that it is Ogier; had he not thought him dead he would not have entered sweet France. Yet he reckons him not worth two walnuts; he alone would kill three-and-twenty such. He will fight as he is; never does he put on armour for one man. Ogier however insists that he shall do so. The Saracen rises to his feet; he is seventeen feet high, taller on foot than Ogier on horseback; his sword is worth three of Short. In the buckle of his shield is an ointment, of that wherewith Christ

was anointed when He was taken from the cross into the sepulchre; of such strength is it, that a man wounded even to death when anointed with it becomes whole again; such an ointment is worth all the gold of a country.*

The fight begins; the pagan has never met such an adversary; Ogier unhorses him, running him through. Brehus roars like a bear; never in his life felt he such pain; yet by anointing himself before and behind, he becomes "more sound than a swimming fish." Ogier, severely wounded himself, inflicts repeated wounds on the giant, which would be deadly but for the ointment. He cries to Ogier at last that he has no chance against him, unless he succeeds in cutting off his head at one stroke. But he is very sleepy, and asks for a short truce, offering the use of his "dear" ointment to Ogier to heal his own wounds. Ogier refuses to have anything to say to the ointment until he has conquered it "with steel and sword," as, if he accepted it of Brehus, all men would blame him should he afterwards do him hurt. The truce however he willingly grants, and seeing him snore from having his head too low, he fetches a big stone which a horse could not drag, and bringing it in

* This ointment is probably the original of that of "Loquifer," —see ante, p. 240.

his arms puts it under his adversary's head. He then makes a long prayer, with all the display of pedantic theology current in the later age of the popular epics, and containing some curious apocryphal matter. On the renewal of the fight, Brehus kills Broiefort under Ogier; never had he such grief since the hour when Baldwinet died. Ogier however by a lucky stroke not only severely wounds his opponent, but cuts off a piece of the pagan's shield, so that the ointment falls down, which Ogier secures in his left hand.

The pagan, whose entrails are hanging out, has now no resource but treachery. With joined hands he entreats Ogier to lend him his ointment and take him to Charles that he may be baptized. Ogier is deceived, and hands him back his ointment. But whilst he is standing unawares, his helmet doffed, his sword sheathed, weeping for compassion, Brehus, now healed, comes and gives him a great sword-blow from behind. Ogier can only reply with his fist, but disarms his assailant, who now seizes in his left hand the stone late his pillow, which five villeins could not have moved, and flings it at Ogier, who however escapes the blow, and having drawn Short, strikes off the pagan's head with it.

VI. We now come to the eleventh branch,

which, with the twelfth, represents a still more modern addition to the legend, and was probably only composed to serve as a transition to later fables, and primarily to the story of 'Bevis of Hanstone' or 'Hampton.' The epic interest of the poem is now quite gone, and the white-haired Ogier, who since the death of his grown-up son has been seven years shut up in Castle-Fort, and seven years more in prison, is incongruously exhibited to us as a favoured lover. I shall dismiss this portion of the poem very briefly.

After cutting off Brehus' head, Ogier hears the weeping of a young damsel, to whom twenty Saracens are offering violence. Mounted on his late adversary's horse, which he finds better far than Broiefort, and provided with the precious ointment, he rescues her, killing two kings, and falls in love with her; she is the daughter of a king of England. Mounting her on a noble charger which he has won for a present to the emperor, after various desperate encounters, he sends her forward to tell Charlemain that he is lost unless quickly rescued, since more than twenty thousand Saracens and Turks are assailing him. The whole French army moves to his succour; a terrible battle ensues; but the Saracens are worsted; never since the time of king Arthur was there such a killing of the unbelievers.

At his descending from horseback, Charlemain and Charlot hold Ogier's stirrup, much to his shame; but the emperor declares he is the best man that ever was, and should be king of the world below, to be served by bald and hairy. The Saracen ladies who have been taken prisoners are christened and married to counts and dukes; the fair damsel whom Ogier has rescued tells him that she is "all" his, what should she say more? He marries her, and the emperor gives him Hainault and Brabant. There well he knew how to love and cherish the good, how to grieve the evil, how to uplift the orphans; "wherever he was he never went astray; he married poor maids out of his own moneys; if he saw freeman fallen into poverty, who had leased out his land for want, he bought it back..... He lived as long as it pleased God; after his end he was buried at Meaux, Bennet by him, of whom he was so much loved."

I think it may be fairly said that among the secondary poems of the Carlovingian cycle, there are none finer than Ogier of Denmark. It owes unfortunately but little apparently to its editor, who never attempts to clear up a difficulty in the text, and seems to have fused together very uncritically the different versions. These are sometimes quite contradictory, to an extent which it was needless to

shew in the foregoing abstract. In the text as it stands the characters of Charlemain and of his son are quite incomprehensible; the former varying perpetually between a sense of Ogier's wrongs, and a blind obduracy against him; the latter between insolence and generosity, between cowardice and valour, between a sense of his own fault and callousness to it; whilst in the ninth branch his age also is ridiculously shortened, and the grown man, who seven years before had pleaded youth in mitigation of his fault, is turned into a comely lad. The older legend, I have little doubt, is that which attributed wisdom to Charlemain, and presumptuous courage to Charlot; the lowering of the character both of father and son belongs to the influence of the feudal school. Much of the present text clearly presupposes the 'William of Orange' cycle.

Towards the end of the thirteenth century, the first portion of the legend, under the frequently occurring title of the "Childhood" (*Enfances*) of Ogier, was worked up again in pentameters, in a strongly monarchic spirit, by Adenès, of whom we shall hear more by and by. A text in Alexandrine, supposed by M. Barrois to be half a century later still, is preserved in the British Museum; it contains further developments of the legend, which appear to be borrowed from the prose chro-

nicles of Liège, of the thirteenth century. These developments, as contained in the above and in other versions, embrace a voyage of Ogier to England, another to Jerusalem, his conquest in three or four years of Arabia, Samaria, Nubia, and more than fifteen other kingdoms, the great country of India, and in short of the greater part of the world; he however retaining nothing for himself, but giving away all his conquests. Having reached the gate of the terrestrial Paradise, he is at last obliged to return. Besides this voyage, he performs a more wonderful one still into the land of faery; carried away by Morgan the fay, he is freed from death, and reappears at long intervals, so that wherever a hero is seen, the presence of Ogier may be suspected. It is chiefly in his connexion with fairy land that the later Italian poets have celebrated Ogier. He is known in our own legendary lore as the father of "Sir Bevis of Hampton." He is again the hero of several of the Danish ballads of the "Kempe-viser," including one which strangely relates a single combat between him and Dietrich.

CHAPTER V.

FUSING OF THE CARLOVINGIAN SUB-CYCLE PROPER AND OF THE FEUDAL SUB-CYCLES.

I.—AGOLANT.

AMONG the most striking chapters in Michelet's "History of France" are those which describe the beginnings of Capetian royalty,—at first so small and feeble, that it finds in a Lord of Coucy a redoubtable antagonist,—passing from prince to prince without meeting with one man of commanding genius to exalt it,—and yet, under the shadow of its great name, growing, always growing; stretching forth by degrees a claim of title to all that that name had once covered, or was deemed to have covered; realizing the claim bit by bit, now here, now there, by force, by fraud, by luck; never yielding what it had once gained; till at last almost all those mighty feudal lords who could

have crushed it at first with a blow are themselves crushed, bridled, made servants of, with scarcely an exception but of those whose territories were half out of the allegiance, Dukes of Burgundy or Kings of England.

The popular epics mirror in great degree this history. To see the richness and brilliancy of the feudal poems, depositories of the anti-royal spirit, during the twelfth century, you would think that the tradition of loyalty to a national chief will be stifled. Not a whit. In the thirteenth century the "Song of the Lorrainers", the true baronial Iliad, will be well-nigh forgotten; Gerard of Roussillon will die ashamed of his disloyalty; the glory of the children of Aymery's prowess will sink in the fabulous achievements of the grotesque Renouart.

It is for this reason that I have followed down the poems of the feudal sub-cycles to a period where they completely overlap many of those of the imperial sub-cycle which remain to be considered, and become indeed entirely imbued with the colouring of the later Arthurian cycle. The imperial sub-cycle, however overshadowed by them at first, yet holds its own, and eventually survives them. But the cause of its decay lies in its very triumph. The spirit of the true epic essentially implies a real struggle, the clash of a true warfare, though it were

spiritual only. It was the strength of the feudal lords which brought out the spirit of loyalty to the crown of France, which mirrored itself in the successive texts of the 'Song of Roland.' When those lords were crushed, there was nothing more to call forth such loyalty. Even in that poem the wars of Christian and Paynim occupy the foreground of the picture; in later ones the spirit of this new struggle becomes the very life-breath of the work. Then, as the crusading spirit wears itself out in turn, nothing remains but the romance of chivalry proper, with its incredible feats of arms, monsters, prodigies, and sentiment false or real. Meanwhile the figure of the great Emperor, as the impersonation of royal dignity, has been becoming fainter and fainter; the spirit of cowed feudalism takes its revenge in making it ridiculous; and the whole ends in burlesque.

At the same time,—in exact proportion as all historical character faded away from the later poems, the name of Charlemain seems to have become more and more the essential centre of romantic composition, the necessary peg on which to hang all the minstrel's fancies, heroic, sentimental or ludicrous. There is thus an insensible but complete fusing of the sub-cycle of the Peers, as conceived from the feudal point of view, *i.e.* as heroes

pursued like Ogier by the relentless hostility of their sovereign and bidding him bold defiance, with the proper Carlovingian sub-cycle.

To dwell upon all the poems of the Carlovingian sub-cycle proper or of that of the Peers would be well-nigh a "story without an end." One of the most popular of the latter in the middle ages, and which has left a deep trace upon Italian literature in particular, is the poem of "Agolant," which is contained in a MS. in the British Museum (King's Library, 15 E. VI.), together with other poems of the Carlovingian cycle, and has been in part published by Bekker, in his introduction to the Provençal poem of Fierabras (Berlin, Reinier, 1829). It is in heroic pentameters generally, though rather irregular, running into rhyme. The subject —anterior in its supposed date to the "Song of Roland"—is still a war of Charlemagne against the Saracens, under their king Agolant, the French having to cross "Aspermount *(Aspremont)*," by which M. Génin understands the Pyrenees, but which, with M. Paris, I should identify with the Alps (Alp-mounts).

To anyone who commenced by it his acquaintance with the middle-age epics, 'Agolant' would no doubt appear full of romantic interest and vigorous narrative, though I can only consider it

as being of secondary merit as compared with the works I have already dwelt on, and not sufficiently distinct from them in character to deserve here an extended notice. It shews its more modern and fanciful character, as compared with "Roland," "Garin," the best portions of "William Short-nose" and "Ogier," by a profusion of marvels which are related of Aspermount and its inhabitants. It connects itself with the sub-cycle of the Peers by relating Naymes's early prowess, and the passion of a Saracen queen for him, as well as the first exploits of Roland. Like the more modern branches of "William Short-nose," it seems full of imitations and amplifications of the Song of Roland. There is a great battle, but of which the issue is reversed from that of Roncevaux, the Christians crushing the Saracens, whilst Hiaumont, Agolant's son, is vainly pressed by a friend, like Roland by Oliver, to sound his horn for a rescue on the part of his father. At this battle of Aspermount, Roland is dubbed knight by Charlemain, who girds Durandal by his side; and with it he kills Emond, Agolant's son.—From the chivalrous feelings which are attributed to the Saracens, I should feel disposed to fix the date of Agolant, as of the branches of "Ogier" in which the same feeling prevails, after the middle of the twelfth century; a date which

the character of the versification would seem to confirm. Parts of the legend may of course be more ancient; thus the girding of Durandal on Roland at the battle of Aspermount is referred to in the address of Roland to his sword, in the 'Song of Roland'; see ante, vol. I., p. 401.

II.—THE GROTESQUE EPIC; CHARLEMAIN'S VOYAGE.

A poem of the Carlovingian cycle, which serves well to illustrate the fading away into mere fable of the personality of the great emperor, is moreover the one member of the series which is probably best known amongst ourselves, having been first published by M. Francisque Michel with the late Mr. Pickering (1836), from a MS. in the British Museum (King's Library, 16, E. VIII.), which contains amongst other matter several of the Carlovingian romances. For this reason I shall not abstract it at any length. The story of it, as contained in the prose romance subsequently founded upon it, will moreover be found in Mr. Dunlop's "History of Fiction."

The subject of the poem is the imaginary voyage of Charlemagne to Jerusalem and Constantinople. Its opening sufficiently shews the unheroic tone of the whole.

Charlemain is at St. Denys' minster, crown on head, girt with his gold-hilted sword, with his dukes and barons and knights around him. He asks his wife, taking her by the hand beneath an olive-tree, whether she ever saw a man under heaven on whom crown and sword sate so well? The empress replies, she knows one who wears both still better. The emperor is wroth, and declares that if she will not tell who it is, he will cut off her head with his steel sword. At last she says it is king Hugo the strong, emperor of Greece and Constantinople, who holds all Persia as far as Cappadocia; 'there is no so handsome knight from hence to Antioch, nor such a baronage as his, except your own.' The emperor swears that he will go and see him, but (whether ashamed or not of the cause which leads him forth) alleges as first reason of his departure to his knights, the wish to go to Jerusalem, to worship the cross and the sepulchre. They start eighty thousand, and appear to reach Jerusalem without let or hindrance. There in a minster they find an altar where "God" (*i. e.* Christ) "sang the mass, as also the apostles"; the

twelve chairs are all still there, and the thirteenth in the midst. Charlemain sits upon it, his twelve peers round him; the mere sight is enough to convert a Jew. The patriarch loads the emperor with relics (the list of which closes with hairs from the beard and head of St. Peter), and bids him destroy the Saracens, which Charles pledges himself to do by going to Spain.

They now proceed to Constantinople, where they find twenty thousand knights seated in the orchards, clad in white ermine and great marten skins falling to their feet, playing at chess and draughts and bearing their hawks, three thousand damsels with them all glittering with gold, whilst king Hugo himself is driving a golden plough, not following it on foot, but seated on a chair borne between two ambling mules, his feet on a silver stool. The emperors greet each other; Charlemain is amazed at the golden plough, and that it should not be stolen. The French enter the palace, and behold new wonders; the palace itself turns with the winds, whilst two sculptured children with ivory horns blow so sweetly that the listeners might think it was the angels in Paradise; the French cannot keep their footing whilst the palace is turning.

After a sumptuous feast, Hugo takes Charle-

main and the twelve peers into his sleeping-room, lighted by a carbuncle only, yet so light that you may see in it as well as by sunshine in May; he has however placed a man on watch, to listen to all they say.—Would God, say the French, that the palace and all its riches were ours! that Charlemain had conquered it in the field!—"Said Charlemain, 'Let us brag first' *(Ben dei avant gabber)*."—On these brags of the emperor and his peers turns the interest of the story.

Charlemain's brag is, that if king Hugo puts on horseback the strongest of his bachelors, with a double hauberk and double helmet on, and will lend him his gold-hilted sword, he Charlemain will cleave at a blow helmets, hauberks, man, saddle and horse, and if he lets the brand fall, plunge it in the earth up to the hilt.—"Brag, fair nephew Roland," says he then. Roland brags that if king Hugo will lend him his ivory horn, he will go out in the plain and blow it so that in all the city there shall not remain a door standing, and that king Hugo's moustache will be blown out, his marten skins and ermine pelisse blown off.—Oliver's brag which comes next, and relates to the emperor's fair daughter, is untranslateably indecent.—Turpin brags that he will play the juggler's trick of throwing up and catching four apples, whilst riding on

one of three loose horses running together.—William of Orange brags that with a great ball he has, heavy with gold and silver, throwing it with one hand only, he will knock down more than forty *toises* of the palace wall. I need not dwell on the brags of Ogier of Denmark, Naymes of Bavaria, Berenger, Bertram, Ernalt of Gironde, Aymer (*i. e.* Aymery) and Génin, on which nothing turns. Finally, Bernard, son of Aymer, (*i. e.* the 'Bernard of Breban' of the 'William of Orange' sub-cycle) brags that on the morrow he will cause a great river to come out of its channel, spread itself over all the fields, fill all the cellars of the city, and make king Hugo himself mount upon his highest tower, and that it will not sink again without his ordering it.

When they have done bragging, the French go to sleep. The spy comes out, and goes and tells Hugo how his hosts have been bragging and mocking him. The emperor is very angry, and swears that unless they all fulfil their brags he will cut their heads off. On meeting Charlemain and his peers in the morning, he reproaches them with their abuse of his hospitality, and repeats his threat. The French are very much taken aback; Charlemain seeks to cast the blame of their folly on the wine and ale (*el*) which was given to them,

declaring however that it is the custom in France, "at Paris and at Chartres," for Frenchmen when they are in bed to brag and talk nonsense. King Hugo however swears by his white beard that they shall never have the opportunity of so bragging again.

In his distress, Charlemain has his relics brought; the French throw themselves on their knees before them, confess their sins, and pray God for help against king Hugo. An angel appears to Charlemain, and commands him in Christ's name never more to brag, but announces that for this once he need be in no fear, as all their brags shall be fulfilled.—They go accordingly to king Hugo, and declare that they are ready to stand by their words. Strange to say, Hugo begins by Oliver, and delivers to him his daughter, who saves the young man's life on the morrow by a falsehood.—Hugo next tries William of Orange, then Bernard; each fulfils his brag to the letter. Whereupon king Hugo declares himself satisfied, and says that seeing God loves Charlemain, he will become his man, hold his kingdom of him, and send his treasure to him in France. Great festivities are celebrated, the two kings wear their golden crowns together, but Charlemain wears the higher one, standing himself taller than king Hugo by a foot and three

inches. He refuses Hugo's treasure, and takes his leave,—Oliver declining to take with him the young princess whom he has dishonoured.—They come to St. Denys' minster, where Charles lays on the altar his two holiest relics, dispersing the others through his kingdom. The queen falls at his feet, and he forgives her "for the love of the sepulchre which he has adored."

The moral worthlessness of this composition, from its mingled profanity, superstition, and heartless indecency, is but too apparent. It has nevertheless a value, as representing probably the starting-point of the grotesque Carlovingian legend. The emperor is still great, powerful, vigorous, respected, but he has ceased to be heroic; he is brutal and a braggart, a fit personage for a loose jester's tale.

The antiquity of this poem has been estimated very high. Judging from its language, the Abbé de la Rue declares that it differs entirely from all other known poems of its class, and must be much earlier *(bien antérieur)*. In short, the latest date he will allow for it is "the ten first years of the twelfth century," and this only on account of a reference in it to Turpin's chronicle, which, as M. Michel observes, is not to be found. The latter, whilst denying the peculiarity of language, and

admitting that the words which M. de la Rue quotes as belonging to the eleventh century are to be found "in several authors, chiefly Anglo-Norman, of the twelfth and thirteenth," agrees nevertheless in the conclusion, that the work was written in the first years of the twelfth century.

It may seem presumptuous to go against such authority, but my impression is very strong that the "Voyage of Charlemagne" belongs to a much later period,—to the last half at earliest of the twelfth century, and this on the following grounds:

In the first place, the Abbé de la Rue's argument from language must fall absolutely worthless on the ears of an English lawyer, who will easily recognise in the "Voyage of Charlemagne" the Law-French of his early statutes and text-books, applied indeed to a wholly different subject. Thus, one of the eleventh century forms which M. de la Rue relies on, *ad* for *a*, occurs in the first line of the first Norman-French statute of our Statute book, the 51 Hen. III., stat. 4, (1266),—again in the 51 Hen. III., stat. 5, twice,—in the preamble of the 3 Edw. I., (1275), in cc. 4, 9, 17, 20, 30, 34, 45, repeatedly.

If we next consider the metre, we shall observe that it is no longer the old heroic, but the certainly more modern Alexandrine, which I do not myself

believe to have come into fashion before the middle of the twelfth century. But the moral evidence is far stronger still.

The poet, it will be observed, speaks of Jerusalem as forming a Christian kingdom. This of itself, as it seems to me, entirely forbids our ascribing it to the eleventh century, or to the beginning of the twelfth. Not to the eleventh,—for the whole of that century is, so to speak, filled with the wail of Christendom over the possession of the Holy Places by the infidels. Not to the beginning of the twelfth; for the reconquest of the Holy Places by the first crusaders, the establishment of the kingdom of Jerusalem in the person of Godfrey of Bouillon, was the great event which overshadowed all that half-century, filling all men's minds. Perfectly ignorant of past history as were generally the minstrels and most of their listeners, it would have been simply impossible for them to suppose, even in the reign of Charlemain, a Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, when that particular point of contemporary or quasi-contemporary history was so well fixed in the minds of all. We must therefore of necessity suppose that the poem belongs to a period when the remembrance of the first crusade was already dying out from the popular mind, and the existence of a Christian kingdom of Jerusalem

formed on the contrary part of the general stock of information. This would carry us certainly into the latter half of the twelfth century.

The total absence of all crusading fervour is another evidence to the same effect. The Holy Land might, even in the beginning of the twelfth century, be easily forgotten amidst the broils of early feudalism, as we find it to be in 'Garin', except at the last. But it is inconceivable at this period that a minstrel should carry his heroes to Syria without making them have a single fight with the infidels; I suspect his audience would have hooted him down if he had done so. Evidently such a tone of mind indicates a period of reaction against the crusading fervour,—such a period as that which followed the inconclusive second crusade. This would equally fit the latter half of the twelfth century, and would circumscribe our sought-for period between 1149 and 1187.

But there is more in the poem than the mere negative characteristic of the absence of crusading fervour. What is the gist of it? The moral (or immoral) triumph of Charlemagne over king Hugo of Constantinople,—the humbling of the splendid Eastern court before the rough adventurers of the West. Now this is a tone of feeling which belongs above all to the close of the twelfth century, and

which finds its supreme historic expression in the Fourth Crusade, and in the tumbling of the Greek emperor from the throne by Baldwin and his Flemings.

I do not indeed mean to say that the poem is contemporary with the latter event. The temper of mind which could found a Frank empire at Constantinople on the way to the Holy Sepulchre was one so foreign to the early crusades that it must have taken a long time to ripen, and the poem seems to me to indicate only the first rise of it. The men of the West are jealous of Hugo's power, covetous of his wealth, but that power is still formidable to them, nor has their covetousness soured yet into hostility.

The wholly fantastic character of the story, I may add, seems to me also to denote a period subsequent to the popularity of the Arthurian cycle, in which for the first time the mere fancy of the poets of the day found an entirely free field. The unheroic marvellous, if I may so call it, which characterises the latter cycle, forms, as it seems to me, an element which, from the middle of the twelfth century, the Carlovingian legend had to borrow, in order to retain its popularity.

As to the legend itself of Charlemagne's journey to Jerusalem, M. Michel shews that it occurs in at

least six writers who lived in the twelfth century, though most of them died in the thirteenth.* A passage in the "Song of Roland", where the latter speaks of his having conquered Constantinople for Charlemain, may possibly indicate the existence of a legend as to an expedition to Constantinople; though, I confess, I look upon the passage as containing merely an enumeration of the names of countries which the writer happened to know.

Viewed as an Anglo-Norman poem, it may perhaps be questioned whether the spirit of 'Charlemain's voyage' is not one of satire upon France. It is difficult to believe that the 'game of brag' was ever conceived of as consistent with the glory of the true Charlemagne. The rivalry of the third crusade between Richard and Philip, —a rivalry which was national as well as personal, —is perhaps here visible.

* M. Ampère seems to trace it to the eleventh. See *ante*, vol. I., p. 355.

III.—THE EPIC OF CHIVALRY: GÉRARD OF VIANA.

M. Guessard's collection of the "Anciens poètes de la France" (published under official sanction, and noticed in the "Edinburgh Review," No. 234, for April, 1862) would furnish an abundant choice of poems of chivalry properly so called. The volumes published, so far as I am aware, include 'Doo of Mayence,' a work of the second half of the thirteenth century,—'Gaufrey,' supposed to be somewhat later, —'Guy of Burgundy,' belonging perhaps to the end of the twelfth century, more probably to the beginning of the thirteenth (a strange story of a temporary emperor elected during Charlemagne's absence),—'Otinel,' of the first half of the thirteenth century,—'Floovant,' peculiar as borrowing its subject from Merovingian history,—'Huo of Bordeaux,' —'Fierabras,' and 'Parise la Duchesse,' the latter being republications only.

I dare not say that the official publication of this mass of verse has added much to the printed wealth of the world's literature. Two of them, 'Otinel' and 'Fierabras,' have some interest for an English reader as being, the one the original, the

other at least the equivalent of two of our rare English Carlovingian poems, 'Sir Otuel' and 'Sir Ferumbras.'* Another, 'Huo of Bordeaux,' has a value of its own, as forming a transition between the Norse-German legendary cycle and our own Elizabethan masterpieces, and offering us in its 'Auberon,' the demon-father of its hero, the dwarf 'Albrich' or 'Elbrich' of the Germans, ready to be transformed into Shakspeare's 'Oberon'; but it has no distinctive epical features to deserve an examination here. The best types of the epic of chivalry are still to be found outside of M. Guessard's collection. The first of them which I shall notice is 'Gerard of Viana' (Vienne), one of the latest poems of the cycle which bears a really epical character.† A work of the thirteenth century, it is written in pentameter tirades, with a short line at the end of each—a feature which M. Jonkbloet considers a mark of antiquity, as marking the end of a still sung stanza. I have already referred to it, as forming part, viewed in a different relation, of the *geste* or cycle of the kinship of Aymery. Its subject is the struggle of Gerard of Viana, Aymery's father, against Charlemain; but it embraces the

* See Appendix B.

† Published at Reims by M. Tarbé, in his "Poètes de Champagne."

story of the early exploits of Roland and Oliver, and the sealing of their friendship in that famous single combat of a whole day in duration, which M. Victor Hugo has brilliantly treated, after the old poem, in his 'Légende des Siècles.'

"Great was the siege placed round Viana. Living man never saw a greater. Charles, the king of St. Denys, swore he would not leave till he had taken it. Duke Gerard sees his castle besieged; no marvel is it if he be affrighted." Of his brothers, Miles is in Apulia, Hernaut at Beaulande, Rainier at Genoa. He sends messengers to crave their help. Miles sends a thousand men bearing shields; Rainier comes himself, to Gerard's great delight, with his son Oliver, and his fair daughter Alda.

Roland, leaving the host, hawk on wrist, and coming to the Rhône, sees a mallard under Viana, and throws off his bird, but the latter, after striking down two mallards, loses itself in an orchard. Oliver, who has seen from a window what has taken place, comes down in spite of his uncle Gerard to take the bird, calls it, and seats it on his left wrist. Roland calls to him to give it back, offering him fifteen pounds' weight of pure gold. "I would not return it for one hundred pounds of pure gold. By your speech you seem a usurer, who wish to pay me with gold. This is now mine; go

purchase another." Roland spurs his charger into the water, crosses it into the orchard, goes and takes Oliver's horse by the reins, courteously asks who he is. "Vassal, my name is Oliver; born am I in Genoa, son to Count Rainier; my uncle is Sir Hernaut the warrior; nephew am I of Gerard of Viana the proud, whom the king by great felony would drive from Viana." He asks in turn who Roland is?—"Friend, they call me Roland; nephew am I of Charles the mighty emperor. By that apostle whom penitents seek to, if God grant that I pass beyond this great water, dead is Gerard, and Hernaut the warrior; I will have him hung and nailed to the wind. Give back my bird, bear it no further. I will have no boy ever to boast that he took of me a besant's worth."....—"An thou believe me, thou shouldst be my servant. If thou wilt serve me to my wish, after a year's time, I think I will give thee land or fee, burgh, town or castle, since thou lookest like a brave man." Roland lifts his fist, ready to strike, but bethinks himself: "Vassal, I will again pray you that for love you give me back my bird, by this covenant, that if another time you require aught of me, I do all your will."—"Willingly," replies Oliver, and lets go the bird. When Roland has taken it, Oliver asks, if he were to take it away again, what

would Roland do?—"With the thick of my fist I would give thee such a buffet as should make thy two eyes fly out, in the sight of those of Viana." Oliver flushes like a coal: "You are neither bigger nor taller than I; I would give you on the nose with my fist such a blow that the clear blood should flow down, in the sight of the besiegers." Roland says that when he kills Gerard and his kin he will only tonsure Oliver, since he has given up his hawk. Oliver declares that if he lives to be dubbed knight he will give Roland such a cut with the sword, that it will be a marvel if he be not struck down. Roland laughs thrice as he leaves him. As they return, Charlemain reproaches Roland for not having killed Oliver, Gerard Oliver for not having brought back the bird. The poet then goes on to relate the knighting of Oliver by Gerard, and his first exploits in honour of his knightage.

A new branch apparently begins at v. 323, in which the rhyme is scarcely so true as it has been in the first portion of the poem, and which implies much intervening prowess on Oliver's part.

Charlemain was before Viana; all was wasted around; for seven years he had tarried there, moving "nor for wind nor for rain." At Easter-tide, when woods bloom and meadows grow green again, and

the birds sing sweet and soft, the emperor was sitting in his tent, when Roland came in from hunting, and asked him to proclaim a quintain. The news reaches Viana; Alda wishes to see the game; Oliver determines to strike the first blow, goes out alone without knight or servant, and strikes a blow so wonderful that Charlemain sends to ask who he is, offering him largess from his treasure. Seeing ten men approach him, Oliver fears an attack, and kills one of the French before proclaiming his name. Charles now bids his knights go and take him prisoner, but so that he be not wounded or ill-treated; Oliver kills a couple more. Three thousand of the men of Viana, whom Gerard without Oliver's knowledge had placed in ambush, now come out to his aid. The fight becomes general; Roland seeks Oliver to engage him.

But all the ladies of the good city of Viana were looking on; and among them Alda, with a mantle "a little short," but which suited her well enough, and a coronet of rich stones on her head; fair was her hair and in small ringlets, blue her eyes as of moulted falcon, fresh and coloured her face, white her hands, long her arms and her feet well-moulded; the crimson blood had risen to her face. Roland sees her, forgets his purpose of jousting with Oliver, and spurs his charger towards

Alda, to carry her away to his tent. Alda calls Oliver to the rescue, who bids Roland leave her; but Roland declares, in coarse terms (which indeed disfigure the whole narrative of this scene), that he means to carry her off. "Had another so spoken," retorts Oliver, "I would say to him, Vassal, you lie." He challenges Roland; they break lances; Oliver stuns Roland with a blow on his head; his horse falls down, and on rising again runs off, whilst Oliver rescues his sister.

Amongst other exploits, Oliver unhorses a knight named Lambert, who is taken prisoner into Viana, falls in love with Alda, and asks her in marriage. Gerard parries the request, but asks Lambert to reconcile him with Charlemain, and by Oliver's advice gives him up without ransom, saying that none should wonder if he serves Charlemain, "for one should everywhere help his lord, since one holds of him land or fee, so that it be not to destroy minster, nor rob or vex poor folk; no one should war against the Lord God."* Alda, at her brother's prompting, gives Lambert a coloured and broidered pennon, and Oliver himself is sent with him, Gerard however begging Lambert to see

* Compare this with the spoiling of churches and harrying of villeins in 'Garin', as shewing how marvellously manners had softened in the interval.

that his nephew receive nor blame nor damage, which Lambert guarantees, except as against Charlemain and Roland. Alda weeps to see her brother go, and bids his squire secretly to carry all his armour after him.

At the camp Oliver is very courteously received; more than two hundred run to hold his stirrup. Letting fall his rich grey mantle, he kneels before Charlemain, and tells him that Gerard gives up Lambert without reward, and is ready, if Charles go to Reims or Paris, to accompany him with a thousand worthy knights. Charlemain declares that the siege has lasted too long; he will not now leave till Gerard comes to kneel before him and cry mercy with saddle on back. 'Sir Gerard is too proud and of too mighty a lineage to act thus,' retorts Oliver, and boasts that before Viana is taken his kinsman shall bring such a host as shall not leave standing in France castle nor city, nor stone-tower nor rich fortress.

Roland now enters the tent, and asks Oliver if for all his vaunting he will deny that Gerard has belied his faith towards Charlemain? Oliver challenges him to fight alone in the island under Viana at daybreak, "I for Gerard, the free honoured duke, you for Charles, the strong crowned king." Nettled by the challenge, Roland is ready to strike

Oliver, but bethinks himself that if he touched him he should be blamed, for messenger should say his will. The challenge is however accepted, on the terms that, if Roland be conquered, Charlemain depart, claiming nought from the town, but if Oliver, then Gerard shall leave Viana and withdraw to Apulia. Oliver again offers that if the assailants will depart, Gerard and himself will serve Charlemain in all things; if not, he trusts to be able to abate their pride. Roland's choler rises again at this, and he is taken away by the other peers. A treacherous knight suggests the hanging of Oliver, and assaulting of Viana. Oliver goes to him, seizes him by the hair, and strikes him such a blow as breaks "the master-bone of his neck." The slain man's nephew runs upon Oliver, but is killed by Lambert. 'Right emperor,' cries the latter, 'ill betide the court where one may not speak and dare not tell one's message, ill betide the king who will not hear it!' He shews how well he was received in Viana, and freely dismissed; calls to his knights, of whom five hundred respond, and bids them protect Oliver. The latter meanwhile is hustled, his tunic of samite and good grey pelisse are torn; he pulls up a tent-stake, and strikes his assailants dead right and left. But Lambert calls to him to escape; his squire brings

him his charger and armour, and he returns to Viana.

A general fight now ensues, in which Gerard encounters Charlemain without knowing it, and stuns him with a blow on the head. Recognising however his voice in prayer, Gerard dismounts, embraces the emperor's feet and spur, and cries mercy; to which Charles replies nor yes, nor no. Gerard afterwards expresses his regret to Oliver at having struck the king who had "softly nurtured" him. Oliver's prowess is so desperate, that Gerard has at last to take his horse by the reins and bring him back into Viana.

Although dissuaded by Naymes, Charles orders the assault. The defence is obstinate. Alda herself throws down a stone which nearly kills a Gascon. "By this side," cries Roland, who has seen her exploit, "never shall the town be taken nor seized; towards ladies never would I lead the assault." He asks Alda who she is;* she in turn pays him compliments on his fair mien and courage, till Charlemain complains of his speaking so long to the lady, whilst Oliver has been doing much mischief. The emperor has at last to call off his troops.

* This passage is evidently discrepant with the previous story of Roland's endeavour to carry off Alda.

The single combat between Roland and Oliver is to come off on the morrow. Oliver receives his armour as a present from the "good Jew Joachim."* The hauberk was won by king Eneas before Troy; the buckler is of fish-skin from the salt sea. Oliver is the first to reach the island; recalling Roland's carrying away of Alda, he offers to give her to him for his wife if he will make peace with the king. Roland in reply boasts that he will lead Oliver away on foot beside his charger, or that after killing him, he will have Viana and Alda by force. They fight; Roland with his Durandal cuts Oliver's horse in two. Alda sees her brother's danger from a window, goes down to pray in the chapel, and faints before the altar. Oliver in turn kills Roland's horse. Roland tells him he never saw so good a man as him. He has pity of two ladies (Oliver's mother and Alda) whom he sees weeping in the palace. Oliver in turn tells him that if he goes away alive and in health, unless Alda marry Roland, she shall marry no one else, but be a nun. His sword however breaks—it was of less excellency than the rest of his arms; his shield is split; he seeks only to die with honour, and is ready to fight with his fists. Roland reads his thought:

* A good Jew, possessed of wonderful weapons, is a not unfrequent personage in middle-age romance.

"Sir Oliver, full great is your pride. You have broken your sharp sword, and I have one of such great goodness that it cannot be notched or damaged. Nephew am I to the king of the realm of France; had I now conquered or overcome thee, ever would it be reproached me that I had killed a disarmed man. Choose thee a sword to thy will, and for me a flask of wine or claret, for I am very thirsty." Oliver tells him to rest himself, and bids the boatmen who brought him over request for him a sword and wine in Viana. Three swords are sent down, those of Gerard and of Rainier, Oliver's father, and Haultclear which the Jew has fetched, formerly the sword of Closamont emperor of Rome; Oliver chooses the last. Wine also is sent and a great gold flagon; but while Roland drinks, the felon squire who holds the cup and sword thinks to strike him. Oliver knocks him down, declaring that he meant to have knighted him at Whitsuntide, but that now if he finds him to-morrow he will have him hanged. Roland however bids him let the traitor "go to the devils, for he well belongs to them."

The fight is resumed. Oliver cuts off part of Roland's nose-piece; Roland strikes him a blow which throws him on his knees and breaks his hauberk. Gerard, as he beholds his nephew's prowess,

fears that if he should conquer Roland, the king will never be reconciled to him. On the other hand some of the imperialist barons propose to Charles to lay an ambush for Oliver, which however the king angrily forbids.—Roland thinks how he may prove Oliver's loyalty, telling him he feels sick, and would fain lie down a little. Oliver bids him do so, and he will fan him for refreshment. Roland now says that he only wished to try him, and that he would fight four whole days without eating or drinking. Again they fight till the sweat runs down their bodies; but at last a cloud descends between them, and an angel bids them cease; their strength must be known in Spain, where they will have to fight king Marsile. Roland pledges his love to Oliver, and declares that he will never have castle, city, burgh, town, tower, nor fortress, that Oliver shall not share with him. He will marry Alda, and before four days will make Gerard's peace with the king, or enter the city with Oliver. They unlace helmets and embrace; Charles, as he beholds their proceedings, is afraid Roland is betraying him,—for love of Alda, suggests Ganilo. Naymes however declares that he will suffer the ordeal of fire, or fight a Saracen amiral, in support of Roland's faith.

Roland however is not the means of reconcile-

ment between Gerard and the emperor, which is brought about in a different manner. The Viana folk learn through a spy that Charles is about to hunt in Claremont wood. A party of them issue from the town by a subterranean passage; and whilst the emperor, following the boar, becomes separated from his men, Gerard takes him prisoner. He is advised by Aymery, son of Hernaut (*i. e.* Aymery of Narbonne), to kill Charles; "May it not please God," he replies, "that ever king of France be killed by me; of him I will hold my land and country." Touched by his conduct, Charles grants peace. Hernaut, as the eldest son, does homage, then Miles, Rainier, Gerard, Oliver, and at last the reluctant Aymery himself. The king goes back with them to Viana, where he has a splendid reception, and asks Alda for Roland. In the morning he sallies forth to rejoin his host, who are bewildered at having lost him; Gerard is with him, and two thousand of his men without lance or shield. Their first approach excites a tumult in the camp; but Charles quells it by declaring that peace is made. He renders back all Gerard's honours, holds a court at Viana, and celebrates the betrothal of Roland and Alda; but the ceremony is scarce over when the news reaches of a Saracen incursion into Gascony. The poem after-

wards recalls the death of Roland, and ends by promising the story of Aymery of Narbonne.

Late as is the acknowledged date of 'Gerard of Viana', it is difficult not to believe that it contains imbedded in it portions of a much earlier poem, probably contemporary with or anterior to the 'Song of Roland' itself; since evidently that work presupposes two of the leading features of the story of 'Gerard of Viana',—the friendship between Roland and Oliver, and the love of the former to Alda. And amidst the repetitions which often crowd its text, shewing generally, as I have before stated, successive *strata* of composition, it does not appear to me difficult to trace two different conceptions of the character of Roland, the one much rougher and coarser than the other. So naturally moreover would the history of the early fight and friendship of Oliver and Roland, and of the betrothal of Roland to Oliver's sister, link itself on to the story of the 'Song of Roland,' that I am inclined to think these matters formed part of the early Carlovingian sub-cycle, and were afterwards wrested from it to enlarge that of the kinsmen of Aymery.

In its present shape however, 'Gerard of Viana' illustrates well the softening of feudal hostility towards the kingly power. Gerard is in arms against

his sovereign, but he remains in fact devotedly loyal, whilst nothing is related in disparagement of the emperor. Much seems imitated from earlier poems; indeed, I should be not indisposed to look upon the work altogether as a modernization of Gerard of Roussillon; whilst the cloud which descends between Roland and Oliver obviously recalls the supernatural escape of Charlot from the blow of Ogier. But the work as it stands is one of the most brilliant specimens of the chivalrous poems of the thirteenth century.

Before passing to the next sample of the epic of chivalry, I should perhaps say a few words on the subject of a poem of great celebrity belonging, like 'Gerard of Viana', to the feudal group, and having for subject a still more obstinate resistance to the great emperor on the part of a few vassals. The text of "The Four Sons of Aymon" belongs no doubt to the thirteenth century, and a portion of it apparently to the early years of that century. But its latter portions seem to me to mark so completely the final passage from the old epical school to the fantastical school of later days, that I shall reserve its consideration till after I have disposed of the former.

IV.—THE EPIC OF CHIVALRY CONTINUED: THE SONG OF THE SAXONS.

Earlier perhaps somewhat than Gerard of Viana in composition, though relating to a rather later period of the Carlovingian legend, is the "Song of the Saxons," by Jean Bodel, a poet of Artois, who flourished towards the middle of the thirteenth century, though indeed, in a Turin MS., the authorship seems to be claimed by one Guerris. It forms No. V. of the "Romans des Douze Pairs de France," and was edited by M. Francisque Michel (Techener, 1839). This is one of those poems which lie upon the borderland between traditional history and pure romance. Its subject is no doubt historical—Charlemagne's invasion of Saxony, on his return from Spain and Roncevaux, and in retaliation for Witikind's having led the Saxons as far as the Rhine during his absence. "Guiteclin de Sassoigne"—for such is poor heathen Witikind's transmogrification—is not only a quasi-Saracen king, but has a king of "Nubia" and the like among his vassal generals. The extraordinary ignorance of history in the writer is shewn by a speech, put indeed into a Saxon's mouth, but on the learning

of which he is complimented by Charlemagne, in which Charles the Bald (his own grandson) is represented as having conquered the empire; Charles Martel (Charles the Bald's great-great-grandfather), as having succeeded to him; after which the kingdom remained without heirs, till Garin of Bavaria was elected, whose son was "the strong king Anseis," succeeded by "Broier," he by Pepin, and he finally by Charlemagne; in all which chain of kings only the two last are correct, and three absolutely mythical.

The opening of the poem shews clearly that it belongs, not like the earlier epics to an age of mere song, but to an age of literary composition:

"Whoso has leisure and desire to hear and listen, let him make peace, and hearken to a good worthy song, whereof the books of history are witness and warrant. No villein *juglere* boasts of this one, for he could neither tell the verse of it nor the song. There are but three subjects which concern a man; of France, and Britain" (*i.e.* the Arthurian cycle), "and Rome the great" (*i.e.* the tales of the 'Gesta Romanorum'); "and to these three subjects there is none like. The tales of Britain are so light and pleasant; those of Rome are wise and of teachful sense; those of France truly every day of greater appearance. The crown of France must

be set forward; for all other kings of the Christian land, who believe in God, should be its dependents. God by His command had the first king of France crowned by His angels worthily, with singing; then He commanded him to be His servant on earth, to hold right justice and set forward law. This command held after him all and sundry; Anseis and Pepin, who were conquerors, and Charlemain of Aix, whom God so loved."

The royal prerogative has thus visibly grown many a cubit since Garin. And yet the resistance to the further extension of that prerogative is exemplified by a very curious piece of apocyphal history, belonging almost to the beginning of the poem:

After his return from Spain, Charlemain being one Whitsuntide at table in Laon with fourteen kings, receives news of an invasion of the Saxons. They have taken Cologne, killed Duke Milo, his wife and his two sons, and carried away captive fair Helissend, the promised wife of Berard of Montdidier. Charles calls upon his barons to aid him in avenging this outrage. But they are ill disposed to do so. They complain among themselves of having to pay four-twelfths on their lands, whilst the nobles of "Herupe" pay no tribute. Gilmer the Scot, lord "of Illand" (Ireland), "a land which the sea closes," and Bevis the beardless,

make themselves their interpreters; they will not march against Saxony unless the emperor first introduces into Herupe "our customs and our laws."

The reader may be puzzled to think what country is this "Herupe" (a name which indeed occurs in some of the poems already noticed);—fairyland at least, he will probably conclude. Not a whit of it, but the north-west provinces of modern France; Normandy, Brittany, Anjou, Maine, reaching as far to the centre as Chartres and Tours. The barons of this tract are called together at Mans, where three envoys from the emperor come to demand tribute on account of the war with the Saracens. The barons however are so incensed that they threaten to put all the emperor's country to fire and sword, and are ready to half murder his envoys. Eventually they resolve to have steel tribute-money made, hung to the points of their lances, and so offered to him; if he accepts, it will be a fight; if he declines, they will claim that the traitors who have put him up to this demand be handed over to them to be put to death, and will resume their fealty on the sole condition of military service. This is done accordingly at Aix la Chapelle. But the emperor not only waives the tribute, but goes himself with his chief counsellors, barefoot and in rags, to meet

them. They are appeased by his humiliation, and hand over their steel tribute-money, which is melted down and made into a balcony outside the great hall, on which the barons of Herupe write their names, and Charles has inscribed that never shall tribute be claimed in Herupe. The instigators of the attempt against Herupe liberties, Bevis and Gilmer, have in the presence of their people to dismount and make amends, walking "five great leagues" barefoot.

It seems to me impossible to mistake here the impression produced upon the continental mind—we are accustomed to look at the result from our insular point of view, which is quite different—by the struggle between England and France during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. For the Frenchman, the king of England was primarily duke of Normandy; and the wars he waged against the king of France were the assertion, by one of the barons of the north-west on behalf of all, of a semi-independence. The preeminence of the Herupe barons is kept up all through, and comes out especially in a scene which is one of the most striking of the book.

Charles invades Saxony, and reaches the banks of "Rune the deep," beyond which lies Guiteclin's palace of "Tremoigne" (supposed to be Dort-

mund in Westphalia). The river is too deep to be crossed by the army, although the two young knights Baldwin and Berard succeed in doing so in quest of adventure. The Saxons will not attack, trusting that the French will be destroyed by delay and the seasons. And indeed, after two years and four months, the barons represent to the emperor the sad plight of the host, and urge him to call upon the men of Herupe for performance of their warlike service. This is done accordingly, and this time the Herupe barons make all haste to their sovereign's aid, and come up just after the Saxons have made an unsuccessful attack. They send to ask where they are to lodge their troops. The emperor points them laughingly to the other side of the "Rune," where float the silken banners of the Saxons, but says that any of his men shall give up their camping place to them. The Herupe men however determine to take him at his word, and whilst the archbishop of Sens blesses the water, boldly fling themselves in and cross it, and end, after a tremendous struggle, in taking up the quarters assigned to them; but when he sees their prowess, the emperor recalls them to his own side of the river.

Of course it is difficult to see why the whole army should not pass the "Rune" once, where the

Herupe men could pass it twice. However, the hypothesis being apparently deemed inadmissible, it is determined to build a bridge. But the attempt to do so at first nearly ruins the expedition. Germans, Bavarians, Lombards, Burgundians deem it beneath their dignity to cut wood, carry stone, and make mortar; they are not carpenters. They go so far as to leave the host, but are prevailed upon to return. The bridge is built, the army passes over it, the Saxons are discomfited in a great battle, and Guiteclin is killed in single combat by Charlemain himself.

By this time the slender vein of historic truth which runs through the poem may be considered as quite exhausted. Yet the real epic interest of the work centers in its wholly apocryphal conclusion, connected essentially with its purely romantic side, which I have hitherto passed under silence.

Sebile, the wife of Guiteclin, is a peerless beauty, wise withal and courteous; "hair had she long and fair, more than the shining gold, a brow polished and clear, eyes blue and laughing, a very well made nose, teeth small and white, a *savourous* mouth, more crimson than blood; and in body and limbs so winning was she that God never made the man, howsoever old and tottering, if he durst look at her, but was moved with desire." Fair Helissend, the

daughter of the murdered Milo of Cologne, is her captive at once and her favourite, and when the French host takes up its position before the Rune, names and points out young Baldwin to her. With her husband's sanction, Sebile has her tent pitched on the bank, and establishes herself there with her ladies to act as decoys to the Franks; for "fair lady's look makes men undertake folly." She is taken however in her own toils; falls in love with Baldwin one summer's day, on seeing him ride forth with hawk on wrist, and makes Helissend invite him over the river, under a very frank pledge that "she will be his, for loss or gain." Their first meeting apparently takes place in the presence of Sebile's ladies, and so little mystery is attached to their love that, on Baldwin's return to the Frank host, after killing and despoiling of his armour a Saxon chief, he not only tells his adventure publicly to the emperor, but the latter promises in a twelvemonth to have him crowned king of the country, and to give him Sebile for wife, forbidding him however to cross the river any more—a command which Baldwin hears without meaning to obey. Nay, when Baldwin has once broken this injunction, and escaped with great difficulty from the Saxons, the emperor imposes on him the brutal penance of entering Sebile's tent to kiss her

in the sight of the Saxons, and bringing back her ring,—which Baldwin contrives to fulfil by putting on the armour of a Saxon knight whom he kills. As may have been observed in the "Taking of Orange," it never seems to occur to the poet that there can be any moral wrong in making love to a "Saracen's" wife, or in promising her hand in her husband's lifetime; and, strange to say, so benignant are these much-wronged paynim, that Guiteclin is not represented as offering or threatening the slightest ill-treatment to his faithless queen, however wroth he may be against her lover; nor, indeed, as having even the sense to make her pitch her tent further from the bank. The drollest bit of sentimentality occurs however after the victory of the Franks, and Guiteclin's death, when Sebile is taken prisoner. After having been bestowed in marriage on Baldwin by the emperor, she asks one boon of both, which is that Guiteclin's body be sought for, lest the beasts should eat it,—a request, the exceeding nobleness of which strikes the emperor and the Frank knights with astonishment. When the body is found and brought to Sebile "the water of her eyes falls down her chin;—'Ha, Guiteclin,' said she, 'so gentle a man were you, liberal, and free-spending, and of noble witness! If in heaven and on earth Mahomet has no power,

even to pray Him who made Lazarus, I pray and request Him to have mercy on thee.'" The dead man is then placed in a great marble tomb; Sebile is christened, marries her lover, and is crowned with him as queen of Saxony, Helissend being in like manner given to Berard.

It is now that the truly tragical part of the poem commences. Charles and his host depart, the emperor warning his nephew to be courteous, loyal and generous, to keep true faith to his wife, yet not to spend too much time in her arms, but to beware of the Saxons. The caution is needed, for already the two sons of Guiteclin, with one hundred thousand Russians and Bulgarians, and the giant Ferabras of Russia, a personage twelve feet high, with light hair plaited together, reddish beard and flattened face, are within a day and a half's journey of "Tremoigne," burning to avenge Guiteclin. One Thursday morning their invasion is announced to the young king, who has but fifteen thousand men to oppose to them. Sebile embraces her husband's knees, and entreats him to send at once for help to his uncle; the barons whom he has called to counsel favour her advice. "'Barons,' said Baldwin, 'I should fear the dishonour of it. It is too soon to seek and pray for succour. We have not yet unhorsed knights, cut arms from bodies, made

bowels trail; we are fifteen thousand young men untried, who should buy our praise and our honour, and seize and acquire strange lands, and kill and shame and grieve our enemies, cleave the bright helmets, pierce the shields, break and tear the hauberks of mail, shed blood and make brains to fly. To me a pleasure it seems to put on hauberk, watch long nights, fast long days. Let us go strike upon them without more delay, that we may be able to govern this kingdom." The barons listen with an ill will to this speech; Baldwin himself, on viewing the paynim host, is staggered at their numbers, and lets Sebile persuade him to send a messenger to his uncle. However, with five thousand men he makes a vigorous attack on the vanguard of the Saxons, consisting of twenty thousand, and ends by putting them to flight. On the news of this repulse, the two sons of Guiteclin come out, apparently with the bulk of the army. The French urge the young king to re-enter the city, but he refuses,—Sebile would hold him for a sleepy coward. He kills Ferabras, unhorses one of Guiteclin's sons. But the disparity of numbers is too great; the French are obliged to retreat and shut themselves up in the city.

Meanwhile the messenger has reached Charlemain at Cologne with the news of the renewal of

the war. Whilst all his barons are summoned, the emperor starts in haste himself for Saxony with ten thousand men. Baldwin was seated in his tower, looking out upon a league of hostile tents, complaining to Sebile, who "comforts him as a worthy lady," bidding him trust in his uncle's succour. She is the first to descry the French host, and to point it out to her husband. "'Ah, God!' said Charles's nephew, 'fair Father Creator, yet will I avenge me of the pagan people.'" He goes down from his palace, and cries to his men, "Arm ye, knights! Charles is returned."

The besieged prepare at once for a sally. Sebile places the helmet on her husband's head, and kisses him, never to see him more alive. The enemy are disarmed; three thousand of them are killed by the time Baldwin cuts his way to his uncle, to whom, as his liege lord, he makes complaint against the Saxons. The emperor's answer contains little but philosophic comfort: "Fair nephew, so goes war; when your day comes, know that you will die; your father died, you will not escape. Yonder are your enemies, of whom you complain; I give you leave, go and strike them." Uncle and nephew both perform wonders. But Berard is killed by Feramor, one of Guiteclin's sons, and the standard which he bore disappears under him. Baldwin en-

gages Feramor; each severely wounds the other; the fight is so well contested that Baldwin offers to divide the land with him, if he will make peace. The Saxon spurns the offer, and is killed.

But "Baldwin is wounded in the breast grievously; from thence to the spur his body is bloody." Saxons, Lusatians, Hungarians perceive that his blows lessen and fall slow. 'Montjoie!' he cries many a time, but the French hear him not. "When Baldwin sees that he will have no succour, as a boar he defends himself with his sword.....Who should have seen the proud countenance of the king, how he bears and defends himself against the paynim, great pity should truly take his heart." Struck with fifteen wounds, his horse killed under him, he offers battle on foot. They dare not approach, but fling their swords at him, and then go and hide beneath a rock. Baldwin, feeling death approaching, "from the fair eyes of his head begins to weep" for sorrow and rage. He now addresses an elaborate last prayer to God; but whilst he is on his knees, looking toward the East, a Saxon comes to cut off his head. Baldwin furious seizes his sword, which had fallen from his hand on the green grass, and with a last blow cleaves the Saxon to the shoulders, then dies.

The news is carried to the emperor, who laments

his ill-fate. Rest he has never had; the paynim folk have killed him the flower of his friends, Roland at Roncevaux and now Baldwin. "Ha, God! send me death, without making long delay!" He draws his sword, and is about to kill himself, when Naymes of Bavaria restrains him, and bids him avenge his nephew's death. The old man however exposes his life with such recklessness, the struggle is so unequal, that Naymes himself has to persuade him to leave the battle and enter the city, until the Herupe nobles come to his aid. "Dead is Count Roland and Count Oliver, and all the twelve peers, who used to help in daunting that pride which makes us bend so; no longer at your right hand is Baldwin the warrior; the paynim have killed him and Berard the light; God has their souls.... If you are killed...in your death alone a hundred thousand will die."

They lead him away, unwilling, from the field. Baldwin's corpse is carried by him on his shield. Sebile comes to meet the emperor, and ask of her husband. Charles bids her look at him. She faints to the ground. There is true pathos (though somewhat wire-drawn) in her lament, when she comes to herself:

"Sir king Baldwin, for God's sake, speak! I am your love, mistake me not. If I have offended

you in ought, it shall be made amends for wholly to your pleasure,—but speak to me. For you was my body baptized and lifted; my heart leans on you, and all my affection, and if you fail me, it will be ill done. Too soon it seems to me, if already you repent. Baldwin, is it a trick? are you deceiving me? speak to me, friend, if you can.... I see your garments dyed and bloody, but I do not believe that you are killed; there is no man so bold nor so outrageous who ever could kill you, he durst not do so. But I think by such a will you wish to try me, how I should behave if you were departed. Speak to me, for God's sake who was born of virgin, and for that lady who kept chastity, and for the holy cross whereon Jesus suffered! Try me no more, friend, it is enough; I shall die now if you tarry longer. Ha! gentle king of France, I see you behave ill; you have too ill a heart, not to take pity of this poor lady who has so much hardship! For God's sake I pray you, fair sir, command Baldwin that he speak two words to me, I shall have less hardship. To-day was I full joyous when you returned. I sent him out to you with three thousand armed men; the others I quit-claim to you, give me back this one whole, or you shall never have love of me." When she sees that her thoughts are vain, that Baldwin

is really dead, she falls on him, she kisses his mouth and nose more than a hundred times. "'Naymes', says the king, 'take this lady away; *if I see her grief any more, I shall go mad.*'"

That night he ate no bread nor drank wine, but had the city watched, and rode the rounds himself, with helmet closed, his great buckler hanging to his neck, his sword in his fist. All the night it rained and blew; the water ran through the joints of his hauberk, and wetted his ermine pelisse beneath. His beard swayed, whiter than flax, his long moustache quivered; until dawn he lamented his nephew, and the twelve peers, and all his next of kin who were dead. From the gate at morn a Saxon, king Dyalas, defies the old man, swearing that he will wear his crown in Paris. The emperor has the gate opened, and sallies forth to meet him. They engage in single combat, the old emperor kills the Saxon's horse, disarms him, and only spares his life on condition of his embracing Christianity and yielding himself prisoner.

The rest of the poem has comparatively little interest. Old Naymes in turn kills his man—a brother of Guiteclin—in single combat. Dyalas, the emperor's new vassal, "armed in French fashion," performs wonders in honor of his new allegiance. Finally, the Herupese come up, and of

course overthrow the Saxons. An abbey is founded on the field of battle, which Sebile enters; Dyalas, baptized as "Guiteclin the convert," receives charge of the kingdom, and the emperor returns, bearing with him the bodies of Baldwin and Berard; after which "well was France in peace many a year and many a day; the emperor found not any who should make him wroth."

Notwithstanding the frequent contempt which Bodel (or Guerris) pours upon the "villein joglers," there is no reason to believe that his work is to be considered original. He refers indeed himself twice to MS. authority at the convent of St. Faro at Meaux; but it seems just as likely that his poem was founded on the ruder songs of the "villein joglers" themselves. Certain it is that the subject of it is referred to, with variations of treatment indeed, in poems which M. Michel tells us are "older than or at least as old" as the 'Song of the Saxons' itself. Thus, in 'The four sons of Aymon,' Charlemain in a speech to his barons refers to his conquest of "Guiteclin, that felon Saxon," to the loss of Baldwin, and to his summoning of the men of Herupe; of whom however he states that only the duke of Normandy and Solomon king of Brittany would come, naming as absent many who figure as present in the work we have

been considering. In another passage, the giving of Sebile in marriage to Baldwin is also referred to. Again, the name of Berard of Montdidier occurs in the romance of 'Bevis of Commarchis' and elsewhere.—The reminiscences of the 'Song of Roland' in the present work will strike anyone.

I do not know if we shall be unjust to the professed author of the 'Song of the Saxons,' should we attribute the superior interest of the latter part of the poem rather to the despised "jogler" than to himself. A certain amount of vivacity no doubt is not wanting throughout the narrative, and the knightly encounters are often vigorously enough hit off. But in the address of Sebile to her dead husband Baldwin there rings a tenderness,—in the description of the old emperor's grief as he rides about weeping in the storm there is a tragic power, which we wholly miss elsewhere. The falling away however from the epic to the merely romantic point of view is sufficiently shewn, as compared even with 'Gerard of Viana,' by the fact that a great, if not the greatest part of the interest of the poem turns upon the two love-intrigues between Baldwin and Sebile, and between Berard and Helissend.

V.—THE SENTIMENTAL EPIC: BERTHA LARGE-FOOT.

'Bertha Large-foot'—'Berte aux grans Piés'—represents the latest distinct form of the Carlovingian Epic, if still it may be so called. Its author, Adenès,—termed 'king Adenès,' apparently from his having held the dignity of king of the minstrels,—flourished towards the end of the thirteenth century, having been born in 1240, in the Duchy of Brabant, where he became minstrel to Duke Henry III. He is one of the last poets, M. Paulin Paris tells us, in the introduction to his edition of the poem I am referring to, who wrote in the old monorhyme metre upon the heroic traditions of France. But his line is no longer the old European five-foot heroic, but the later French Alexandrine; not yet indeed reduced to its modern strictness of construction. Whilst the whole character of the poem, as will be seen hereafter,—its prevailing sentimentalism,—shews that a wholly different spirit from the earlier one has been breathed into the epic. Between even the 'Song of the Saxons' and 'Bertha Large-foot' indeed, the bulk of the Arthurian cycle must be considered as intervening.

"At the end of April, a sweet and jolly time, when herblings shoot forth and meadows are green again, and shrubs are longing to be all beflowered," Adenès was in Paris city one Friday, and resolved to go to St. Denys and pray God's mercy. There, courteous monk Savary shewed him 'the Book of Histories,' where he saw the story of Bertha, and of Pepin, how he assailed the lion, which story prentice *jongleurs* have so falsified. There he remained till the Tuesday, when he carried away the true story with him.

There was a king in France of great lordliness, fell and fierce and of great subtlety, named Charles Martel; many an attack did he make on Gerard (*i.e.* Gerard of Roussillon) and Falcon (*i.e.* Foulques); after whom came the Vandals, a cursed folk. Now towards St. John's day, when roses were in flower, king Charles was in his vaulted hall in Paris city. He never had but two sons, Carloman, who after three years' knighthood became monk in an abbey, and Pepin, who was but five feet and a half high, but "a bolder thing was never seen." "In the king's garden was many a table laid; the king sate to eat with his noble household; on the other side sate Pepin with the knightage." A lion which was fed there, having broken his cage into pieces and strangled his master, came through the garden,

where he killed two Lombard youths at play on the green grass. Charles Martel leaped up, taking his wife away with him ; all left the table. Pepin, reddening with anger, fetched a sword, then went straight to the lion and plunged it into him. He was then twenty years old. But the writer will not, he says, dwell upon this matter.—Charles Martel having died, and his wife, Pepin was married; his wife was descended from Gerbert, and Gerin of Malvoisin,* who had great wars with Fromont. But Pepin had never a male heir from that lady, who died also. His barons were assembled to decide whom he should marry for a second wife, when one of them gave such a description of 'Bertha the Debonair,' daughter of the king of Hungary, that Pepin at once decided on asking her in marriage. An embassy was sent to her father, king Floris, for the purpose, and obtained the lady's hand. It was the custom then in the country of the 'Tyois' (*i. e.* the Germans, Tyois = *Teutsch*) that the great lords had always about them French folk to teach French to their daughters and sons ; so that the king and queen and clear-faced Bertha knew "French of Paris" nearly as

* Whilst the legend of the Lorrainer heroes was still floating in men's memories, the 'Song of the Lorrainers' must have been unknown to Adenès, since it shewed us both Girbert and Gerin as the mere *protégés* of queen Blanchflower.

well as if they had been born at St. Denys. French and Germans were friends, and helped one another against the Arabs.

Weeping, Bertha took her leave; "White was she and red and pleasant to a wish; fairer maid was none from thence to Pisa; and greatly covetous to do all that is good."—"'Daughter,' said the king, 'be like your mother; toward the poor be not sour nor bitter, but sweet and debonair and of frank nature, so that your goodness may appear to God and to the world, for he who does not good has to pay for it at last. A fairer than you saw never king nor emperor. I commend you to God the true governor, may He be your keeper in body and soul.'"—"'Daughter', said the queen, 'I will convey you, know it, as far forward as ever I can. Margiste your servant I will leave you, and her daughter Aliste,—fairer than whom I know nothing, and for that she is like you I have her all the more dear; and Tybert her cousin I will send with them. You know well that I rescued all three from serfage, and bought every one of them with my moneys; and for this reason I would trust them the more.'—'Lady', said Bertha, 'and I will love them, and will never fail them of aught that I have; all my private matters I will do by their counsel; Aliste, if I can, I will marry well.'"

They set out, passing by Saxony, where the duchess was Bertha's sister. Here queen Blanchflower took her leave: "This ring of your finger," said she, "I will carry away with me, in tears often I will kiss it.... Daughter, I commend you to God through whom the sun shines; make yourself loved of lettered folk and lay; who is come of good, right is it that he turn to good more and more....'—'Sweet mother,' said she, 'meseems I have a knife-wound in the heart of my bosom.'—'Daughter,' said the queen, 'be joyful and gay; you go to France, whereby my heart is appeased, for in no country is the folk gentler nor truer.'" As she leaves, Bertha falls fainting on the pavement.

They proceed on their way, pass through Germany, cross the Rhine at St. Herbert, ride through Ardenne, and by Namur, fortified by Duke Naimes of Bavaria, through Hainault and Vermandois, and reach Paris one Sunday evening. The king comes out to meet them with more than seventeen hundred of his greatest vassals. Bells ring; not a street but is hung with rich cloths, and strewn cleanly with grass; fair-dressed ladies carol and sing; all Paris is splendid with jewels and riches. After mid-August, on a fair day without rain nor wind, king Pepin was married to fair Bertha, nobly

clad in a rich cloth of Otranto, with a crown on her head worth a hundred thousand marks and more. "Graceful was Bertha as flower on shrub." The master-tent is set up in the garden; after mass they sit down to eat, here a hundred, here twenty, here thirty; many a comely youth serves before the queen. After the cloth is taken off, minstrels prepare to do their work. Three sing before the king and queen, one a viol-player, named Walter, another a harper, named Master Warner, the third a flute-player, of whose name the poet is ignorant. When they have done, commence the dances and carols.

At last the queen withdraws, when old Margiste her servant goes up to her, and kneeling beside her whispers of strange and even deadly dangers to be feared from her husband. The queen is terrified, when the crone offers her by way of expedient that her own daughter Aliste shall take the queen's place by the bridegroom's side,—an offer which the queen thankfully accepts. Aliste was liker to Bertha "than a painter could paint;" no woman could be compared to them for beauty. The old woman's design is to make her daughter queen, "please God and St. Peter"; together with Tybert, the two devise a plot for Bertha's ruin. She will sleep to-night with Margiste; on the morrow

morning she is to be sent into the queen's room, and when she comes, Aliste will stab herself in the leg with a knife, and cry haro on the murderess. All is done accordingly, and when the bond-girl (*la serve*) has stabbed herself, Bertha unsuspiciously receives the bloody knife in her very hands. The king is wakened up, and furious at the treachery of the supposed bond-girl, swears she shall be burnt. Margiste drives her out of the room with blows; Tybert seizes hold on her, throws her down, forces open her mouth, and bridles her 'like a horse' with a cord, so that for a hundred thousand marks she could not have spoken a word. Binding her hands together, they fling her on a bed, and the evil crone leaning over her tells her that if she cries she shall have her head cut off. Bertha now understands their treachery and faints away. Meanwhile Aliste has so far interceded for the supposed culprit, as to obtain that the king shall keep the matter wholly secret, and that instead of burning the bond-girl, he shall send her at once in charge of three serjeants into a far country, to be there buried or strangled,—anything, so as she be killed. The supposed mother pretends to be much distressed, but rejoices in her heart. As for her daughter indeed, she will hold her for such no more, since she sought to murder my lady.

Bertha is placed on a baggage-horse, and carried away by Tybert and the three serjeants, Tybert suffering no one to approach her, and never giving her to eat or drink but with a steel brand in his fist to terrify her. Five long days they went, and at last stopped in a high thick wood; it was the forest of Mans. 'We need go no further now,' says Tybert. They take the queen down. It is the first time that Tybert's companions have been able to see her so near. So fair is she that they begin to weep. 'Fall back,' says Tybert, 'that I may strike her head off.' Bertha falls to the ground; she cannot speak, she can but kiss the earth. 'Beware of striking her, Tybert,' cries one of them named Morant; 'by the holy Lord, if I were never to return into France, I would see thy head and thy limbs chopped off.' Tybert nevertheless draws his sword; but two of them force him on his knees, whilst Morant unlooses the lady and bids her flee. 'Sirs,' says he then, 'methinks we did great folly in coming hither to do this murder.' "A gentle wife she seems and without any evil art"; the Lord God guide her! There is in this forest many a bear and leopard which will eat her up before long. We have acted as felons; all my heart burns with sorrow and pity.' He then suggests that to satisfy Margiste they should take with

them a pig's heart, to do duty for that of the intended victim. Tybert himself is nothing loth, fearing detection above all. It is done accordingly, and great is the joy of Margiste and of the false queen over Bertha's death.

"In the wood was the lady, who sorely wept; she heard the wolves howl and the owls hoot; it lightened sharply and thundered hard, it rained small, and hailed, and blew; a hideous time for lady without company. Sweetly she besought God and His saints." Her prayers, which are not very edifying, may be omitted, as well as much of her wanderings, and of her ejaculations thereby, which the writer seems never tired of dwelling on; though there is a good deal of tender grace about the descriptions,—*e.g.*

"Through the wood went the lady, who had great fear; nor was it marvel if her heart was sore, since she knew not whither she should go. To right and to left full often she looked, and before and behind, and then she would stop. When she stopped, pitifully she wept; barekneed on the ground she often knelt, or gently stretched herself cross-wise on the thick grass; the earth full often she kissed through humbleness; when she rose up, full great sighs she gave forth; Blanchflower the queen full often she regretted.... Her very white

hands full oft she wrung" &c., &c. She tears her foot with a stone, her cheek with a branch; she comes on a brook which she cannot pass. Horrible and desperate is the night; she hides herself in a thicket, screening herself against the wind with shrubs, and gathers a heap of olive leaves (!) to lie on. Two robbers, who have been watching for chapmen, see her white tunic whiten, and rush upon her. Beholding her beauty, each claims the prize for himself; one draws a knife, the other a sword, and whilst they fight, Bertha escapes into the very thickest of the wood, where at last she lies down to sleep, having commended herself to St. Julian, patron of hospitality.

Towards midnight the wind goes down; the queen wakes, tormented with hunger, and prays again, making a vow that never will she tell any that she be a king's daughter or Pepin's wife, save in the sole case that she do so to save her honour. Before daylight, the moon shining brightly, she starts again. The weather is cold; she is ill-clad, and her clothes all torn about her, and she shivers with the cold. At last she finds a narrow path which leads to a hermitage. She knocks; the hermit looks out. She begs him to open. He, seeing her so fair, crosses himself and calls God to help against the devil's temptation. Into his hermitage,

he tells her, no woman may enter, winter nor summer. He offers her a piece of bread, black and full of straw; she thanks him, but cannot eat. The hermit is touched, and directs her to the house of Symon the wayreeve (*voyer*), a good man, whose wife Constance is gentle and wise. On her way thither she meets with a last danger in the shape of a she-bear, rushing on her open-mouthed. She falls in a faint, and the beast turns another way. She recovers herself and proceeds, but is so worn with cold and hunger that she can go no longer, when Symon meets her. He salutes her; she returns the stranger's greeting, and begs him to tell her the way to Symon's house. Seeing her in such plight, "full great pity takes him, so that the water of the heart runs down his face." He asks who she is. She tells him she is born toward Alsace, daughter of a vavassor named Clement, and that being grievously ill-treated by a step-mother she had run away. Symon tells her who he is, takes her to his house, and presents her to his wife Constance, who takes her into her room, where she is laid before the fire, and the two fair daughters of her host, Isabel and Ayglente, "rub and chafe her" with hearty care. Bertha thanks God when she feels the fire. They bring her food, but she is too weak to eat. All busy them-

selves to relieve her; she says she is rather anxious for her pillow than for food, but eats a little when she lies down to rest. They ask her name.—'Bertha.'—'The name of the fair lady, Pepin's darling.' When Bertha hears this, all her blood thrills, lest her name should discover her; "she would much rather have lied."

Under the care of Constance and her daughters, Bertha soon recovers. The girls worked in gold and silk. Sitting by them, Bertha offers to teach them a work; "better workwoman was none from Tours to Cambrai." They are amazed at her handiwork. Ayglente runs to her mother, declaring that Bertha is the best workwoman she ever saw, and that if she is to leave she must go with her.—'Hold your peace, fair daughter, says the mother; I will keep her with me, and if she deserves it I will marry her; ye shall both sleep together in my room.'—'I will thank God for it,' replies Ayglente, for "so sweet a thing" I never saw; "she is more graceful than the rose of May." Constance goes into the room with Ayglente, and is equally astonished to see Bertha's skill. She begs her to enter her service, "and shame be on me if I do not pay you well."

Nine years and a half she dwelt there, making herself beloved by all. She bore all the keys;

lived but on bread and water on Saturdays, wore the hair-shirt on Fridays, prayed for Pepin and her father and mother; Symon treated her as his niece, Constance as her friend.—Meanwhile Pepin has had two children by the 'hated bond-girl,' Rainfroi, "full of trickery," and Heudri, "false and full of envy." By her mother's counsel the bond-girl set up in France many a bad custom; laid tax and toll on the land; made herself feared by all. Fourteen months after Bertha's marriage, king Floris of Hungary lost his daughter the duchess of Saxony, as well as his son Godfrey, so that he had no more heir of his body save Bertha. With the consent of his queen, he sent to France to ask for little Heudri, in order to make him king of Hungary. The king apparently would have granted the request, but the false queen will not hear of his doing so. Floris is much grieved at the ill-success of his embassy.

Years pass by, and queen Blanchflower has an evil dream of a she-bear devouring her right arm and side. Her thoughts revert to her daughter. It is eight and a half years since she saw her; she begs the king to let her go and visit Bertha, promising to bring back one of his grandchildren. The king willingly assents, but insists that she shall take a good retinue with her; a hundred

knights, of the bravest in all Hungary. They depart; but on her arrival, there is no one but curses her for the mother of such an evil queen. The queen of Hungary learns of the hatred that is borne to her daughter, and is amazed beyond measure; what! Bertha her daughter, born of so good a race, so well nurtured, the child of one more void of villainy than any from thence to Syria, to act thus! Before she returns, she will make her give up all her ill-gotten wealth.—As she goes, a peasant seizes her horse by the bridle: "Lady, mercy for God's sake! I complain of your daughter. I had but one horse, which found me my bread, whereon I fed, and my wife Margery, and my little children, who must now die of hunger. To Paris it carried thatch, logs, and tin: it cost sixty sols a year ago for certain. Now she has had it taken from me—God give her an evil morrow! For mischief had I fed him this winter with my gains. But by that holy Lord who made Eve of Adam, I will so curse her eve and morn that I will have vengeance of her from the Sovereign Father." Blanchflower gives him a hundred sols. In his joy he kisses her stirrups and her reins, and declares he will curse Bertha no longer.—When near Paris, one Monday morning, she still hears every one complaining of the queen. 'How can this be?' she asks

herself; 'When she left my country she was full of all good; there was none better taught as far as the port of Aquitain.'

The news of her arrival is brought to Pepin, who is much rejoiced. The bond-girl pretends to laugh, but is heavy at heart. She sends for her mother and Tybert, and all three sit down on the carpet to consult. The old woman advises that her daughter feign sickness and keep her bed. This is agreed to. Further to comfort her daughter, the hag offers to poison Blanchflower "in apple or cherry." The bond-girl shrinks from this. She had rather flee away. She feels sure of being recognised by her feet, which are not half so long as Bertha's. Let them lade their gold and silver on sumpter-horses, leave her two children to their father, and start at midnight all three for Apulia, or Calabria, or Sicily, where they may live by usury. The mother will not hear of flight. She will poison Pepin too. All that her daughter has to do is to lie quite quiet, doors and windows being stopped up. The daughter yields, and the old crone goes weeping to the king, to say that queen Bertha is taken so ill that she will scarcely ever heal again. The news goes through the city, and causes universal rejoicing, mingled with curses on the queen and all her kin.

The king goes to meet his mother-in-law at Montmartre, with his two sons and all his great men. Blanchflower is much distressed at hearing of Bertha's illness. The king comforts her by saying that her daughter will be sure to get well when she will have seen her mother, and been held in her arms. He presents his two sons to her. All Blanchflower's blood thrills, her body sweats, but without joy of heart; "meagrely" she greets them, without kissing or clasping them. Those present think no good of her, and nudge one another, saying that the queen comes of an evil stock.

Here occurs a pleasant thirteenth century glimpse of Paris:

"Toward Paris she descends, the admirable city; the country she views in length and in breadth, and much the land pleased her,.... She is at Montmartre; she gazed on the valley, she saw the city of Paris, which is long and broad, many a tower, many a hall and many a chimney; she saw the great battlemented towers of Montlhéri, the much-praised river of Seine, and on the one side and on the other many a vineyard planted. She saw Pontoise and Poissy and Meulant on the road; Marli, Montmorency and Conflans in the meadows; Dammartin in Goele, full well fortified, and many another great town that I have not named... 'Ah

God,' says she, 'who madest sky and dew, how richly married is Bertha my daughter!'"

The town is well adorned as they pass; many a well-attired lady is at the windows; the "Great Street" (Rue St. Denys) is all tapestried; yet many a secret curse does Blanchflower receive for the love of the bond-girl. As she reaches the palace, Margiste falls at her feet, having "scratched herself a little with her nails," and declares that the waiting for her has made Bertha so ill that she cannot receive her till the evening. Blanchflower is much grieved, but is comforted by the king, of whom she asks again for one of his sons to make king of Hungary. He assents willingly. After eating, she goes in search of her daughter. Margiste again meets her, entreating her for God's sake to go away, as the queen has gone to sleep. So be it, replies Blanchflower, suspecting nothing as yet; 'I will not leave till I have seen Bertha my daughter and kissed her mouth.' The old woman is greatly affrighted.—Sitting afterwards in a meadow under the shade, the queen calls the old woman, and asks how it is that Bertha should be so much complained of by old and young? The crone declares that better lady never wore ring; all she does is but by way of revel.—'Where is your daughter, fair Aliste?' asks now the queen.—'She died sud-

denly one day,' replies Margiste, 'sitting upon a chair, I know not of what. I fear me she might have become a leper at last. I had her buried quietly by an old chapel.'

For two whole days Blanchflower is kept away from her supposed daughter. At last, just before supper-time, she insists upon going to her. She compels Tybert unwillingly to open the door; a young girl takes a candle to light her, which so enrages the old woman that she strikes her with a stick so as to make the blood flow, declaring that the queen cannot bear the light. Blanchflower is much vexed, but says nothing, and only hastens on to the queen's bedside. Greetings are exchanged; Blanchflower expresses her wish to see her daughter. The latter declares she is as yellow as wax, and the physicians tell her that light is bad for her, as well as speaking, and begs her to let her rest.

Blanchflower sees well that the queen wishes her to be gone. God help me! she exclaims, "it is not my daughter whom I have found here; were she half-dead, by the body of St. Remy, she would have kissed me enough and rejoiced with me." Without more demur she half opens the door, calls in her retinue: "Come forward," she says, "by God I pray you, I have not found my daughter, they

have wholly lied to me." Tybert who kept the door reddens with shame. They pull down many a cloth of gold and hanging tapestry. "Lady," says the crone, "for the love of God, mercy! Would you kill your daughter? for three days she has not slept."—Blanchflower bids her hold her peace. They open the windows; Blanchflower goes to the bed; seizing with her two hands all the bed-clothes, she throws them all off, discovering the bond-girl. She sees the feet, and her heart fails her. The bond-girl seizes a sheet and leaps from the bed. Blanchflower flings her to earth by her tresses, "which were full fair, I tell it you of a truth." They take her out of the queen's hands, and she flees into another room, while Blanchflower cries: "Haro! betrayed, betrayed! it is not my daughter, woe is miserable me! It is Margiste's daughter that I brought up with me; they have murdered my child Bertha who loved me so!"

A messenger goes and tells the tale to the king, who hastens to the spot, followed by many a baron. Weeping, Blanchflower cries to him: "Frank king, where is my daughter, the fair-haired, the slender, the gentle, the courteous, the full well-taught, Bertha the mild, who softly was nourished? King, it is not my daughter who lay here, 'tis the daughter

of Margiste, whom may God's body curse! Send after her, she will already have fled, and beware lest her mother escape you." With these words she falls in a swoon. Pepin sees the trick that has been practised on him; he chooses out four of his serjeants, who seize the old woman, and after consulting his barons, summons her before him to confess what has been done to Bertha. Upon application of the thumbscrews she avows the treason, as well as her design to poison Pepin and Blanchflower, and is sentenced to the stake. Tybert is next examined, and tells how he meant to have killed Bertha, but Morant saved her life. The bond-girl is summoned last, and throws all the blame on her mother "whom God confound!" They make a great fire of thorns, one kindles it, another blows it, and they throw into it the filthy old crone; her daughter falls terrified, her teeth to the ground. Tybert is dragged through the streets and hanged up to the wind at Montfaucon. But the lords and peers represent to the king that inasmuch as he has had children by the bond-girl, he should not take away her life. 'By St. Omer's body,' says the king, 'she had deserved to be stoned; but I will not go against your judgment.' The bond-girl begs permission to become a nun at Montmartre, and asks for a little money that she

has got together, to marry her sons when they are grown. The request is granted; but her 'little money' takes eight days to carry away, so much of it was there. The burgesses of Paris are all very sorry that she is not burned or buried alive.

Blanchflower however must rejoin her husband. The king escorts her as far as Senlis, then returns to Paris, "the admirable city." He summons before him Morant and his two companions, and bids them go to Mans and inquire of Bertha through all the country. If he could but have something of her or of the gown she wore, he would love it more than anything else, and would kiss it evening and morning. They go upon their errand, and spend fifteen days in inquiries. The news reaches Symon the wayreeve and his wife. Constance suspects the truth, and communicates her suspicions to her husband. They speak to Bertha, telling her of the king's misfortune and sorrow, and ask if she is the queen. Fearful of her vow, she denies it. Would God she were queen! They may well think she would prefer being such to remaining in this wood; very mad would she be to hide such a thing. She succeeds thus in lulling their suspicions, and Morant returns to Paris to tell the king that nothing can be heard of the lost one. Pepin is overwhelmed with grief. Morant and his two companions go

beyond seas by way of penance; only Morant returns, the others dying on the journey.

Once Pepin was preparing to go to Angers,—it being long since he had been in Anjou,—when duke Naymes of Bavaria came to him with thirteen companions, asking to be made knights. He promises to knight them in Mans at Whitsuntide, and does so accordingly. After the game of quintain, as the king sate under a leafy pine-tree, his best friends come to him and ask him why he does not marry. He tells them that he loved well his first wife, but it pleased not God that he should have any heir of her: he then married Bertha, of whom he saw but little, but for whom his heart is so grieved that he will never take wife again; to think of her almost makes him ready to kill himself. The barons are amazed, and say no more.

On the Thursday the king goes to hunt in the forest of Mans; a great stag is started and pursued. Now at four bowshot distance from Symon's house there was an ancient chapel, where Symon and all his household heard the mass. Bertha happened to be there behind the altar, praying God and the virgin. She had come with Constance and her daughters, but not seeing her, they had left. Seeing herself alone, she takes her Psalter and her

Hours, bows to the altar, and quickly departs. She is met by king Pepin, who is seeking for his men. The king greets her, she returns his greeting. Giving himself out as a member of the royal household, he asks if she can tell him of some house where he may be directed as to his way. She tells him of Symon's house. As he thanks her, seeing her rosy reddening face, he is all taken with love and desire. Descending from his horse, he begins to speak with her, and soon takes her in his arms, and begins making the largest offers to her if she will go with him to France and be his mistress. As at last, declaring himself to be master of the palace, he proceeds to threats, she bids him beware, as she is the queen of France, wife to king Pepin, daughter to king Floris and queen Blanchflower. If it be so, says the king, I would not harm you for a thousand marks of weighed gold. He accompanies her to Symon's house, but can draw nothing further from her. At the gate they meet Symon and Constance, with Isabel and Ayglente, who had been weeping for love of Bertha. They are surprised to see her brought back by a man, and looking frightened. The king salutes them all in turn, and takes apart Symon and Constance, asking them who the maiden is whom he has brought back. Symon says she is his niece;

but in faith, were the questioner not of the king's household, he would have dearly bought the fright he has given her. Pepin then states what she has told him, and begs them to say if it be true.—Since the thing is so, Symon thanks God, but they knew nothing of it. He then proceeds to tell how she came to them. The king suggests that they three should question her. Symon rather proposes that he and Constance should do so, the king being hidden behind a curtain. They proceed to do this. Symon tells her that the man who was there gave them news for which they thank God; that she is wife to king Pepin. Constance begs her to tell the truth. Bertha answers at once: "Lady, you spoke thus to me before; if I were so, I should have confessed it, even the first day that I ever came here." It was only to save herself from dishonour that she told the man the falsehood of her being queen Bertha. In vain they go on questioning her; she is so fearful "of angering God and Holy Mary" that she will admit nothing. Constance takes her to her daughters; the king takes sorrowful leave of Symon. Before doing so, however, he discloses himself to him, and declares that the maiden must be his wife.—'Never believe me,' says Symon, 'if she be not Bertha herself. I hope that she may have made a vow to conceal the

truth; and if so, she would not break her vow for the gold of ten cities.' The king tells him that he will send to Hungary to apprise Floris and Blanchflower of what has taken place, when one or other of them will be sure to come.

A messenger is sent off the same day. Floris and Blanchflower are delighted with the news, and both of them start the next morning for Paris, whence, joined by Pepin, they go on to Mans. They reach the city at dinner-time, but Blanchflower neither eats nor drinks; onward still they press to the house of Symon the good wayreeve. When they enter the room where Bertha sate, she recognises her mother, and falls at her feet, while Blanchflower herself swoons away with joy. Floris "takes Bertha whom he had so much longed for; softly he has kissed her, clasped her and hugged her."—Blanchflower stands up, takes her from his hands; she cannot be satiated with kissing her. Pepin afterwards comes forward, and asks pardon of his "sweet friend." Symon and Constance, Isabel and Ayglente are brought. Tents and pavilions are set up; three days the king dwells there, making great joy; Symon and his two sons are knighted, receiving each a cloak of pure cloth-of-gold; the king makes Symon his master councillor; Duke Naymes puts on them

their spurs. The father receives a thousand pounds' worth of land, each of the sons five hundred; the king will marry the daughters, and give five hundred pounds a year to each; arms of the king's devising are given to father and son. Then, after nine and a half years' sojourn, the queen leaves the wayreeve's house, but takes with her his two daughters. Great are the rejoicings at Mans during their eight days' stay; in all towns on their way to Paris the people came out in great processions to meet the queen, thanking God for the "fair miracle" of her recovery. On their approach to Paris there remained not in city bald man nor hairy, monk nor abbot, clerk nor lay, but came out in procession, blessing the queen, but cursing the "filthy old woman" through whom she was so long lost.

The feasting lasted eight days. One Sunday after dinner, behold Morant, returning from beyond seas. He shrinks from meeting the queen; she on the contrary goes to embrace him; and begs the king to make him a knight and largely reward him, which is done. After a month's stay king Floris departs, Pepin and his queen accompanying him and Blanchflower to St. Quentin. On their return to Hungary they had a daughter, whom they named Constance, in memory of Symon's wife; she was afterwards queen of Hungary, and

had great wars with the Danes. They also founded a fair abbey in honor of Bertha's recovery, and "stored" it with sixty nuns. Pepin and Bertha returned to Paris, where they always shewed much love to Symon and Constance, and married grandly Isabel and Ayglente. The bond-girl remained at Montmartre, and brought up full lordlily her children Rainfroy and Heudry, whose great wealth was afterwards cause of mischief to many.—The first child whom Pepin had of Bertha was a daughter, who married Milo of Ayglent and was mother to Roland the brave; the second was another daughter named Constance; the third was "Charlemain the bold-faced, who made afterwards many a great invasion upon the Pagans; through him was God's law upraised and exalted, many a helm was split, many a shield pierced, many a hauberk broken, many a head cut off. Much and heartily he warred against the paynim folk, so that they of that race have cause of mourning to this day."

'Bertha Large-foot,' it will be seen, hangs as it were but by a thread to the great chain of Carlovingian epics. It has nothing really epical about it, except the opening story about Pepin and the lion, which is a mere *hors d'œuvre*, and leads to nothing, and a passage here and there, such as the concluding one; it is properly but a sentimental

romance, grafted on the old epic legend. Still, it is worthy of notice in connexion with the earlier poems of the cycle, as shewing the close of a literature.

That it is the work of an age of decadence, I think there can be no doubt. We have lost in it all the vivacity of the earlier poets; the progress of the action is hampered, not by the repetition of outward detail, but by the mere amplifications of the author. There is some amount of dramatic power, as in Blanchflower's discovery of the bond-girl's trick, and much graceful tenderness of sentiment; but the author's taste is as false as his religion. How is it possible to take interest in Bertha's religious scruples as to breaking her vow, when she is ready to lie to any extent for the sake of it, and when its sole result is cruelly to prolong the anxiety of her husband, her father and her mother? Such sentimentalism is as unwholesome as that of 'Paul and Virginia', or Mr. Dickens's 'Battle of Life' or 'Little Dorrit,' and is more offensive than either. There can be no real life in a literature inspired by a religion which could render bearable a heroine like Bertha, represented as the pattern of all perfection, who yet persevëres unabashed in reiterating falsehood, even after confessing the truth, for fear of "angering God and the Holy

Virgin." Indeed the rottenness of religion at this period is visible all through the poem. We feel it in Margiste's plot to make her daughter queen—"please God and St. Peter,"—by means of murder and adultery, seasoned with lifelong falsehood and the basest ingratitude. We feel it in Blanchflower's blasphemous imprecation "whom may God's body curse." Such a religion could evidently have little or no influence on morality, on the formation of character. Accordingly, we find in the poem, by the side of the delicacies of courtly gallantry, such as Pepin's longing to have but a scrap of Bertha's dress to kiss morning and evening, the tale of his brutality in seeking to force the queen herself when he meets her as a peasant girl; or earlier, the savage relish of the poet in describing Margiste's tortures. Such a state of morals and religion evidently betokens some great crisis at hand. The fourteenth century indeed is near, and with it in the distance Wycliffe, Jerome of Prague, John Huss.

Historically however, 'Bertha Large-foot' is not without its value. In its almost pointed avoidance of warlike detail, I suppose it well exemplifies that profound lassitude which had taken hold upon Europe about the period of the last crusades. It would seem indeed that only in his early works did Adenès attach himself to the old heroic cycle.

In his latest, and probably most popular poem, the 'Cleomades,' we find him sailing away into regions of pure fiction, and placing his story in the reign of Diocletian. This must have been written, M. Paris shews, between the years 1275 and 1283.

The relation of 'Bertha Large-foot' to the earlier poems of the cycle is not without interest. It alludes to Charles Martel's wars with Gerard, to the Vandal invasion, to the wars of Girbert and Gerin with Fromont, and therefore to the legends of Gerard of Roussillon and of Garin the Lorrainer and his house; to "Guitequin" of Saxony, and the conquest of his country by the "Hurepois" barons, and therefore to the legend embodied in the 'Song of the Saxons.' Floris and Blanchflower, the heroine's parents, are themselves the heroes of a well-known romance. Duke Naymes is brought before us in his younger days; Roland is twice named. It is thus evident that the work bears testimony to the existence of a still popular body of legend on the subject with which it is connected, although, as I have before pointed out, some of the earlier works of the cycle such as 'Garin' appear to have been unknown to the writer.—On the other hand, others of the late poems in a manner continue 'Bertha Large-foot,' by telling of the persecution of Charlemagne by the bond-girl's sons.

I do not think indeed that we need at all suppose Adenès's version of the legend to be the original one. Everything leads us on the contrary to the conclusion that there was an older one current, and one to all appearance far more fantastic than his. The first point he himself admits, when he speaks of "*prentiče jongleurs*" who have falsified the story. Although this expression might possibly at first sight be referred simply to the tale of Pepin and the lion, the application is clearly widened by what follows, that he took with him "the true story," how "Bertha was in the forest by herself." This point being settled, we cannot then help, with M. Paris, identifying Bertha with a celebrated personage of French middle-age statuary, known as "Queen Goose-foot" *(Reine Pédauque)*, who seems, like Bertha, to have been renowned both for her virtues and for her skill in wielding the distaff. I have myself no doubt that the earlier legend, if it could be recovered, agrees with the tradition of the sculptors; and that the milder surname of "Large-foot" applied to Bertha by the courtly Adenès is but a concession to the more fastidious taste of his hearers or readers: how indeed *could* he be sentimental over a goose-foot queen, as evidently he deemed it his business to be! It is difficult otherwise to account for his treatment

of the peculiarity which gives its title to the poem. Not a word do we find about it in the text until Blanchflower's journey to Paris, when the bond-girl has the presentiment that she will be known by her feet, since she has not "by half such feet nor such heels" as Bertha, which presentiment is eventually verified by Blanchflower's proceedings. Evidently the point was one to be tenderly treated, though it belonged too essentially to the story to be wholly overlooked. To what period the legend of the goose-foot can be traced up, I am unable to say.*

* "Parise la Duchesse" (of which two editions have been published,—one in the "Romans des Douze Pairs," and the other in M. Guessard's collection) is another sample of the sentimental epic, which it is hardly worth while to abstract after Bertha, as being decidedly inferior to it. Turning equally upon woman's sorrows more than upon manly exploits, it serves with Bertha to illustrate that vein of feeling to which the latter part of 'Gudrun' in the Norse-German cycle bears also witness, but which found its most developed expression in the tale of Griselda, as told by Boccaccio or Chaucer.

I can but point out here the entirely different conception of the female character which is evinced by the comparison of such types as those last mentioned with the Brynhilt, Gudrun, or Kriemhilt of the Edda or Nibelungenlied. In the latter case, the woman is evidently admired in proportion as she is like a man; in the former, in proportion as she is unlike one. Either type is, I believe, almost equally foreign to the truth of woman's nature. To any one who feels that woman was really made "an helpmeet" for man, Griselda's mean and spiritless endurance is well-nigh as revolting as Kriemhilt's savagery. The true Christian woman is a yet unrealized type in epic poetry.

With "king Adenès," and another poet to be presently noted, closes the era of the French popular epic. Scarcely indeed can his own works be deemed to belong to that class. We know from himself that he was a court poet,—minstrel, as I have said, first to Duke Henry III. of Brabant, whose sons John and Guyo continued their protection to him; finally to Mary of Brabant, daughter of Duke Henry, who on becoming queen to king Philip the Bold of France summoned him to follow her to Paris. His last work, 'Cleomades,' was composed at the request of Queen Mary and of Blanche of France, infanta of Castile. But even if we did not possess these data, the internal evidence of the poems themselves would lead us to the same conclusion. Not only do we observe the total absence of those appeals to the hearers to 'hold their peace,' which are so striking in the 'Garin,' but the whole character of 'Bertha Large-foot' in particular shews that it must have been composed for anything but a popular audience,—in fact, I take it (as we know was the case of the 'Cleomades') for one of ladies rather than of men. The true way of considering 'Bertha' and the other works of Adenès, as it seems to me, is not as samples of the popular epic, but as courtly imitations of it. The claim which 'Bertha' at least has on our attention is this,

that in reference to the particular branch of the Carlovingian legend which it treats of, the originals are lost to which it could be compared. Beyond Adenès I know of nothing in epic form belonging to the cycle but the travesties of the Italian poets of the *renaissance*, with which we have here no concern.

But the transition to the new school of poetry is best marked by a poem which I have already mentioned, 'The Four Sons of Aymon.'

VI.—TRANSITION TO THE RENAISSANCE: THE FOUR SONS OF AYMON.

OF all the knightly legends of the middle ages, perhaps none has ever been more popular on the European continent than that of the "Four Sons of Aymon." Its hold upon the French mind cannot be better indicated than by the fact, that whilst Roland's 'Durandal' has only attained a local popular celebrity, Renaud's 'Flamberge' has remained a recognised jocose synonym for sword.

Alone among those of the Carlovingian cycle, the legend has been able not only to cross the

Rhine, but to become there thoroughly naturalized, so that "Die Haimonskinder" are as well known popular personages in Germany,* as "Les Quatre Fils Aymon" in France, whilst the eldest of the brothers in particular, 'Renaud,' famous beyond Alps and Pyrenees as in his native Ardennes, or his later southern stronghold of Montauban, has received as 'Rinaldo' immortal life from Ariosto, as 'Reinaldos de Montalvan' has been immortally doomed by Cervantes to imprisonment in the 'dry well,' together with the twelve peers his comrades. Nay, there is every reason to believe that to this world-renowned legend we owe the scenery of one of Shakspeare's most charming masterpieces, and that Jaques nor Touchstone would ever have moralized in Arden, had not the story of the Sons of Aymon made of its forest another 'Broceliande' of legendary lore.

At the root of this legend lies a huge poem of twenty-eight thousand lines, published in Germany by F. J. Mone (in a text which I have not seen) and in part also by M. Tarbé ("Le Roman des Quatre Fils Aymon, princes des Ardennes; Reims, 1861"). With it,—but with what portion of it does

* There is a modern German poem of the above name by L. Bechstein (Leipzig, 1830), in which mention will be found of the early MS. poetical version in the same language.

not clearly appear,—is connected the name of Huon de Villeneuve, a *trouvère* contemporary with Philip Augustus of France (1180—1223), to whom the authors of the "Histoire littéraire de la France," in continuation of M. Paris, seem even to have ascribed the whole. It is written in alexandrines, and Mone has edited it from a text of the thirteenth century, while M. Tarbé speaks of there being one in existence of the age of Philip Augustus. But M. Tarbé is not always one of the most careful of critics, and,—quite admitting that a portion of the text may belong to the beginning of the thirteenth century,—the contrast in spirit between that and the whole latter part appears to me so great that I must suppose a considerable interval in date between the two. In short, without very positive evidence, I should find it difficult to admit that such latter part can be earlier than the second half of the century.

Popular however as the legend has been, its popularity has been mainly owing, not to the poem, but to the innumerable prose versions of it, in all languages, and for the use of all readers, which, now in the shape of long romances, now in that of small chap-books, were circulated by the press from its earliest days. It has however epical elements in it, but those mostly of a borrowed

character. Substantially, it is little more than a *pasticcio* from 'Ogier of Denmark,' far lower in tone, and in the whole latter portion with an intermixture of the grotesque and the vulgar marvellous, which indeed seem to have made its especial fortune in a degenerate age.* The leading idea of it is still the feudal one, that of the resistance of a petty chief or chiefs to Charlemagne; the only novelty in the treatment of that idea being, that instead of a single hero we have four, whose own father is in one portion represented as being in conflict with his sons, so that they are rebels at once against feudal allegiance and filial duty.

* In viewing what I call the 'vulgar marvellous' as essentially characteristic of the decline of epic poetry, I may perhaps be supposed to contradict the views set forth in the Introductory Chapter to the first volume of this work (see p. 10). But the fact is that no two things stand wider asunder than the true or mythical, and the vulgar or fantastical marvellous. The one is so bound up with all the roots of a people's thought and feeling that it is accepted without astonishment; the other is invented in a later age, for the very purpose of astonishing. The one blends inseparably with reality, the other only serves to tickle *blasé* minds, for which reality has lost its interest and its worth. When the 'Story of Burnt Njal' tells of the dead hero singing to himself in the moonlight within his funeral hut of stones, because revenge is at hand, and of the passers-by listening to know what he is singing for, every one feels that the narrator believed as profoundly in the tale as his hearers. But when the French minstrel sings of the tricks of the fairy horse Bayard, one feels that he believed not a word of them himself, and would have deemed others fools for doing so.

Charlemain holds a court. All his vassals are there, save one, Bueves (Bevis) of Aigremont. The emperor is furious at his absence, and though Bevis's brother Aymon of Dordon, Duke of Ardennes, and his four sons Renaud, Allard, Guichard and Richard are present, swears to have his absent vassal hung as a felon. Wise Naymes counsels an embassy in the first instance. It is sent, but the envoy, Charlemain's nephew Enguerrand, is killed by Bueves. The emperor is prevailed upon to make a second attempt to obtain his vassal's submission without warfare, and sends his own son Lohier (Lothaire) with four hundred chosen men. But a quarrel arises upon the delivery of the message, and Lohier and his sons are all killed. The emperor now summons his host and marches against Bueves, who is however joined by Girard of Roussillon, Aymon and his sons, and by another chief. An indecisive battle takes place, after which the allies of Bueves advise him to make peace if he can. Barefoot and in their shirts they pray mercy of their lord. Charles grants it, on condition that they come and do suit to him at Paris. But Ganilo and other traitors of his kin express their surprise at the emperor's clemency, and propose to him to kill Bueves by the way. He assents, and they lay an ambush, the result of which is that Bueves is slain, and his head brought to Charles.

It is probable that the portion of the poem which I have briefly analysed so far represents a distinct original from what follows. For though the compiler tries to patch up some kind of transition by speaking of several wars, by Aymon, Girard of Roussillon and others, as having been occasioned by Bueves's murder, and by indicating a subsequent peace, nothing can be more surprising than to find, only about half a page further on, Charlemain holding another court, Aymon attending it with his four sons, the emperor receiving them with open arms, and promising at once to knight the young men at Christmas. This is done, and Renaud the eldest, after distinguishing himself at quintain, is made seneschal.

To these scenes, which seem borrowed traditionally from 'Garin' or 'Raoul of Vermandois,'* succeeds one visibly taken from 'Ogier.' Renaud and Charles's nephew Bertolais sit down to chess, and play till they quarrel, when Bertolais strikes Renaud. He complains to the emperor, who speaks roughly to him. Renaud then claims justice for his uncle Bueves's death, which so angers Charlemain that he strikes him with his glove. Renaud withdraws, but in doing so meets Bertolais and brains him with the chess-board. The emperor cries to his

* See particularly the latter, ante, p. 143.

barons to seize him, that he may be hanged. An affray arises, in the course of which Renaud would be taken prisoner but for the aid of his kinsmen. He escapes on his horse Bayard,—already mentioned in the poem, and who rises in the latter portions of it and in the later legend generally to almost coordinate heroship with the four sons of Aymon,—and with his brothers makes his way to Ardenne, where they build Montessor or Montfort on the Meuse,—a castle of which the description is clearly modelled on that of Ogier's stronghold. Following still, with occasional variation of incidents, the story of Ogier, the poem proceeds to describe the siege of Montessor by Charlemain, eventually terminated by the treachery of Hervi of Losenne, who, having gained admittance, sets the place on fire. The four brothers now plunge into the forest, but are met by their father Aymon, returning to Dordon. Faithful to his sovereign, he engages them, and "there was no kinship when it came to jousting." Renaud kills Hermenfroi of Paris, "master-huntsman to the king of St. Denys," but the young chiefs are worsted, and have to escape with fourteen men only, whilst Aymon laments his hard fate, who should love and warrant his sons against all men, and yet must now drive them into exile. The devil should well carry away the soul of him who began this plea.

For seven years the outlaws wander in Ardenne in great poverty; only the horse Bayard is big and fat, thriving more on leaves than other horses on corn. At last, having worn out weapons and clothes, with only three knights remaining, they determine to go to their mother at Dordon.* They leave the forest, enter the city, go to the ducal palace. So naked and poor are they, they have not "a whole thread of cloth" upon them; they are so "ugly and hideous," they seem as devils. Duchess Aya does not recognise them, but is affrighted at their aspect. Yet, addressing them as hermits or penitents, she offers them food and clothing, "for the love of that God who shall judge the world, that He may save my sons from death and danger; for, sinner that I am! I have not seen them for ten years come February."—'How is this?' asks Richard. She tells the story, but has scarce finished it when her eyes fall on a scar in the middle of Renaud's face, which he had when a child. "Renaud!" she exclaims—"if thou be he that now hides himself—fair son, I conjure thee by God the loving King, if thou be Renaud, tell it me at once." Renaud weeps; his mother can doubt no more.

* M. Tarbé will have it that Dordon was *in* Ardenne. The text is here distinct to the contrary, for it uses the words "qui issirent d'Ardane" in speaking of the journey.

"Weeping, with uplifted arms, she goes and kisses her son, then all the others a hundred times over. They could not speak a word for aught that lives."

Whilst she has their horses stabled, and has meat and drink set before them,—venison and birds, and wine and claret in a great cup,—Duke Aymon comes back from hunting. Who are these men, he asks, who seem penitents? Weeping, his wife tells him they are his sons, who have come to see her; she has given them shelter for the night, they will depart at dawn; "I know not if in all my life I shall see them again." But Aymon speaks roughly to the young men: "Whither are ye going? May He confound you, who suffered the Passion!"* Why have they made war on Charlemain's knights and servants? They have no need to be famished. Can they not find enough religious folk, clerks and priests and monks, white-loined, tender in flesh, with fat kidneys? "Better is roasted monk than flesh of mutton."†

Renaud the courteous is wroth to hear his

* This awful use of the Saviour's blessed name is far from unfrequent in the later poems.

† I shorten this passage, evidently inserted only to raise a laugh at the expense of clerical sloth and luxury, and which only mars an otherwise fine scene. The subject of cannibalism is treated with very different effect in a remarkable poem of the Crusade cycle, the "Song of Antioch."

father speak thus; were it another, he could not endure it. He looks often at his sword, half-draws it, is about to rise. Allard his brother sees him: "For the love of God, fair sir, let be! in good and evil one should love one's father."—'Baron,' said Renaud, 'is it not maddening to see one who should keep and maintain us against all men, and give us good counsel in good and evil, now turn to the king for our disherison? An Jesus allow me to escape hence, I will not leave him one foot of earth unwasted! He knows well that for our sakes he should perjure himself.'—The duke falls a-weeping to hear him. It maddens him to think that a younger than he should give him counsel. Truly, even for his oath he should not in aught aggrieve them. Then said he to Renaud: "Fair son, much of a baron are you. In all the world I do not think there be one man your peer." His heart indeed became "all black" when he forswore them. But their mother never forswore them. She has gold and silver and marvellous wealth; she may give them of it.

Duke Aymon now quits the palace, and the duchess has her sons bathed and apparelled. Men flock to their standard, and when they leave at dawn, it is with seven hundred followers, whilst their cousin Maugis (or Mauger), returning from

court, joins them with four sumpter-loads of gold and silver. They betake themselves to king Yon (John) of Gascony, and deliver him from Beges (Bego) the Saracen, who is besieging him. During a single combat on foot between Beges and Renaud, which terminates by the surrender of the latter, the horse Bayard engages on his own account, and of course overcomes, the enemy's charger. In previous passages of the poem he has already been represented as carrying two of the chiefs at once during a flight, and in one line as carrying all four. This latter detail is the origin of the famous sign-board, which may be met with half over Europe, but is especially common in France, of the four sons of Aymon astride on a long-backed charger.

Yon gives the young men a mountain, where they build the henceforth famous castle of Montauban. They are besieged in it by the emperor, and at last escape to Dordon, where the war continues till the minstrel apparently himself gets tired of it. So peace is made, but the emperor insists that Bayard shall be thrown into the Meuse with a stone tied round his neck. But he clears himself, and escapes into Ardenne, where he still lives, for he is a fairy, and may be heard galloping at night through the forest. Renaud and his cousin Maugis (who has developed into a famous

enchanter) go to Palestine, where they meet with all manner of new adventures. Renaud on his return divides his domain between his sons Aymonnet and Yvonnet, and goes on a pilgrimage. At Cologne he works upon the cathedral, but the other masons being jealous of him kill him, and throw him into the Rhine, whence however his remains are recovered, and become miracle-working relics.

I have borrowed from M. Tarbé the summary of the whole latter portion of the poem, which appears to me evidently much more modern than the bulk at least of the earlier.* But it is really the marvels of the latter portion,—the tricks of Maugis and Bayard, the tales of the stealing of the crown diamonds by the former, of the disguise of the latter as a miller's nag, the perpetual fooling of the luckless emperor,—which have made the fortune of the later legend; the heroic or semi-heroic character of the earlier portion sinking eventually into mere farce, such as Ariosto himself had to ennoble somewhat for the purposes of his own

* The fairy nature of Bayard, the wizardship of Maugis are never indicated in the earlier portion; Bayard is only extraordinary by his strength, his power of fattening where his enemies starve, and his ferocity. Evidently the later minstrel took these details as mere hints for developing the animal into a perfectly fantastic personage.

comic epos. It is hardly necessary to point out that the fairy horse Bayard is visibly a mere exaggeration of Ogier's Broiefort, adapted to the tastes of a less serious age.

The only really original scene of an epical character in the poem (which, so far as I am aware, is quite unhistorical) seems to me the meeting of the sons of Aymon with their parents, though even this is marred by the incongruity of Aymon's suggestions of cannibalism. The general lowering of feudal morality, since the two typical poems of "the Song of Roland" and of "Garin the Lorrainer," is now most visible. Not only is faithfulness to the sovereign no virtue, but it has become the type of heroism to resist him, whilst he himself is degraded into a butt for the tricks of quadrupeds even, let alone bipeds. We cannot help feeling shocked at Garin's lying in wait for a treacherous enemy, Marquis William; but it appears to be counted heroism in Bevis of Aigremont to kill those who simply come as messengers from his sovereign. Aubry the Burgundian equivocates with his oath to keep the peace toward the Flemings, by directing his knights to serve and defend his nephew. But Renaud openly upbraids his father for not having forsworn himself on his sons' behalf against his sovereign, and Aymon not only does not

justify his loyalty, but actually weeps to think he should have given a younger man occasion for such a reproof.

When originality has died out, and poets can only disguise and vary the scenes and incidents described by their predecessors; when the sense of reverence is gone, and the memory of a nation's greatest heroes has become a mere peg for fantastic buffoonery; when morality has become inverted, and sons loftily reproach their fathers for not having forsworn themselves, the age of epic poetry is past. The French epic did not come to an end with the thirteenth century because the national or Carlovingian cycle was worked out, but because the root of epical poetry was withered.

A curious proof of this is afforded by the fact, that a new national epic-cycle was actually attempted to be inaugurated in that century, in honour of the Capetian dynasty, by the poem of "Hugues Capet," lately published by the Marquis de la Grange (Paris, 1864),—curious in various respects, but perhaps especially through the light it throws upon Dante's famous line,

"Figliuol fui d'un beccajo di Parigi;"

since we see from it that the butcher-parentage (but only in the second degree) of the first Capetian

king was an accredited French legend three centuries after his reign. The poem seems to be more popular than epical, and gave rise, not apparently so much in France, but especially beyond the Rhine, to various early chap-books on the story of 'Hugo Schapler,' a roystering hero, whose amatory exploits fill one half of the tale, and his military exploits the other. The history of both the poem and the prose tales, it may be observed, is of the most absurdly apocryphal character.*

The Capetian epic-cycle in France, therefore, died still-born. Another epic-cycle, that of the Crusades, gave birth to one very remarkable poem, the "Song of Antioch," and struggled on for awhile to maintain itself. But it was born too late to attain full development. We all know how completely the crusading fervour died out in the thirteenth century, and how St. Louis had to lead the

* This is indicated in the very title of the German tale-books: "History of the warlike hero Hugo Schapler, who through his powerful manhood won the king's daughter in France, and became king after Charles the Great's son, king Louis." The whole Carlovingian dynasty had thus dropped out of the popular mind, beyond its two first emperors. Curiously enough, however, the *geste* of William of Orange is recollected, and the story of the 'Crowning of king Louis' distinctly referred to, the early portion of the tale relating how William of Doren' (Orange), son of 'Count Nerbon' (Aymery of Narbonne), took the part of young Louis against a powerful noble, the price of his assistance being however that the king shall marry his sister 'Wissblumen' (Blanchflower).

last Crusade against the unwillingness and forebodings of his people. There can be no true epical poetry without what may be called an epical faith.

VII.—SEQUEL TO THE CARLOVINGIAN EPIC: THE SPANISH CARLOVINGIAN BALLADS.

It will be observed that the only poems I have analysed in this volume are written in French. The Carlovingian epic however, as already pointed out, overlaps the domain of the Norse-German. Two of its chief subjects at least exist in a German form,—the "Ruolandeslied" of Priest Conrad,—the "Willehalm" of Wolfram von Eschenbach.* Both poems however are avowedly modelled from

* There is also, as before mentioned, a later amplification of the former by Stricker, and a continuation of the latter, dealing with Renouart's 'exploits,' (der starke Rennewart), by Ulrich von Türheim. Another and still later writer, Ulrich von Türlin, is said also to have treated the earlier part of William's story. The French poem of "Flore et Blanchefleur" which connects itself with the Carlovingian cycle, was also translated into German. See Vilmar's 'Geschichte der Deutschen National-Literatur.'

French originals, and having looked through the former, and fragments of the latter, I am bound to say that they appear to me to fall decidedly short of such originals, as we already posess them in Turold's 'Chanson de Roland,' and the cycle of William of Orange, published by M. Jonkbloet. Some fragments also exist of a German poem of much earlier date on Charlemagne's childhood, known as "Breimunt" or "Karlmainet." I am not acquainted with them, and feel satisfied they are worthless or nearly so, or they would certainly have been cried up by German writers as the only remains of the true Carlovingian epic.* The German poem of 'Rother,' which by later adapters has been connected with the Carlovingian legend, I have noticed in the previous volume. The Carlovingian cycle remains therefore as distinctively French, as that of the heroes of the Nibelungenlied and their kin is Norse or German. This point is worth insisting on, as a certain sect of historians or rather essayists has grown up of late amongst us, who affect to treat Charlemagne as a German, not as a French hero. If he were really such, one should expect to find a German Carlovingian cycle of greater popularity and originality than the French.

* See Vilmar's work. As to the English poems belonging to the cycle, see Appendix B.

The total absence of any such is a convincing proof that, whatever dialect Charlemagne might habitually speak, he was to the bulk of what is now termed Germany what the history of his reign abundantly shews him to have been, a foreign conqueror; observing always indeed, that as the Gaul of the Romans stretched to the Rhine, so did the France of his day.

On the other hand, the French Carlovingian poems distribute themselves according to the two great divisions of mediæval France, into those of the "Langue d'oil" and the "Langue d'oc." Albeit those of the former division, or of the north, such as we possess them, are incomparably the most ancient, an able and ingenious writer, M. Fauriel, has gone so far as to assert that the French middle-age epics were all originally Provençal. The slight difficulty in the way of this theory is, that all the texts bear witness to the contrary. 'Gerard of Roussillon' has come down to us evidently only in a late Provençal version; and I have not thought it worth while to dwell* upon "Fierabras," another Provençal epic which has been edited by Bekker, and again in M. Guessard's "Anciens Poètes de la France" (Paris, Vieweg, 1860; edited by A. Krœber and G. Servois), and which has Oliver for its hero,

* See however Appendix B.

as notwithstanding the popularity of its subject in later times, it appears to me altogether inferior, whilst its late French editors have shewn moreover, by considerations of a metrical and grammatical character which seem to me irresistible, that the Provençal text must have been derived from one in the 'Langue d'oil.' That the originals of some of the 'Langue d'oil' poems, such as 'Gerard of Viana,' the scene of which is laid wholly in the South—perhaps even 'William of Orange'—may have been Provençal, may easily be conceded as probable. But if such originals have perished, whilst whole masses of Troubadour lyrics, forming together the most soulless, the most artificial, the emptiest literature that the waves of time have ever carried with them like froth upon their course, have been preserved, so much the worse for the Provençaux.

But there is one language foreign to France, in which the Carlovingian epic has left offshoots which cannot be overlooked.

It is perhaps the fate of all legends of epical character, as they have begun, so to end in short popular pieces,—call them 'lied,' 'lai,' 'romance,' 'song,' 'ballad,' what you will. As the true sequel to the Norse-German epic is to be sought in the ballads of the *Danish* 'Kempe-viser' (which indeed,

as before mentioned, comprise also some on subjects drawn from the Carlovingian cycle) so there is a like sequel to the Carlovingian epic of France to be found in the *Spanish* 'Romancero.' Various pieces of this collection turn upon Carlovingian subjects, introducing moreover a number of new personages, and giving many new turns to the legend;—Roland for instance perishes at Roncevaux by the hand of the native Spanish hero, Bernardo del Carpio, or of sheer despair. The oldest of the Spanish ballads indeed is not considered as a whole to be of earlier date than the fourteenth century; they belong generally to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the Carlovingian ones bear the reflex of the very latest romances, even prose ones, of the cycle. Still they are many of them essentially popular pieces, and in them the old epic spirit, like Antæus touching the earth, seems to gather much of its pristine vigour.

I will only quote one or two of these pieces. The first is one which Wolf reckons among the oldest, and has inserted in his 'Primavera y flor de romances,' as the second on the battle of Roncevaux:

"In Paris is lady Alda, the bride of Don Roldan" (i. e. Roland);" three hundred ladies with her for her company; all wear one dress, all are

shod with one hosen, all eat at one table; all ate of one bread, save the lady Alda only, who was head of all. A hundred were spinning gold, a hundred were weaving silk, a hundred were playing on instruments, to please the lady Alda.

"To the sound of the instruments lady Alda has gone to sleep. She has dreamed a dream, a dream of great grief. She awoke frightened with a great affright. So great cries she sent forth, they were heard in the city. Then spake her damsels, ye shall hear what they shall say:

"'What is this, my lady? who is it that hath done you hurt?'—'Damsels, I dreamt a dream that hath given me great grief. I saw myself on a mountain, in a desert place. Over the very high mountains a hawk I saw a-flying; behind him comes an eaglet which very sharply presses him. With great haste the hawk put himself under my veil; the eaglet with great rage went to draw him thence; with his claws he plucks him, with his beak he tears him.'

"Then spake her lady of the chamber, ye shall hear what she shall say: 'This dream, lady, well I mean to rede it to you. The hawk is your husband, who comes from beyond the sea; you are the eagle, with whom he is to marry; and that mountain is the church, where they shall veil you

(as a bride).'—'If so it be, my lady of the chamber, well will I requite it you.'

"But on the morrow morning letters from abroad they bring to her;—written within were they with ink, written without with blood,—that her Roldan was dead in the chase of Roncevaux."

Here is one on Roland's death:

"Wounded in many places goes forth old Charlemain, fleeing from the men of Spain, for that they have defeated him. He leaves the eleven [peers] lost; only Roldan has escaped, for no warrior ever reached his sovran prowess, nor could he be wounded, nor his blood be shed. At the foot of a cross he knelt upon the earth, his eyes uplifted to heaven, thus has he spoken: 'Brave heart, how hast thou become a coward, in leaving Roncevaux without dying or being well avenged? Ah! friends and lords, how shall ye not complain for that I bore you company in life and left you in death?' Being in this sorrow, he saw Charlemain a-coming, sad, alone, and crownless, with his face all bloody; as soon as thus he saw him, he fell dead of despair."

Although the second of these little pieces is visibly far more modern than the first, and probably cannot be earlier than the sixteenth century, the epical character of both is unmistakeable. Still, even the former one has the flavour not of

the earlier, but of the later period of the epic's life,—of its evening and not of its morning. It is not the popular rising to the human, but the cultivated broadening once more into the popular.

APPENDIX A. (See p. 235.)

THE NOVALESIAN CHRONICLE AND "WILLIAM'S MONKSHIP."

Nothing is more remarkable than the different points of view from which, in different ages, men of equal learning will judge the same work. Muratori severely found fault with the garrulous old monk who put together, or rather tried to put together (for death surprised him over his task), the so-called "Chronicon Novaliciense," for stuffing it with popular legends. Pertz, his modern German editor,* deems it the chief merit of his work that he should have preserved so many of the latter; and nineteenth-century readers generally will endorse the opinion, and regret with him the present imperfect state of a MS. which was complete up to the last quarter of the sixteenth century, and which had only lost the six first chapters when first edited by Duchesne (1636—1641), but without the two first books, being precisely those

* Not only in his great work of the "Monumenta Germaniæ," but in an edition "in usum scholarum," Hanover, 1846. (Is it even conceivable for an Englishman that Matthew Paris for instance should ever be reprinted in the original amongst us for school use?)

which must have been most largely made up of materials of a popular character.

I mentioned in the previous volume that the Novalesian Chronicle contains nearly the whole argument of 'Walthar of Aquitain', with copious extracts from the poem. What is singular however is to recognise in the subsequent life of Walthar the evident original of the "Moniage Guillaume," and consequently by derivation of the "Moniage Renouart."

"It is said," relates the chronicler, "that in this monastery" (Novalesa) "there was in old time a certain gardener monk, named Walthar, born of a noble race and engendered of kingly blood." In his old age, it would seem, wishing to do penance for his offences, he had entered a monastery, but had found the discipline too lax. So he sought himself out a very beautiful staff, on the top of which he had many rings fixed, and a bell hung to each ring. With this he went forth in pilgrim's guise to explore "nearly" the whole world, trying the discipline of all the monasteries; for he would go in at the time of lauds to the church, and with his staff strike the pavement once or twice, to see how the monks behaved at the sound. Coming to Novalesa, then very famous, he tried his usual experiment. But only one of the boys turned round to look, and the schoolmaster instantly rushed at him and slapped his face. Walthar seeing this sighed and said, "Behold here, what I have sought for many days, searching various countries, and never able to find." So he asked for the abbot, donned the monk's habit, and undertook the care of the garden, weeding it after a somewhat peculiar fashion; for the

chronicler relates that he stretched two long ropes all through the garden, one lengthwise, one breadthwise, on which he hung all the weeds to dry by the roots in the sun.*

Now there was in the monastery, according to the custom of those days, a wooden wain marvellously well wrought, in which nothing was carried but a single pole, with a loud-sounding bell attached to the end. And when it was necessary to bring grain or wine to the monastery, this waggon was sent out to the courts and villages belonging to the monastery from whence the supplies came, that all the great folk might know that the wains which carried them belonged to the monastery. And there was no duke, marquis, count, or other noble who durst offer violence to such wains. And it fell out of a day, that the servants of the church with the aforesaid wains loaded were coming after their usual fashion to the monastery. Having reached the valley where it lies, they found in a certain meadow the king's household pasturing the king's horses. Who when they saw so much wealth to be in the service of God's servants, swollen with pride, they rushed on them and took from them all they bore. They on their part at once sent a messenger to the monastery, to give the tidings to the abbot and the brethren.

The abbot, who was named Asinarius, called a congregation of the brethren, and set forth what had happened. Walthar was selected to go to the robbers, and warn them to restore as soon as possible the provisions which

* Was groundsel known in those days?

had been taken away, else would they fall full soon into the heavy wrath of God. Walthar, knowing that he should not be able to bear the contumacy of the men, asked whether he was to allow himself to be despoiled of his gown.—"If they take thy gown, give them also thy hood, and say it was so ordered thee of thy brethren." Walthar asks about his other garments, ending (exactly as in the 'Moniage Guillaume') with his breeches. The abbot replies that it will be enough of humility so far, and that he will give no command touching the breeches.

Walthar now asks for a horse capable of serving as a war-charger, if need be. The convent servitors reply that they have but some good strong cart-horses. He tries one or two, but rejects them.* At last he asks—"The horse which I brought with me on coming here, is it alive or dead?"—"It is alive still, but old; it has been handed over to the use of the bakers, to carry corn every day to the mill and bring back the flour."—"Bring it to me." The old charger is found still fit for use, and Walthar goes forth on it with the blessings and farewells of the abbot and all the brethren, taking two or three servants with him. Coming to the robbers, he humbly salutes them, and begins to warn them never again to do such injury as they have done to God's servants. They answer him with hard words; he replies with harder. They proceed to spoil him of his garments; Walthar submits humbly, saying that so it has been commanded him.

* I have above pointed out (see p. 294) that we have here the story of Ogier and his charger Broiefort. I have also indicated (see p. 277) a slight further connexion of the 'Chronicle' with the story of Ogier.

They begin to take from him even to his boots and his spurs; but when they come to his breeches, he declares that he has received no command from his brethren to take them off. 'What care they,' they retort, 'for monkish directions!" Walthar insists that it is in nowise proper for him to give them up. They proceed to use force, when tearing off a stirrup he fells one of them with a blow on the head, and seizing his weapons, strikes out right and left. Then seeing a calf* pasturing hard by, he seizes it, tears off its shoulder, and strikes the enemies with it, pursuing them through the plain. Some even will have it that as one of them was stooping to pull off his spurs, Walthar struck him such a blow on the neck with his fist, that his mouth fell down his throat (*ita ut os ipsius fractum in gulam ejus caderet*). Many were killed, the rest all took to flight. Walthar now gathered up all his own property and theirs, and returned to the monastery loaded with booty. But the abbot seeing what had taken place groaned and lamented, and betook himself with the brethren to prayer, and sharply reproving Walthar, imposed a penance upon him, lest he should lose his soul by taking pride in such a crime.—The chronicler winds up by telling of Walthar's having three times repelled hosts of invading heathen; of his having driven off the horses of king Desiderius, when pasturing in the convent meadows, and on his return having broken a marble column by the roadside with two blows of his fist,—"whence it is called to this day 'Walthar's Stroke,'" (recalling the "Brèche de Roland")—and finally of his

* A horse is the victim, it will be recollected, in the story of William. See ante, p. 237.

death at a very old age. He adds that his monastic career was distinguished by obedience and regularity of discipline, that he built his own tomb on the summit of a rock, in which after himself his grandson Ratald, son of Rather, Walthar's son by Hildegund, was buried. Who can doubt the fact, seeing that the chronicler himself has many times had their bones in his hands?

It is impossible, I repeat it, to mistake here the story of William Short-Nose's Monkship. It may indeed be asked, why the 'Chronicle' should be deemed to give the earlier version? The answer seems to be a simple one. William Short-Nose was a so much more modern and popular personage than Walthar of Aquitain, that it is impossible to imagine that the traditions respecting him should have been transferred to the dim figure of Attila's hostage; whereas it is quite in accordance with scores of other instances that the older legends should have clustered round the newer hero. On the other hand, it will be observed that the spirit of the two stories is quite different: in that of Walthar there is no obstreperousness on the part of the knight, no treachery on that of the monks; he is distinguished by his obedience, he goes forth amid blessings. At the same time, it is difficult not to recognise in the incident of the breeches,—as well as in the detail of the trying of monasteries by the ringing staff, peculiar to the 'Chronicle,'—the traces of a grotesque, not a serious, popular poem. Hence it is probably the case that the modern poem of 'William's Monkship' is truer to the spirit of the older one of Walthar's, from which the Novalesian monk seems to have borrowed his account, than the Latin text itself.

I am bound to observe indeed that M. Jonkbloet, who quotes two chapters of the 'Novalesian Chronicle' (in vol. II. of his 'Guillaume d' Orange,' p. 135 and foll.) assigns the priority to the French 'Chanson de geste,'—the German Hoffman agreeing with him, whilst Grimm is rather of a contrary opinion. Nor is it really improbable that the monkish Walthar is in fact a more recent personage than he of the old Latin poem, since it will be observed that the 'Chronicle' mentions also as a tradition that he drove away king Desiderius' horses, which would make him a contemporary not of Attila but of Charlemagne. Yet, when we recollect the singular prominence of the religious element in 'Walthar of Aquitain,' we may deem it by no means unlikely that a tradition of the hero's having withdrawn into a monastery was current even when the poem was written; and this may explain why his exploits should have been taken as the subject of a Latin exercise by a monk.

APPENDIX B.

English Carlovingian Poems (see p. 404).

There can be no doubt that the Carlovingian legend was not popular with the English people during the middle ages. It has been well observed by Mr. Nicholson, in the Preface to his edition of "The Romances of Rouland and Vernagu, and Otuel, from the Auchinlech MS." (printed for the Abbotsford Club, Edinburgh, 1836), that the mere fact that a song 'of Charlemain and of Roland' had been sung at Hastings "would of itself render their very names distasteful to the conquered." So far as I am aware, we have no English Carlovingian poem earlier than the fourteenth century, and none of substantive merit. The extracts given by M. Michel from the poem on Roncevaux, contained in the Lansdowne MS. No. 388, shew it to be generally very level and bald, though there is a kind of flat picturesqueness in the following description of Roland:

> Roulond was war of ther evyll dede;
> He comandęd barons by his side;
> He armid hym surly in irne wed,
> And thought hym sure for eny ned.
> His baners beten wt gold for the nonys,

Set wt diamomds and other stonys;
His kneys coveryd wt plats many;
His thies thryngid wt silk, as I say,
His acton and other ger tht he werid.
The swerd was full good tht he ther had;
The hilt then he takithe surly and sad,
When that his helme on his hed wer,
And his glovis gletering wt gold wir;
Durendall his swerd gird hym about,
Wt a schynyng sheld on his shulder stout.
He took wt hym his sper, and went to his horse,
But lep on lightly wtout any fors.

This is however, in its simplicity, far superior to 'Rouland and Vernagu'—the 'Ferracutus' of Turpin, 'Ferragu' of the French (and no doubt also the homonym of the 'Farragut' of contemporary naval chivalry),* though Mr. Nicholson finds the theological controversy between the two champions, in which Roland carefully instructs his opponent in the Christian faith as a preliminary to slaying him, "vastly amusing." 'Otuel,' which derives its name from a gallant Saracen who becomes converted to Christianity, is a good deal better. Both the two latter poems are analysed in Ellis's "Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances," and he mentions a second and poorer version of 'Otuel.' Although he was ignorant of the existence of a French original to the latter, but suspected that there was one, and traced the story in the Norse Saga of Charlemagne, two French texts are now known to

* 'Vernagu' is however more than a mere English corruption, since M. Guessard, in his edition of 'Otinel,' quotes four lines from a French MS. in a writing of 1250 or thereabouts, containing the form 'Fernagu.'

exist, one of them at Middlehill, and both dating from the fourteenth century. From these has been published, in M. Guessard's collection, the already mentioned poem of 'Otinel' (Paris, Vieweg, 1859) which the editor believes to be not much older than the first half of the thirteenth century. The English 'Otuel' (a form which already occurs twice in the French text of Middlehill),—or, it would seem, more properly 'Otuwel,'—is visibly nothing but a free translation, after middle-age fashion (or perhaps indeed a more than usually close one) of this 'Otinel,' which is written in pentameters, and is a fair sample of the third-rate Carlovingian 'Chanson de geste.'

There remains to be noticed 'Sir Ferumbras,' also analysed in Ellis's 'Specimens,' and derived equally from a continental original, 'Fierabras.'* To this, in its double French and Provençal form, I have already referred in the body of this work. It is written in Alexandrines, and exists, its late editors tell us, in four MSS., two of the fourteenth and two of the fifteenth century. The English version on the other hand, Ellis considers, cannot be earlier than the end of the fourteenth or the beginning of the fifteenth century, whilst 'Rouland and Vernagu' (or 'Ferragus' as he calls it) and the first part of 'Otuel' cannot be later than 1330. However this may be, I must say that, judging from his analysis, the English 'Sir Ferumbras' (which, differing from 'Otuel,' is a very free version of its original), appears to me superior to 'Fierabras,' which is repulsively long and prolix, and

* The French editors will have it that 'Fierabras' or 'Ferabras' (whence our 'Firebrace') is not, as has been supposed, 'iron-arm,' but 'fierce-arm,' *fera brachia*. They are not unlikely to be right.

prurient often in tone; and I should feel inclined to reckon it as on the whole our best Carlovingian specimen. I have searched in vain for the French original of the following pleasant passage, quoted by Ellis:

> It befell between March and May,
> When kind corage beginneth to prick,
> When frith and fielde waxen gay,
> And every wight desireth her like;
> When lovers slepen with open eye
> As nightingales on greene tree,
> And sore desire that they coud fly
> That they mighten with their love be. . . .

A commonplace, but quite Chaucerish in tone.

NOTE.

I have to apologize to M. Jonckbloet for having persistently spelt his name 'Jonkbloet.'

I may observe that M. Jonckbloet in turn invariably spells 'Garin de Montglane' where the French writers have 'Montglave.'

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